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PAGE**

VOL III

BY HUSTON & SONS

1885. DEDICATED TO



PREFACE.

THE issue of the third volume of PLEASANT PAGES does not call for any special remark. The Author, however, offers his heartfelt thanks to the Public for the very extensive patronage which the work has received.

It may have been expected that, to complete the course of lessons for the half-year, the volume would contain lessons for twenty-six, instead of twenty-four weeks; but, from the extra labour of the Exhibition Supplement, which has been published with the periodical parts of this volume, the Author found it impossible to write the double part necessary for the purpose. This, however, is not entirely a matter of regret, as it is generally felt that children do not require *more* than twenty-four weeks' instruction during the twenty-six weeks of the half-year.

According to the notice in the preface of Volume II., it was intended that this volume should contain courses

of instruction on Grammar and Arithmetic, but the Author afterwards thought it more desirable, for many reasons, to reserve these lessons for Vol. IV.

The courses of Scripture Lessons connected with PLEASANT PAGES are published in separate volumes, entitled, THE FAMILY SUNDAY Book, and LITTLE HENRY'S SUNDAY Book.

The Object Lessons which formed the Supplement alluded to are also published in a separate volume, entitled FIRESIDE FACTS FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The Priory House School, Clapton,
December, 1851.

"PLEASANT WORDS are as an honeycomb; sweet to the soul."

—PROV. xvi. 24.

PLEASANT PAGES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: A JOURNAL OF HOME EDUCATION.

BY S. PRAUT NEWCOMBE.

1st Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

LOOK UP!

W. I am so glad, papa, that you told us to water the greenhouse; if the gardener should be ill to-morrow, we'll do it again.

L. There is a good sprinkling for my dear China-rose! Really, I love my China-rose better than any plant in the place. Papa said, in our Natural History lessons, that man is a superior animal, for his face is not inclined to the earth like a beast's, but is placed upright.

P. Well, I hope you have no objection to that statement.

L. No, papa. Of course it is *true*, if you said so; but I was going to say—man may be a superior animal, but he is not a superior vegetable.

P. No, of course not.

L. I should say, "He is not superior to a vegetable," and I can tell you why. Man's face is upright, but the face of my rose is more than upright—it is always turned up to the *sky*! My rose never held down its

face to the ground like a lower animal. When it was young—only a bud, and had not much "face"—it was in the same position as a man's face; but when it grew up to be a real rose, it turned its face upward. See how it looks up to the light!

W. And very wise of the rose too, I say. It knows where the good things come from—the light and the rain.

L. But, I think it is a sign of my rose's *superiority*. It can look "face to face" at the sun, who sheds light upon it.

P. Well, have you finished watering those flowers? I have heard a great deal of talk.

Ion. Yes. Lucy has been teaching Willie to look up; she has been giving him a "lesson."

P. A very good lesson may be made from the words—"Look up." Indeed, there are several short sentences—familiar little sentences in the *imperative mood*, which we often use—that would make good texts for "Moral Lessons." For

instance,—“Sit still!” “Move on!” “Make haste!” “Hold hard!”

Ion. And, “Look down”—“Look back,” too.

W. And, “Look forward!”

L. And here are some more—“I will”—“I can”—“You may”—“You must.” One is in the indicative mood, and the others are in the imperative and the potential moods.

P. I like the first sentence the best. We will make a course of lessons on these short sentences; and we will begin with the words **LOOK UP.**

“We did not get out of school until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5,” said CLAUDE to his cousin TOM. “Let us make haste, for I want to get home soon, and I'll tell you why.

“You know Mr. Green, who keeps the bell-hanger's shop at the corner of the common?”

“Yes, I see him sometimes,” was the reply.

“Then, Mr. Green is at our house making some alterations in the kitchen, and I want to see him. I want to ask him a few questions; for the last time that he came to our house he told me a great many things that I never had heard before. He told me several curious facts about the putty he was using—about vegetable oils, and animal oils. I think that one day Mr. Green will be a gentleman, for he knows more than my papa does. Papa says so.”

“Well, you will not see him at your house,” replied cousin Tom, “for there he is, sitting down by the green-gate! See, he is positively having his tea

in the open air; his little girl has brought it to him.”

The two boys crossed the common to their friend at the green-gate, and were soon busy talking to him.

“I wonder, Mr. Green,” said Claude; “I wonder that you like keeping a *shop*—such a learned man as you are; I wonder you do not try to be a gentleman!”

“What is that?” said Mr. Green.

“To live in a larger house, and *not* keep a shop, and not have to work. I have heard say that you have a little money; and I am sure that, as everybody round about these parts likes you, if you were to get twenty men, and pay them wages every week, you would find plenty of work for them to do. Then you would get richer, you see!—and you might become a gentleman. Why don't you *look up?*”

“Ah, Master Claude, that is a very good question. Now, if you think that you'll not be keeping the tea waiting, I'll tell you something about ‘looking up.’

“If you could only have seen me when I first came to this village—but it is of no use my saying that, for it was before you were born—forty years ago. Ah, then I thought that no one would welcome me! As I entered the High Street, even the wind blew in my face, saying, ‘Go back again; you are not wanted here!’ It was a cold east wind that did so; but I have forgiven him for it long ago.

"But help was soon sent me. 'Here is a poor strange boy!' cried a little girl who was carrying a basket; and she ran to her mother to tell her. Her mother and some of the neighbours soon surrounded me, and—kind people that they were! —they took me in, gave me warm food, and warm straw to lie upon. In the morning I told them how my father and mother had lived at Spital-fields, but were dead, and that I had wandered about for three days looking for a resting-place, and for some friends, for I had none."

Claude. But hadn't you a parcel, a carpet-bag, or anything with you when you came?

Green. Yes; I had a heavy bag, containing principally books, and other things which had belonged to my father, but I had no money.

Claude. Now, tell us what the people said to you.

Green. I scarcely remember. All I know was, that after a few days the vicar came to see me. He looked over the books which had belonged to my father, and the Bible and the prayer-book, which had been much used. He asked me several questions, and at last he took me to live in his house, to clean the boots and shoes, and knives and forks.

In the vicar's house I learned how good a thing it is to *look up to God*; for it was his habit every morning to look up to God, who had taken care of us during the night; while in the evening we looked up again to *Him*, and thanked him for tak-

ing care of us during the day; but of this you shall hear more soon.

After I had been with our good vicar for a year, I told him that I was very happy, and liked living in his house, but that I should like very much to learn some business, that I might one day be a "workman," and not always be a household servant. This wish the vicar highly approved of, and I was bound apprentice to old Mr. Solder, the plumber.

Claude. Well, and were you as happy with Mr. Solder?

Green. Not quite. I took delight in my work, and I whistled merrily and worked hard all day long, but I had not quite so much time for reading. Indeed, by the time I became a grown-up workman I had made too many friends. I was known by all to be so fond of a *game*, that all my time in the evening was engaged. Twice a-week the cricket club was held on the green—at other times the game of foot-ball. Again, I was the best skittle-player in the neighbourhood. I was soon at the head of all the games and festivals in the village, and was beginning to think myself a "great man"—for I could always make a good joke and a laugh.

One evening, however, the vicar happened to meet me, and I thought that his face looked rather serious. When he asked me how I was getting on, I gave an account which showed that I was quite satisfied with myself, but the vicar soon showed me that he was not.

"Well, Green," he said, "I am not quite so pleased; I should like to see you *looking up*. Come with me towards my house, and I will tell you what I mean."

So I went;—but, Master Claude, you'll be keeping the tea waiting; if you will come back again after tea I will tell you what I learned from the vicar.

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

BORN of the bog,
And the stifling fog—
Of the vapours dank,
And the mildews rank—
Of the clammy dew,
That the night-damps brew,
Of the pestilent steum
From the stagnant stream—
Of the tangled weeds
And the slimy reeds,
When the pitchy night
Hath quench'd the light,
And never a star
Doth glimmer afar,
Nor a pale moon-ray
Doth point out the way,
When no living soul
Can be heard around—
Save the croak of the frog
From the choked-up bog,
The rush of the bat,
And the splash of the rat.
At the owlet's whoop,
From our fens we troop;
In the murky mist
Do we hold our tryst.
With our corpse-lights blue,
Of a ghastly hue,
We stealthily haste
O'er the midnight waste.
Now we crawl and creep—
Now we dance and leap,
With noiseless glee
Like meteors we flee,
Or, with treacherous ray,
On the traveller's way,
His steps we allure
From the pathway sure;
For our mocking beam

He takes for the gleam
Of his own bright heart,
Of warmth and of mirth.
Now his home shows nigh,
And his pulse beats high,
The darksome night
Has ceased to affright.
His lagging feet
Become swift and fleet,
And his heart, so sad,
Grows lightsome and glad,
When, sudden and fast,
From his sight aghast
We have flitted afar,
Like a vanished star,
And in shuddering fear,
On the wide waste drear,
We leave him alone
With only the moon
Of the winds so bleak,
And the night-bird's shriek;
Not nothing care we,
And away we flee,
Our gambols to play
Till the break of day,
For at morn's first blink
We are forced to shrink,
And trembling cower
'Neath its searching power,
As we bide not the light
Of aught that is bright,
Nor e'er can endure
What is holy and pure—
Nor, born of the bog,
And the stifling fog—
Of the vapours dank,
And the mildews rank—
The Will-o'-the-Wisps are
we!

E. H.

^o From the "Family Friend."

RECAPITULATION.

From "THE KINGDOM OF NATURE" to "MAMMALS," ORDER 5, THE SEAL TRIBE.

W. Are you going to teach us about the *Whale Tribe* to-day, mamma?

M. No; for I found out, the other day, that we did not "recapitulate" our Natural History last week. The printer declared that there was not room for any recapitulation in Volume II. of PLEASANT PAGES, and that we must make some in Volume III. Therefore, we will do so. You shall have a series of easy questions, and a series of hard ones. We will go through the course regularly.

EASY QUESTIONS.

1. What name do we give to the works of God?

2. Into how many kingdoms may all these things be divided?

3. If you found a substance without organs, without life, without the property of growing (except by the addition of particles outside it)—such an object as *a stone*, for instance—in which kingdom would you place it?

4. Mention twenty substances belonging to this kingdom.

5. If you took up another of God's works, and found that it had distinct *organs* and *life*; that it had many mouths with which it absorbed *fluid* and *liquid* food, and fixed itself to the earth, that the food caused it to *grow*; that when it had done growing it began to *perish*; and that, therefore, it had not only "organs of

nutrition," but "organs of reproduction"—what would you call it?

6. Mention twenty such substances.

7. If you found another object with only one mouth, with power of moving where it pleased, and a *will* to cause it to move; with a *stomach*, *heart*, *lungs*, *nerves*, *five senses*, and a power of *speech*—what would you call it?

8. Mention twenty such objects.

9. Which of the three kingdoms have you been learning about?

10. Into how many sub-kingdoms would you divide them?

11. When you see an animal with an internal skeleton, four limbs, and red blood—what do you call it?

12. Tell me six such animals.

13. But if you found an animal with an *external* skeleton, more than four limbs, and whitish blood—in which sub-kingdom would you place it?

14. Mention six animals of that sub-kingdom.

15. Suppose another animal with a framework consisting of a thick bag, or *mantle*, with no real *limbs*, whitish blood, and a great propensity for eating—which sub-kingdom does it belong to?

16. Give me the names of six of its brethren.

17. There are others without much regular shape or framework, with limbs which grow from their centre, like the branches of a tree. Like the trees, they may be multiplied by cuttings, and have not much sense of feeling or hearing.

- what sub-kingdom do they form?
18. Mention four such animals.
19. What names are sometimes given to these kingdoms instead of the words "Back-boned," "Jointed," "Soft-bodied," and "Branched" animals?
20. Which sub-kingdom have we been learning about?
21. What does the "internal framework" of the backboned animals consist of?
22. What do we call the mineral substance of a bone?—what the animal substance?
23. What particular use has each substance?
24. Let us talk about the framework of backboned animals. How many bones has Willie in his framework?
25. One bone—the principal bone of the framework—is composed of thirty-three little pieces; these pieces form a long tube, or case, for the spinal cord, and are so joined together as to give great flexibility, as well as strength, to the bone. What do you call that bone?
26. What do you call the small pieces?
27. What is the name of the substance for which they form a case?
28. There are twelve pair of curved bones, joined at one end to the spine, and at the other end to a bone in the front of the body. What are they called?
29. What is the name of the bone to which they are joined?
30. Why are the five lower pair of these bones different from the seven upper pair?
31. What shape do they form altogether?
32. What important organs does the cavity they form contain?
33. What sort of bones are the shoulder-blades?
34. What do you call the pair of thin bones which are above the ribs, and connect the breast-bone and shoulder-blade?
35. What name do you give to the part of the framework which contains the spine, the ribs, the breast-bone, collar-bone, and shoulder-blade?
36. Which are the three principal parts of your framework?
37. What do you call the limbs which are near to the head of an animal?
38. What bones are the fore limbs joined to?
39. What do you call the other pair of limbs?
40. What is the name of the joint which joins the fore limbs to the shoulder-bone?
41. Count sixteen other joints in one of your fore limbs, and name them.
42. How many bones are there in the fore-arm?
43. Name them.
44. Why have we, and the monkeys, and all the flesh-eating animals, two bones in our fore-arm?—the cows, horses, and grass-eating animals have not.
45. How many bones have the vertebrated animals in the upper arm?
46. Its name?
47. Mention all the parts of the hind limbs?
48. Can you remember a bone

in the hind limbs of man, which is not found in the lower animals?

49. Give me the names of the upper part and the lower part of the head.

50. Which contains "the thinking part" of your body—which "the eating part?"

51. Can you name the four principal bones of the skull?

52. How are they joined together?

53. What name do you give to such edges?

54. Can you give any good reason for the shape of your head?

55. What is the use of your hair?

56. Which part of your head has two layers of bone?—why?

57. The different openings and bones in your face are eight in number—can you point them out?

58. How many teeth has a full-grown man?

59. What do you call the front teeth?

60. What are the ~~weak~~, double teeth?—the corner teeth?

61. Which order of animals have particularly large canine (or tearing) teeth?

62. I wonder how many of your bones you could point out and name?

63. What constitutes a *vertebrated animal*?

64. How do you know an *articulated animal*?

65. What are the distinctions of the *molluscous animals*?

66. Mention four vertebrated animals belonging to four different "classes."

• 67. Four more, and name the classes they belong to.

68. • The *HIPPOPOTAMUS* has legs, and *walks on the land*; it has *warm blood*; it has a covering of *hair*, and it feeds its young with *milk*—therefore, what is it called?

69. What must you be able to say of the limbs, blood, covering, and young of an animal, to be able to call it a *bird*?

70. Why do you call a toad a *reptile*?

71. Why do you call a sprat a *fish*?

72. These divisions—"Mammals, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes"—do you call them kingdoms or sub-kingdoms?

73. Which class have we been learning about?

74. Suppose that you arrange this class into divisions, what will you call such *divisions*?

75. In arranging the *Class Mammals* into *Orders*, you will notice principally the differences in the parts relating to their food,—such as the parts with which they find—or catch—or eat—or digest their food. Why?

76. Try and think of half-a-dozen Mammals which eat very different food, and have different parts for procuring their food.

77. Have you ever seen a Mammal which is *very* different from all the others—*very*? He grows more slowly; he is a longer time coming to perfection; he is found in all climates; he only uses two limbs to walk with; and his body, therefore, has a different posture from that of other Mammals; his

head is placed on the top of his spine.

78. In which three respects is he inferior to many Mammals?

79. Will you point out his greatest distinction?

80. I wonder whether you could remember the ten mental distinctions, printed on page 409 of PLEASANT PAGES, Vol. I.?

81. When you can do so, you may try to repeat the whole twenty distinctions there mentioned.

And when you can do that—

W. Then—we shall be very glad.

M. We will now have some questions which are not quite so easy. You will have to look back into the corners of your memories, and rake out plenty of "particulars."

HARD QUESTIONS.

82. Think—where do the second order of Mammals live? and then mention their distinctions. Mention the three points in which they resemble the first order, and the four points in which they differ therefrom.

83. Name the three tribes in this order. Say what sort of limbs, tails, cheek-pouches, and distinctions each tribe has.

84. Do you remember the important distinctions in the senses, limbs, and teeth of the bats, or "wing-handed animals?" You can easily do so, if you remember where they live.

85. Mention some bats.

86. Remember where the fourth order of Mammals live, and tell me the distinctions in their senses and limbs.

87. Mention the four tribes in this order.

88. What food do the animals of the fifth order eat? But, how could you tell an animal of this order if you did not know its food?

89. Tell me the difference between the animals of the Cat tribe, and those of the Weasel tribe.

90. Tell me the difference between an animal of the Dog tribe, and one of the Civet tribe.

91. Tell me the difference between an animal of the Bear tribe and one of the Seal tribe.

THE EXAMPLE OF BIRDS.

RING-DOVE! resting benignly calm,
Tell my bosom thy secret balm;
Bluebird! straining thy tuneful throat,
Teach my spirit thy thankful note;
Small Wren! building thy happy nest,
Where shall I find a home of rest?
Eagle! cleaving the vaulted sky,
Teach my nature to soar as high;
Sky-lark! winging thy way to heaven,
Be thy track to my footsteps given!

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

HENRY III.

P. Here begins the history of a long reign,—the history of a king who, it is said, “reigned fifty-six years, and scarcely performed one act worthy of being related.”

But, while the kind Providence who keeps the world in order rules over men, there will never be evil without good. If the king had not the power to govern the nation, what must happen?

L. The nation must govern itself.

Iom. Or else not be governed at all.

W. Or, others might govern it,—the barons might.

P. True, Willie, and you will find that the barons *did*; and you will find that, thus, from the weakness of the king grew the strength of the barons, and of the people. With this strength they gained the rights which former kings had deprived them of; and it will be seen that some of the best laws for the people were made in this reign.

L. But I have been thinking, papa, that if all the barons tried to govern, there would be too many governors. They would require some one to govern *them*.

P. True; it was necessary that there should be some baron greater than the others, to keep them in order, if the king could not; and, fortunately, such a baron was found. Without

him there would, perhaps, have been great confusion and disorder.

L. I am glad that there was such a man; what was his name?

P. His name was the EARL OF PEMBROKE; and with him begins the history of this reign.

As soon as KING JOHN had been buried at Worcester, the Earl of Pembroke conveyed the royal army and the young PRINCE HENRY to Gloucester. Here the lad, who was only about nine years of age, was crowned, and took the usual oaths, without understanding much of the ceremony. There was no crown to put on his head, and a ring was therefore used instead,—the crown and royal jewels having been lost in the Wash.

L. On the last washing-day?

P. No; not in that kind of wash, but in the Wash of Lincolnshire, which, as you have heard, is an arm of the sea. Get your map and look.

The Earl of Pembroke was soon after elected by the other barons to govern the kingdom until Henry should be old enough to do so, and he was known by the title of the *Protector*. Most of the barons were faithful friends of the new Protector. He was not only a man of great power, but a man of prudence and wisdom. He was an honourable man, too, and with a kind and peaceful temper.

But the Earl had a difficult task. On account of the late king's bad government the

whole kingdom was a scene of disorder. Above all, the southern parts were in the hands of the French. You will remember, I dare say, that in the reign of John, when the barons were not prepared to resist the king's cruelties, they sent to France for assistance; and that Louis, the French prince, had come over to help them. The prince now claimed a part of the kingdom as a reward for his services. Indeed, he had it already; he had possession of London and the rich southern counties of England.

There could not be good order in the kingdom while this state of things lasted; the first duty of the Earl of Pembroke, therefore, was to persuade Prince Louis to return to France. This, unfortunately, was not done without war. There were many battles, and would have been more, but the people soon began to lose confidence in the French prince. He was compelled to go over to France to procure more soldiers; and, during his absence, the bad conduct of the French nobles was a contrast to the good government of the wise English noble, so that many now joined the cause of the king.

You have, I think, heard of the ancient city of Lincoln. It was here that the cause of the French was ruined. The large French army, attempting to fight in the narrow streets of the town, were cut to pieces, and a large detachment of French cavalry were taken prisoners.

In a short time, therefore, the good Earl of Pembroke had effected two good things—he had obliged the French to leave the kingdom, and he had persuaded nearly all the barons to be faithful to their king.

So, time passed on, and the young king grew to manhood; but he was found, as I said, very unfit to keep up his proper authority. Many of the barons, especially those who had fortified castles, were so turbulent, that they would seldom be obedient,—only when it happened to suit their purpose to be so. For instance, the Baron de Breauté took offence at many of his vassals, and, to satisfy his ill-will, he drove thirty-five of them out of their houses and farms. This was unjust; and they all, therefore, took their cause to a court of justice. The court decided against the baron in each of the thirty-five cases; but he, instead of obeying the orders of the judge, was enraged at his decision; and, bringing a body of armed men with him to court, he seized the judge, and imprisoned him in Bedford Castle.

In the year 1236, the Earl of Pembroke unfortunately died. The only power which could then keep the barons in awe was that of the clergy, who threatened to excommunicate all who did not obey the king.

The weaknesses of Henry III. were seen more as he grew older. But worse troubles soon happened, for the king showed not only weakness, but *injustice*, which we must talk about in our next lesson.

RECAPITULATION.

*From the Course of "LESSONS
ON METALS."*

1. The metals have the qualities which belong to mineral substances in general; but can you mention ten of their qualities which are not found in other minerals?

2. I will describe some of these metals by their uses, if you will tell me their names. Here is a metal sometimes used for watches, and chains—useful, also, for making wire and jewellery. It may be used for covering buttons, for painting on china; and, when beaten very thin, it is used for picture-frames, frames of pier-glasses, and the lettering of sign-boards, shops, &c. From its scarcity and artificial value, it is used as money. Do you know that metal?

3. There is a metal which has very different uses. It is used for water-pipes, coverings of houses, shot, "nickers,"—it is partly used in the manufacture of glass, to render it less brittle—a preparation of it is used in making paint.

4. A rather harder metal, of a different colour, used for the sheathing of ships. Being only rather scarce, it is used for common money.

5. Tell me four alloys made with this metal.

6. Did you ever have a lesson on a metal which has very little power of holding heat?—even the heat in this country on a cold day is sufficient to separate its particles, and render it fluid.

As it is so easily affected by heat, it is used to measure the heat of the atmosphere. It also forms the bright red colour *vermilion*, and a medicine called *calomel*. What metal is it?

7. What is the difference between cast iron, and forged iron?

8. The difference between forged iron and steel?

9. Which contains the most carbon—*foundry iron*, No. 1, or *foundry iron*, No. 6?

10. Therefore, which is the softer of the two?

11. For what kind of purposes is "*foundry iron*, No. 1" used?

12. "*Foundry iron*, No. 2"?

13. "*Foundry iron*, No. 3"? What sort of foundry iron would you suppose the *Conway tubular bridge* to be made of?

14. Which description of iron, think you, was used for the columns of the Crystal Palace?

15. What name do you give to that sort of iron which contains so much carbon that it will mark upon paper?

16. What peculiar property has some iron, rendering it very useful to the mariner?

17. When a metal is made red hot, or melted, which of the gases in the air often combines with some of its particles? What do you call the little scales on the poker, which are formed in this way?

18. Did you ever hear of "oxide of gold?"

19. What name is given to gold, and the other metals which do not lose their weight by forming an *oxide*?

20. What metal is often used instead of lead, because it is

harder, and lighter, and less fusible?

21. Mention as many of its uses as you know.

22. Do you know a very light white metal—much used for saucepans, and for protection of other metals that they may not be "corroded?"

23. What people frequently visited Cornwall, in ancient times, to trade in this metal?

24. Why was the use of iron not known to some of the ancient nations?

25. What alloy did the Romans use instead of steel for their swords?

26. Why were silver and gold better known than iron, even in the time of Abraham?

27. Which is the hardest metal?

28. Which metal is the heaviest?

29. Which is the lightest?

30. Which is the most malleable?

31. Which is the most ductile?

32. Which is the most sonorous?

33. Name the whitish or grey metals.

34. Which is the most useful?

35. What other quality assists with its quality of tenacity or strength to make it useful?

36. From what country is the best iron for making steel procured?

37. From which country is the most quicksilver procured?

38. In what country do the poor ragged gipsies wander up and down the mountains, searching for gold?

39. In which part of the world are the grains of gold washed out from the sand, after the rainy season?

40. How do the negresses carry home the grains of gold?

41. Suppose that you find a metal in lumps, or imbedded in quartz, and not mixed up with sulphur, dirt, or stones, what state do you say it is found in?

42. What name do you give to the lead-ore in which so much sulphur is found?

43. In what hills in Somersetshire, and in what part of Derbyshire, is lead found?

44. What other metals besides tin are procured from Cornwall?

45. What precious metal is sometimes found in lead-ore?

46. Can you describe the processes of roasting and smelting lead-ore?

47. For which metal is California celebrated—for copper, or tin?

48. How were the silver mines of *Potosí*, near *Rio de la Plata*, discovered?

49. How were the quicksilver mines of *Idria* discovered?

SOME seek, when *que'st* y conscience has its qualms,
To lull the painful malady with alms;
But charity not feign'd intends alone
Another's good—their's centres in their own;
And, too short lived to reach the realm of peace,
Must cease for ever when the poor shall cease.

COWPER.

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

TANGIERS.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"Do you remember my last

letter? I told you of my bidding good-bye to Spain, and now you shall hear whither I went. But we will have one more look at Gibraltar. Here it is!



"This view was taken while on board the vessel which conveyed me across the Straits to Africa. You may see on your map that, on the coast opposite to Gibraltar, is an African town called *Tangiers*. If you travel with your finger in a southern direction along the western coast of Africa, you will find a country called *Morocco*, and a town called *Mogadore*.

"Our little vessel was bound to Tangiers, whither we were going on business, which I will explain to you. The French nation had just then been amusing themselves by firing cannon at the helpless Moors of that country, and had attacked most of the places round about the north and west of Africa. They had determined to conquer Morocco, Fez, and Algiers, and to establish colonies there. But there were others living in those places

besides the natives, and an English merchant, with his wife and child, who had been living at Mogadore, were obliged to flee to Gibraltar, as, during the bombardment of the town by the French, their house and home had been destroyed.

"There were two gentlemen staying with me at the hotel in Gibraltar, and when they heard this account from the merchant and his wife, they proposed that we should all go over to Tangiers to make complaint to the 'consul,' Mr. Drummond Hay, and see whether he could not obtain some compensation for the merchant's losses from the Emperor of Morocco.

"We found that a small schooner was going to start at sunset; but I could not go on that day, as it was too late to obtain a 'permit.' This objection, however, was soon met; Mr. Murray, the vice-consul, was

going with us, and he engaged that when we should arrive at Tangiers, he would smuggle me in.

"The voyage across the straits is generally made in seven or eight hours, and, as the evening was fine and starlight, and the breeze was steady, we merely took with us a loaf and two bottles of wine, expecting, of course, to have breakfast, next morning, in Africa. The only cabin in the schooner was very minute, and this we cheerfully resigned to the merchant, his wife, and child, wrapping our cloaks around us with the determination to spend the night in walking the pitchy deck.

"What is more uncertain than the wind? We had scarcely cleared the bay when the treacherous wind, which had wasted us *out*, shifted round and blew directly in our teeth. This was the signal for mischief! The other elements knew what it meant, and began to play their parts. Black sulky clouds came forth from—somewhere, and, covering the stars and botching up the moon, said—' You'd better keep out of the way!' The waves took courage at the darkness, for they felt they could play their pranks without being seen. Forthwith they began a new dance, in which our ship immediately took part, and we also; so, when they saw us dancing, our watery friends struck up a tune; the winds howled the treble, and the waves roared the bass, singing, 'Here is some music to help you to dance!'

"Such music and dancing was, however, no great entertainment; but our obliging entertainer, the wind, forced us to keep it up till morning, when a grey light stole forth from the horizon to see what was the matter. The sneaking wind! He gave a faint cowardly howl—a sort of good-bye—then off he stole, hiding behind the Gibraltar Rock, and whispering only a mournful sigh. The hypocrite! he just kept us in easy motion, as though he had been doing so all night. Well might he hide, when the light disclosed the truth: that we were really *nearer* Gibraltar than we had been in the evening before!

"Pretty uncomfortable prospect" my friend was going to say, when down he went on the deck, and the wind gave a 'whew-ew,' and a shriek, as it rushed past us once more. Whew! round about us again—whew! up aloft there—'Whew!' cried the wind, 'where do you think you are going to now?' Not to Tangiers, was all we could say. The fact was that the sky was covered with clouds, and the sun could not pierce the gloom; so he had taken heart to come out again from his hiding-place. 'Certainly not,' said the wind, in reply to us; 'you are *not* going to Tangiers. You are going hither—then back again—*thither*.'

"And so we did. And there seemed every prospect of our going hither and thither, for the next twenty-four hours, with scarcely a fragment of our single loaf to divide between

us. The crew at breakfast-time was feasting on stewed mutton and chicken; but 'twas so filthily cooked that we could not persuade ourselves to crave a morsel. We kept up as well as we could, all the day, but towards the evening the drizzling rain and the wind had so humbled our pride, that we were glad to accept a tin of coffee. It was not over clean, or of exquisite flavour; but it warmed and comforted us.

"With damp clothes,—with stiff and weary limbs, we prepared for a second night. I dived into the forecastle to seek amongst the crowded articles of cargo some corner in which I might lay my head. Finding an empty hammock, I crept into it; and spite of the suffocating heat, the fleas, and sickening smell, was thankful for the shelter. I had scarcely dozed, however, when a heavy hand was laid upon me, and a rough voice bade me turn out, claiming the couch as its own. I looked at the man with an earnest eye, but saw no ground of hope. He clearly did not understand generosity; his right was, I suppose, unquestionable; and as for contending the point by force, I might as well have wrestled with a *Titan*; so I

decamped, muttering anything but blessings on his head.

"What I did next I cannot say. I dreamt all kinds of horrible things; and, on waking the next morning, I found myself imbedded in the sand that formed the ship's ballast, with my head on a chain cable, but, oh, sing for joy! the vessel was stationary; and, looking forth, I found that we were at anchor in the Bay of TANGIER.

"My friends were soon roused, and we began forthwith to talk eagerly over the prospect of—what do you think?—Breakfast. And if you could have seen our starving condition, you would not have wondered at our thoughts or words, or at the uncouth process we submitted to, in order to reach the shore. From the nature of the beach, the boat could not reach the dry land; and we were compelled, ladies and all, to ride ashore on the backs of certain *Moors*, who possessed the quality 'odorous' in a strong degree. Their fragrance, however, did not at all interfere with our appetites, and the havoc which we made at the breakfast-table you are therefore left to imagine by

"Your faithful friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."



SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The lyrics are as follows:

Give me a draught from the crystal spring, When the burning sun is

Give me a draught from the crystal spring, When the burning sun is

high; When the rocks and the woods their shadows fling, Where the

high; When the rocks and the woods their shadows fling, Where the

pearls and the pebbles lie, Where the pearls and the pebbles lie.

pearls and the pebbles lie, Where the pearls and the pebbles lie.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow;
When the leaves of the trees are withering,
From the frost or the fleecy snow.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone;
When the flow'rs are in bloom and the echoes ring,
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the rip'ng fruits appear;
When the reapers the song of harvest sing,
And plenty has crown'd the year.

From "Hastings' Juvenile Songs."

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

2nd Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

LOOK UP!

"HERE we are, Mr. Green!" said Claude, and his cousin Tom. "Please to finish your tale."

Green. Well, I was telling you about the vicar. He always had plenty of ways of teaching me. "You know," he said to me, "as we sat down on our way home,—you know how varied are the works of God. Some are more *beautiful* than others. Here is a stone; here is a piece of stick, which has had life, and is a superior substance to a stone; here is a worm, which is superior to the stick; here is a bee, which is superior to the worm; there, on the green, is a sheep, superior to the bee, and you are a man," he said, "superior to the sheep."

"And you are a man," I added, for I was always ready to make a joke,—"and you are a man, sir, superior to me."

"Neither you nor I know that," he replied; "I may have higher duties to perform. But I want you to learn from my remarks to *look up*. These objects in nature of which I have been speaking—all have their places appointed by their Maker, and as they are placed, so they must always remain. The stone cannot raise itself to be a vegetable, neither can that vegetable ever raise itself to be an animal."

"Neither," I replied, "can

a sheep raise itself to be a man. It never wishes to."

"True," replied the vicar; "that is what I wish to show you. The sheep never looks up, just because he cannot improve himself; but a man is made to look up, just because a man *can* improve himself.

From the minerals up to the lower animals, we find that objects cannot change; but when we reach man, the case is very different. There are many kinds of men. The lowest kind are often like the brutes; but the highest kind—they wish to improve themselves; and they try, by the help of God, to do so, that they may become more like the race above them—the angels in heaven. It is a great privilege for man,—he is able to know, and *look up*.

"You know most of the men in my parish, Green," he said. "I live men of all kinds living here; some, who care nothing for their souls, and live as though they had no soul; others, who have been careless, but now are looking up,—every year they have been rising higher and higher. Look, now, at the two cottages on the other side of the road! In that slovenly cottage where John Grub lives, there he has lived for three years, and the garden is as weedy, and his house is as untidy, as it was at first."

"And James Reach, sir, who lives in the next house, he," I said, "was an untidy man once."

"True," replied the vicar; "but he is happier now, just from having learned to look up. He was —"

But I think I shall tire you, Master Claude, if I tell you all the vicar said. You would like better, perhaps, to hear what I did.

"Yes," said Claude, "I should."

Green. Well, I left the vicar and walked home slowly, thinking of a great many more things which he had told me—more than I have told you. I lifted up the latch, crossed the red brick floor to the stair-case, went up into my bed-room, and sat down; and there I sat thinking until it was so dark that I could hardly see my hand. Then, I jumped off my chair, stamped on the floor, clenched my fist, and cried out, "I'll do it!" But, when I was silent again, after hearing the sound of my own voice, there came a strong and gentle thought across my mind, which made me kneel down in that room before God, and ask Him to help me.

Claude. And what was it you were going to do?

Green. To save FIFTY POUNDS!

Claude. Well! I don't think that *that* was very good, if that was all you were going to do. I think it was rather wicked to ask God's help for that purpose.

Green. There is where you make a mistake, Master Claude. It is not a wicked thing to want

fifty pounds. True, I did not ask the Almighty for his best blessings; I did not ask Him for pardon for all that I had done wrong; I did not ask Him for His Holy Spirit, that I might learn to do right. *No!* I only asked for strength to earn fifty pounds!

Claude. And did you call that a good wish?

Green. Yes, I did; and the vicar did so. I'll tell you why, soon. The resolution, however, whether it was good or bad, that alone made a great change in me. I soon lost all interest in cricket, and in foot-ball. I began to look down on these things, for I had always a bright light before me to look up to. There was a vision of bright sovereigns for me to delight in; and, as I reached up to it every day, I made good use of every moment of my time. Every week I saved money, and became richer. Every week I looked up to the fifty pounds, and felt myself nearer to it. When I had saved *ten* pounds, I said to myself, "I am only forty pounds from it;" when I had saved *twenty* pounds, I said, "Ah! I am only thirty pounds off." Every week I felt myself changing. I felt myself a more important man, for, as I looked up again and again to the fifty pounds, I felt as much pleasure in it, as though it were already in my own hands.

Claude. Well, I think that you are teaching us all wrong! You are teaching us to be fond of money, and to be covetous.

Green. No! indeed, I am not. Money is not, in itself, a bad

thing,—it is one of God's blessings. I wanted this money, not for the sake of saying that I was rich, but that I might have a cottage with a clean garden, and get married, just as John Reach had done—for this is what the year had told me to do. There was no harm in wanting to live in a respectable way.

Claude. And did you get a cottage?

Green. Yes; I had the very cottage which John Grub lived in. And, when I had lived there some time, my wife and I began to look up to something else. Mr. Solder, my old master, was going to sell his business, and my wife and I looked up to be able to take his shop. Every day we looked up, and worked on as I had done before, and in time we bought the business, which you see I have now.

Claude. Well, it was worth while to look up to gain that.

Green. Yes. But there are two reasons why it is worth while. It is not only for what you gain at last that you should look up; but for the good you gain while doing so.

I had not been in my shop many days, when John Reach came in for some screws. "Ah! friend," he said, shaking hands, "I am glad to see you here. The hard work which you have done to gain this shop and business has done you good. I dare say, now, that when you were looking up for this business you felt just as I did, when I determined to have a good garden. I pictured out to myself

a beautiful garden, with beds raked perfectly smooth, and every part in good order. This picture I kept in my mind, saying to myself, as I dug, 'I'll make my garden like it—it shall be a beautiful place.'

"Yes," I said, "it was your looking up to the picture which kept you active."

"True," replied friend Reach. "I wasn't aware that I could be so active, or even that I had so much strength in me, until I looked up to the thought of a pleasant and beautiful garden."

Claude. Ah! I see now the advantage of looking up—it keeps you employed, and makes you feel that you have something to aim at. And I can see something else,—this shows the truth of what I was saying just now, that you ought to look up to be a gentleman, and have some workmen. So, by trying to be a gentleman, you will become more active than ever.

Green. There is the mistake, Master Claude, which I wished so much to show to you. It would be wrong for me to look up again, to be a rich man.

A man may look up too high—higher than is right for him to look. And though, by looking up, he may gain the place he wants, yet he may neglect other things which he should look up to.

"Then you have left off looking up, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Green. "I trust that God may keep me always looking up, for we always can, while we are under heaven—I'll explain to you.

"When I had formed the habit

of looking up, our vicar taught me to look up for the better riches — for there are great riches for our minds, and eternal riches for our souls. I am looking up just now to get a good knowledge of all those works of God which we call *vegetables* — to be a thorough BOTANIST, as we say. Ay, I am looking up higher than that! My wife and I are asking our Father every day to give us more of His Holy Spirit, — to teach us that we may know by heart His Holy Word. Oh, that is a good thing to look up to — it makes one strive to know and do His will."

"Thank you, Mr. Green," said Claude. "I see now why you do

not care to be richer. It would be wrong of you to look up for more riches. Now, I think I'll give myself a lecture before I go!

"Claude! you are a great boy, nine years old; and you never looked up to be anything (except being 'King of the Castle') — so now find something to look up to! Look up to be the best boy in the school!"

Green. And afterwards look up to be a good man — try and be very good, and look up to the time when you may help others to make the world better.

"Well, we will go home, and think. Good bye, Mr. Green," said cousin Tom. "Come, Claude!"

SONGS FOR THE MONTHS.

JULY.

I SING, I sing, as erst I sung in the golden Summertime,
When the new-mown hay perfumed the breeze, and June was in its prime;
When few and sultry were the hours that own'd the reign of night,
And long ere labour was astir the eastern sky was bright;
When scarce the sunbeams entrance found to chequer the green glade,
So closely wove the verdant woof by leafy branches made;
When the music of the nightingale was ceasing in the dell,
And the wand'ring cuckoo shouted out to all a sad farewell.

I sing, I sing, as erst I sung, and still the skies are blue,
And still the breeze that fans my cheek is soft as ever blew,
And still the sun as fervently embraceth the fair earth,
Where flowers of richest scent and hue on every side have birth;
Through the green meads as joyously the streams their courses wend,
In all the pride of leafiness the trees their boughs extend;
Still humming-bees as busily in flower-bells load the thigh,
And still the bright-winged butterflies are flitting gaily by.

I sing, I sing, as erst, yet scarce so joyously and free.
For the shadow of a coming change is stealing over me,
And over the green earth that spreads so fair before my sight,
And all things that are beautiful and fashioned for delight.
I note the brown tinge that pervades the landscape day by day;
I know that it betokeneth the advent of decay;
I hear a voice — the voice of Time — a whisper stern and low—
"The year hath reached its prime, and now it decadence must know!"

H. G. ADAMS.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 6. WHALE-LIKE ANIMALS.

W. Come here, Ion, and look at this great Whale. What a large fish it is!

Ion. It is not a *fish*. Mamma would not have pinned up that picture for a lesson if it were a fish: we are having lessons on "Mammals."

W. Yes; but perhaps mamma is going to teach us about a fish, for a change.

Ion. But then, I am certain that is not a fish, because it has not any *gills*. Look at the picture—no gills! And you may read in any Natural History book that fishes are able to swim under the water, just because they breathe through gills.

W. Then what do the Mammals breathe with?

Ion. With *lungs*. We learned that in our history of Mammals. Here comes mamma, who will explain to us.

M. This great Mammal, of which we are to learn this morning, is a very peculiar one. From the fact of its living entirely in the water, it was for a long time supposed to be a fish, and was called so. What must you be able to say of it to call it a Mammal?

Ion. That it has *warm blood*.

L. And that it *suckles its young* with milk.

Ion. And that it has four legs, and can walk on the ground.

M. All, that you cannot say of it! because you see that it only has fins (or swimming paws,

as we call them). In respect of its limbs, therefore, it is an exception to the rule.

W. And we must be able to say of it, that it *breathes through lungs*; but I suppose that in that case it is an exception, too—it must have gills, as the fishes have.

M. You should not say it *must*, Willie, because if God chose to make the animal breathe under water without gills, He could surely do so. And we find on examining the whale, that it has lungs for its breathing organs, just as you have. • What would you do, Willie, if you could swim, and had to live under the water?

W. I couldn't manage it at all. The water would flow in at my ears and nostrils, and down my throat; it would get into my eyes, even—every way. So I suppose that the whale must be rather different to the land Mammals.

M. Right, Willie; we shall be sure to find some alteration in its *parts* to adapt it to its *circumstances*—and that will be our work for this morning. QUESTION—*The whale, being a Mammal, how is he fitted to live under the water?*

L. (in the dominions of the fish.)

M. Let me hear any objections you may have to his doing so.

Ion. I think, first, that having warm blood he must catch cold up in those frozen seas, for I know that whales live around Greenland and Iceland, while others live in warmer parts—in

the South Seas. Now, I can't think how any animal, having warm blood, can be so foolish as to choose such an uncomfortable part of the ocean. The white bear, we learned, has the warmth kept in his body by his white fur, but the whale is of a rather blackish colour.

M. I will tell you. Animals do not generally live according to choice, but according to the place appointed for them. The whales live in such chilly parts, first, because they find their food there; while, on the other hand, they are not at all disturbed by the coldness of the water.

You shall now hear why. A white fur would not be sufficient to keep in the heat of the whale's body when under the water. It has, therefore, instead, a layer of *fat* of enormous thickness, surrounding its body. This oily kind of fat is commonly called *blubber*. It serves three purposes—it serves, first, to keep in the warmth of the whale's body, which would otherwise be carried off by the cold water. Secondly, as it is a light elastic substance, it sustains the wonderful pressure of the water around; this pressure is very great, for it is sometimes as much as twenty hundred weight (or a ton) on *every square inch* of this great animal's body!

W. Yes, when you think about it, it must be very great; because, when the whale goes down to a great depth, how many thousand tons of water there must be pressing down upon him!

M. The blubber has a third use. If you try and mix water

and oil, and shake them together in a phial, you will, if you let the bottle stand a little while, observe that the oil rises to the surface.

L. Which shows that the oil is lighter than the water. I can see the *third use*. The blubber round the whale being lighter than the water, it enables him to float more easily.

M. Thus you see that your objection, on behalf of the whale, to his living in the cold seas, is met by this layer of blubber, which — ?

Ion. Keeps the animal warm—resists the presence of the water—and assists his great heavy carcase to float.

M. What other objection have you to the whale's living under the water?

W. I should think he must find it inconvenient to breathe, because of opening his mouth.

M. This difficulty has been arranged for the whale. *He does not find it necessary to breathe under the water.* The object of breathing is, as I once told you, to draw in fresh air,—what for?

L. You said that the oxygen of the air united with the carbon in the blood, and made breath.

M. True. And thus, as I have often explained to you before, the carbon is carried off, and the black blood which flowed from the veins is purified and again becomes red.

W. And you said, mamma, that the red blood is carried away again from the heart to all parts of the body by little pipes called arteries.

L. But if the whale cannot breathe under the water, how will his blood be purified?—for the black blood will continue flowing from the veins into his lungs, and there will be no fresh air to carry away the carbon from it.

W. And then the lungs will be filled with the impure blood; there will be a stoppage, and the whale will be suffocated.

Ion. And something else will happen — the whale will require fresh red blood for his arteries to circulate through his body.

M. All these difficulties are met. While the whale is in the water, the impure blood

from the veins fills the lungs; and the great veins also enlarge (or swell) so as to hold a quantity of impure blood.

L. But how will the whale get fresh and red blood to flow back through its body?

M. In this manner:—There is in the whale, a large *reservoir*, consisting of a great number of arteries which are folded and twisted together in all kinds of directions. These arteries are placed at the back part of the whale's chest, between its heart and the spine; and as they are very numerous, they will contain a large quantity of blood. I have drawn one of these reservoirs for you.



Now, a whale will not go and swim under the water until these numerous arteries (or reservoir) are well stored with pure blood. This he uses as a supply for the smaller arteries of his body, and as soon as the reservoir is emptied, he is obliged to rise to the surface for fresh air. With the *oxygen* in the fresh air he purifies the immense quantity

of black blood collected in his veins and lungs.

W. And fills his *reservoir* again, I suppose?

M. True; and when all the impure blood is bright and red again, and his "reservoir" is filled — the great whale goes down into the deep once more.

Ion. I quite understand that,

mamma; but now I am not satisfied. Suppose that the animal tried to use his nostrils, or ears, they would soon be filled with water.

M. This difficulty is also provided for. The ears, and the nostrils of the animal, also, are closed by *valves*, which open or shut like doors; at the same time the valve over the ear does not prevent the animal from hearing. Thus, you see that it has everything necessary for its mode of life. Look at it once more. Do you see any more differences between the whale and other

Mammals?—differences which fit it for its life in the water?

L. Yes; it has not *legs*, but its limbs are more like fins. Its tail, too, is something like that of a fish.

W. And the shape of its body is a good one for swimming, I should think, for it is also like that of a fish. But, mamma, I am anxious to hear about the food of the whale, and why it is that it spouts up water—

M. That subject is rather a long and interesting one; we will not begin it now, but will finish the whale's history next week.

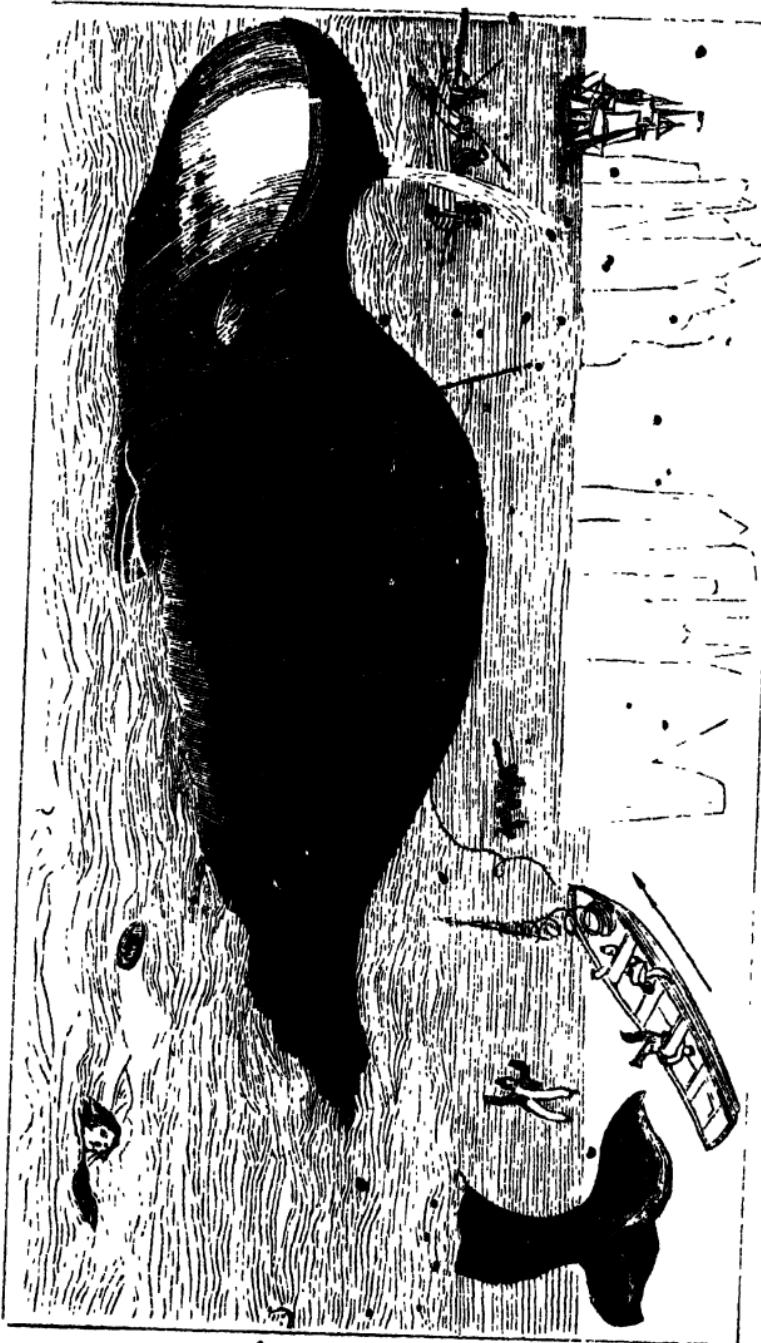
THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

A NIGHTINGALE that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor, yet, when eventide was ended,—
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite:
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark!
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:—
“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
“As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the selfsame power Divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

COWPER.



UNIVERSAL PEACE ANTHEM.

NATIONAL AIR.

PRAISE to "the God of Peace,"
 Who "makes all wars to cease"
 By His high will!
 The God of War cast down,
 And on all tyrants frown,
 Their horse and chariots drown!
 Say, "peace be still!"

May arts of peace prevail;
 The plough, the loom, the sail,
 Fill every hand!
 Expansive vapour send,
 The world's highway to wend,
 And friendship wide extend
 Through every land!

The golden age of Love,
 All radiant from above,
 To us descend!
 The bear and leopard bid
 To fondle with the kid,
 And deadly serpent hid
 Its bite forfend!

The iron heart of War
 From every nation draw,
 And melt it down!
 The horrid sword and spear,
 The harvest-field to clear,
 And plenty, free from fear,
 The year to crown!

May brothers of all lands
 Their many coloured hands
 All clasp in one!
 One blood, one interest all,
 Each man a brother call!
 Throughout this earthly ball
 "Thy will be done!"

CHORUS OF ALL NATIONS.

All hail, "the Prince of Peace,"
 And may his reign increase
 For evermore!

Hosanna to our King;
 All homage to him bring;
 His fame let every nation sing,
 While they adore!

J. T.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

NORFOLK.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"On leaving Lincoln, I crossed the Wash, which flows between that county and Norfolk, and arrived at a Norfolk town called Lynn. It was a pleasant town; but I could not stop to look at it, as I had arranged to be at Norwich, the capital of the county, in the evening.

"I happened fortunately to remember, as I started, that Norfolk was an agricultural county, and therefore took care to seat myself by the side of a young farmer, thinking, as I looked at him, 'I will try and get some information from you on the subject of *farming*.'

"On looking at the map of Norfolk for its shape, I found that it is nearly an oval. The boundaries I soon learned by heart. It is bounded on the north by THE WASH; on the east by the GERMAN OCEAN: on the south by SUFFOLK; and on the west by CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE. On observing the county more particularly, I found that the town LYNN, from which we had started, was at the north-west corner; and that the coach-road on which we were travelling from Lynn to Norwich extended in a south-east direction. You will understand this, if you take the trouble to look at the map.

"Five day this," I said to the farmer on my right hand.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Beautiful country you seem to have!" I continued.

"Yes," continued the farmer.

"Do you know much of the soil of this county?" I asked.

"To this question the farmer answered more fully; and, after I had explained to him for what purpose I wished to gain information, he answered me more at length.

"Our county, sir, is a well-known county for agriculture, as well as any county in England—perhaps better, for we have made a great many changes.

"Take out your map, sir, and you will see that across the German Ocean there is a country called the Netherlands, a part of which is named FLANDERS. The people of Flanders (called Flemings) have always had much intercourse with this part of England, because, you see, it is almost opposite. Netherlands, sir, means Lower-lands, for there the land is lower than the sea; but by good cultivation and training, it has been rendered very fertile.

"Now, sir, this is exactly the case with Norfolk. We had plenty of wasteland once—large tracts of it that never produced anything. I'll tell you what was done in the first instance. There are quantities of marly clay in our soil, found a little below the surface; all this was dug up, and laid on the top to cover the poorer soil, and in some cases manure was added. Then, again, we drained the soil well; wherever the soil underneath would not carry off

the water well, we made numbers of small drains; we found out which way the soil of a field sloped, and took care that each little drain ran into a larger one. We used sticks and bushes, or heath, or broken stones, to form the drains; and those who could afford it used draining tiles, made for the purpose, which are much better. Draining, sir, is a thing which requires a great deal of attention; if there be too many drains, they will carry off too much of the water, and leave soil too dry.

"The climate of our county, too, sir, is a very good one for agriculture. If you notice, you will see that there is nothing to protect it from the north-east winds which blow across the German Ocean, so, though it be a rather cold county, yet it is dry and healthy — a good "north-easter" is always a dry wind, so our climate is well fitted for corn-growing.

"And then, again, the surface of our county, as well as the climate, is an advantage. If you notice the bit of country we are passing now, you will see that there are no hills worth mentioning. We shall have a pretty level road all the way to Norwich, for the whole county consists of very gentle slopes, or *swells*, as we call them. Over such a country as this the wind passes without hindrance.

"I might tell you another peculiar thing, perhaps, concerning our agriculture. We never plough very deep. A Norfolk farmer, in general, likes to have a few inches of good earth,

made rich with manure. He would rather have this than a deeper sort which was not so good. So, sir, when you watch our men ploughing, you will see that some of the furrows in the soil are not much more than four inches deep. With such light ploughing as that, sir, a boy and a pair of horses will sometimes get through an acre and a half of land in a day.

"There is another point, sir, which we have paid much attention to in our agriculture — that is, *the rotation of the crops*.

"What is that?" I said.

"I'll make you understand, sir. You see, if you attempt always to grow wheat in one field, the wheat consumes the goodness of the soil, and it becomes very poor."

"Well, then," I said, "you can manure the soil again to make it richer."

"But, sir," he replied, "that is a very expensive way, so we try to save the expense of manuring by changing the crops. Thus, one year we grow barley; the next, clover; the next year, wheat; then beans; then wheat again; and the next year, turnips. In this way the soil does not want so much manuring as it wants when the same thing is cultivated always."

"Turnips, sir, are very difficult to grow. The *black caterpillar*, and the *turnip fly* are great torments to the farmer; they often swarm all over the turnip field. It's of no use a trying to destroy them. Men are not able to do it. Sometimes we spread a sort of gauze

net over the field when the turnips begin to grow, and thousands of flies are thus caught; but the numbers are too great for such a plan as that to succeed.'

"Yes," I said, "man frequently fails in such matters; when, if he would use the means which he finds in nature, they would answer his purpose much better, and cost him less trouble. Now, I have heard of the larva of that turnip fly, and have heard that if you would only set a number of *ducks* to destroy them, they would do your work for you, and be glad to do it—without any charge."

"Yes, sir, that is exactly what we *have* done. One of the best ways to keep down the turnip fly is just to drive great flocks of ducks and other

poultry over the fields—they eat up the insects by tens of thousands."

"Which," I said, "do you call the most important produce of Norfolk?"

"Well, sir, I can hardly say; perhaps the *wheat* is—and yet we are more noted for our crops of *barley*."

"Ah," I said, "do we stop here?"

"I dine here," said the coachman. I therefore descended the coach, and had dinner at the inn, with the farmer. After dinner, as we proceeded on our journey, he told me more about Norfolk—of the *animals*, as well as the vegetables; which matters you shall hear of next week, from

Your faithful friend,
HENRY YOUNG."

A BOOK.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,
I am often in tatters, and oft deck'd with gold—
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found:
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound—
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.—
In form, too, I differ,—I'm thick and I'm thin
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;
I oft' in die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

HANNAH MORE.

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

TANGIERS.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“Perhaps you have never been to Tangiers. If you have, I am sure you will agree with me that it is in a very exposed situation. There it is! —facing the sea, on the side of a hill of gentle slope, every house within gun-shot. As I gazed upon the town, I could not help thinking that the French had chosen a very easy mark for their gunnery. The only place which seemed capable of resistance was the castle, but this, I found, although it was strong in appearance, was harmless;—the walls were in a tottering state, and in two places they had fallen in from their own weight; the guns, too, were mostly honey-combed.

“The PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, the commander of the French, who, as I told you before, were making war upon these parts, had sent out very bombastic ‘dispatches’ concerning the bombardment of Tangiers; but fortunately he had done little real damage to the place. His highest exploits were the killing of two children upon whom a wall had fallen, and the deaths of a donkey and a cow, which had met with a ‘disastrous casualty’ from a caisson-ball. The prince declared that he had carefully avoided injuring the house of the English Consul, but the French ship, *La Belle Poule*, had been so badly managed that a ball,

which was intended for somewhere else, or for some one else, was sticking in the dining-room chimney of Mr. Drummond Hay’s house when we visited him.

“After our visit to Mr. Hay, we went to the country-houses of the Danish and the Sardinian Vice-consuls, and there we saw a most distressing scene. Their houses, which, a few weeks before, had been comfortable abodes, surrounded by beautiful and extensive pleasure-grounds, were now ransacked, and in ruins. The garden-walks were strewed with bits of half-burned furniture; the flower-beds were trampled on; and the shrubs and fruit-trees had been most mischievously pulled up, or else torn to pieces. This was the work of the Arabs, who had taken advantage of the war to indulge in robbery and destruction. They treated the British, French, and Moors—the Mahometans and Christians—all alike. Truly ‘their hand is against every man;’ they had caused far more damage than the artillery of France.

“We returned to Tangiers, and went to bed—a place which I had been longing for all day, after our last two uncomfortable nights on board ship. I then went—to sleep,’ you will say, I suppose—to the land of Nod. But, no! I was *going* there, and was a considerable distance on the way, being quite unconscious, when suddenly I was wide awake again, and quite conscious of most violent noises

outside the room. I started up, feeling sure that they were caused by an inroad of the *Arabs*. Never did I hear such furious thunderings of tom-toms, such braying of trumpets, and discordant cries of human voices!

"On looking out of the window, however, I found that the disturbance was caused by a party of Moors, and I then remembered that it was the month of *Ramadhan*, their most sacred month of the year. In this, the ninth month, their highest and holiest festival is held. Every good Mussulman is bound to fast from the first moment of daybreak until sunset. During the whole day he must neither eat, drink, smoke, smell perfumes, or indulge in any worldly pleasures. He must not even swallow his own spittle. Some very devout Mussulmen will not even open their mouths to speak during the day, for fear of breathing the air too freely. This severe fast is commanded in *Mahomet's book, the Koran*. His disciples, therefore, strictly observe it until sunset, and then they make amends for their trouble by feasting and drinking all the night until sunrise. This seemed to be the determination of my entertainers outside, who were thoroughly enjoying themselves. They had evidently arranged for it — therefore my own arrangements were spoiled. I wished their harmonious concert further.

So, on the next morning, I arose early and knocked up my friends to go out for a walk, as

I had often done before, when unable to sleep. We sallied forth, and were rambling in a grove of fig and *caetus* trees outside the town, when we met a party of Moors, who, with cudgels and dogs, were hunting rabbits. They asked if we were French, and finding that we were not, they advised us not to venture much further, as a tribe of wandering Arabs were encamped at some little distance. "We know," they said, "that the English and the Moors are brothers, but those savages do not, and will ill-treat you." If the Moors had found that we were French, I expect that we should have been allowed to proceed, and have our heads broken.

"In the afternoon of the same day I ran a race! Mr. Murray, the vice-consul, who had smuggled me into Tangiers, wanted to buy a horse for his lady, so he came requesting one of my companions and myself to give our opinion upon some that had been offered to him.

"We soon engaged to test their merits. The horses were *barbs* — that is to say, they were natives of Barbary, a country which, by looking at your map, you will see is at the south of Tangiers. They were small, wiry, and very fleet; and although I thought them inferior to the Arab horses, they were, on the whole, dashing little animals, with easy paces and showy action. A flat, down-like piece of land was found, which formed a splendid race-course, and after many severe trials, the horse I rode came in

a victor, and was selected for Mrs. Murray's service. I was very glad!

"Returning from our race-course, we took the new horse home to his mistress, and spent the remainder of the day at the country house of Mr. Murray, which was a charming spot, with a beautiful view. We saw many curiosities. One was the sword of *Montes*, the famous 'matador,' which had so often been used with deadly effect in the bull-ring, and had been presented to Mr. Murray by that celebrated man. It is a heavy, clumsy-looking rapier, but doubtless of exquisite temper. The only pleasing circumstance connected with it was, that it was very rough and rusty.

"I had intended on the following day to set out with one of my companions to *Tetuam*, a place not far distant; but the fearful accounts of the state of the country, and the cruelties of the Moors, caused us to relinquish our design. We accordingly returned in our schooner to Gibraltar, that we might thence set out through the Mediterranean. On reaching Gibraltar I found that every berth in the Oriental steam-packet was engaged, and I was just making up my mind to be

detained for another month, when I was informed by a gentleman, who had been disappointed like myself, that a small river-steamer, which was intended to ply on the Nile, had, on her way there, put in to Gibraltar for coals. It was a small, fragile craft, in which to trust ourselves on the waves of the stormy Mediterranean; it was even smaller than the Chelsea boats of the river Thames, and was flat-bottomed. But I was getting accustomed to danger, and although the captain told us that he had no accommodation for passengers,—that he had no bed, no sheets, or blankets even, on board,—and that his share of provision was not very large, we accepted his offer to take us. We found that if we were fastidious we must stop at home; therefore we were *not* fastidious, and—we went.

"I have not the time now to tell you of my voyage across the Mediterranean to MALTA. A storm in the Mediterranean is a fearful thing, even in a large ship, but we had to meet one in our little nutshell of a boat. It was not pleasant—and in my next letter you shall hear why.

"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

We cannot tell the reason
For all the clouds we see,
Yet every time and season
Must wisely order'd be.
Let us but do our duty,
In sunshine and in rain;
And Heaven, all bright with beauty,
Will bring us joy again. D. A. T.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

3rd Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

LOOK BACK!

In a very quiet room—where there were forms and desks—the twilight was glimmering and fading, and dusky shadows were gathering. The twilight was fading fast—so fast, that every minute you could almost see it grow weaker; while the dark shadows were getting stronger. They certainly had the best of it! They had made the desks at the further end of the room look very dim, and they had very much damaged the appearance of the schoolroom clock—they had spoilt all his *figures*; nothing indeed could be seen of him but a certain round face, so that you could not have known that he was in the room, if he had not kept up his strong regular tick, as hearty as ever. *Tick!* Ah, I believe you! he did tick! Amongst those sneaking shadows that gathered round him so silently, he seemed to tick all the louder, to show that he meant to tick all the night through—for he was not afraid of the dark! not he!

He was rather a rude clock! rather—for nobody wanted to know the time—and what did he make all that noise for, when the shadows had come to rest and be quiet? But I was going to tell you about those shadows. The timid twilight had fled out of three corners of the room,

and in two corners they had gathered themselves together, and formed a thick *black shadow*—only in the corner where the window was, they did not get on so well! There, up against the master's desk, the twilight outside shone through the glass, and bore up bravely. And up there, on a high seat, with his head resting on his hands, with his elbows on the desk, with his fingers in his ears, and with his eyes fixed on a dirty book, sat Tom Playwell. How vacantly he stared at that book!

L. Who was Tom Playwell, papa?

P. A roguish-looking boy—about ten years of age. He was the son of a lady who had not very good health; and had not been able to pay much attention to him. Yet she loved him very much, for his father, poor boy, was once the captain of a ship, and had been drowned at sea, and he was her only child—all that she had in this world to depend upon for her future comfort. His mother was obliged to send him away because she could not bear his noise at home; and, when she had given him her parting kiss, she stood with the tears in her eyes, and her hand on his head, saying, “Tom! if when you are at school, you will only show the perseverance and skill which you show in your play, you will

be sure to gain the head prize!" And yet there was Tom, shut up alone in that dusky school-room, and sitting at the master's desk. Tom had been "kept!"

"*That is a very dirty leaf!*" said Tom; "and so is that," he repeated, as he looked at the leaf before it. "That one is dirty too! and so is the next." "Page 49—there is a piece torn out! Page 47—there are some pencil-marks on it! page 45 is *rather* dirty, so far as I can see by this light; and so is page—for-ty-thre-e-p-e!" And somebody has torn out the title-page! Well, I don't remember doing that!" he repeated, by way of a little consolation for himself. Nevertheless it occurred to Tom that it was a very untidy book—the fact had just struck him. As he went on thinking, and looking back at the old pages, and thinking again—(for the twilight is a very good time to think)—he thought of each lesson he had learned—and of the trouble and disgrace it had cost him. Ah! he thought how long a time he had spent over those lessons; and how he had stuttered and stumbled over them, and had now almost forgotten them. "I wonder how much Latin grammar I really *do* know!" he exclaimed out loud; but then! how *startled* he was at the sound of his voice in the silent dusky room!

Never mind that! He went on thinking again; and he went on, looking back at the dirty leaves once more—"They seem very *easy* lessons, too!" he said,

"now I look at them. When I looked *forward* to them they seemed hard; but now that I look *back* on them, they seem quite easy." And so they were! Tom had gained something by looking back—he had found that his "hard lessons" were easy, merely by looking at them in a different direction.

Then there came another thought that made Tom heave a heavy sigh; "Ah!" he sighed forth, "I have done nothing *well!* Nothing! For what purpose did I come to school?"

And then he looked back farther yet; and he saw his mother bidding him "good-bye!"—and he heard her words once more, "Tom, you may gain the head prize!" Ah! when those words still seemed to sound in his ears, and he suddenly looked again on the book, then he saw what he really was, and what he had been doing all this time.

Yes, and he went back farther still: he looked back as far as he could into his life;—he looked, till he found that he had never done *any good* in this world. His conscience still worked within him; and as he saw his past life, he cried out loud—"I'll make SOMETHING BETTER THAN THIS to look back upon!"

* * * * *

"*Do you know it?*" said the usher, who had been standing at the door unobserved for the last ten minutes,—for he heard Tom's exclamation, and had been listening. He had wondered at him very much, as he saw him with his fingers in both

ears, repeating his lesson over and over again.

Tom *knew* it: perfectly. The usher, who was a kind friend of his, even helped him to some supper—(which, according to the rules, he had no right to)—and comforted him with a kind “good-night,” as he joined his schoolfellows in the bed-room.

Tom was a general favourite, but he seem to pay little attention to his undressed friends, who jumped out of their beds to speak to him. One had saved him half an apple; ano-

ther, brought him a biscuit; another, a part of his own supper; but Tom did not seem to be well enough to eat them.

The truth is he was sad, and was glad, too. He soon fell asleep, and in his dreams his past life again rose up before him—like a great giant with a sad look. But he dreamt that he had great courage in him—courage which made him cry out once more—“*I'll make something better than you to look back upon!*”

(Continued on page 49.)

THE VIOLET.

DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew:
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colours bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd;
And there diffused a sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility. TAYLOR.

GOD IS LOVE.

THERE'S not a strain to memory dear,
Nor flower in classic grove;
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But minds us of His love.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 6. WHALE-LIKE ANIMALS.

L. You said, mamma, that we should hear, to-day, how the whale can eat without opening his mouth.

M. Nay, I cannot show you that!

W. But does it live without eating, mamma? because, you see, if it should open its mouth, the water would flow in!—then it could not eat.

M. I will explain to you. If we had the model of a whale

here, and you could look inside its mouth, you would notice that it had no teeth, but that the sides of its great mouth were lined with a curious apparatus. This apparatus consists of several long strips of the substance which we call "whale-bone." If you notice the strip of whale-bone which has been drawn for you, you will see that it has fine fibres at the edge. Now, as these "strips" of whale-bone are very close together, the fibres between them form a fine *sieve*, through which only water could easily pass.



W. Ah! so, when the whale gets the water into his mouth, he sends it through the sieve, I suppose; but I don't see yet where the water is to go—

M. You are in too great a hurry, Willie. Listen to the rest of my account! Between this whale-bone sieve and the nostrils is a large hollow, or *reservoir*. The nostrils are on the *top* of the whale's head.

The food of the whale is rather peculiar; it is said that although it has such an enormous mouth its gullet is very small, so that it cannot swallow a fish larger

than a herring. If you were near the Arctic Seas, you might see the ocean covered for many miles with a bright, shining, jelly-like substance. This substance consists of many millions of small animals, something like those you may have seen at Margate, and have called "jelly fish." These minute animals, with other very small fishes, and molluscous animals, form the food for the great whale. He opens his enormous mouth and they float in with the water by tens of thousands. By means of his whale-bone sieves

the water is easily strained away into—

W. The reservoirs!

M. Yes; and when these reservoirs are full, the whale empties them. They are emptied in this way:—to cause a pressure, the whale moves its tongue or jaws, as if it were going to swallow, and thus causing the water to ascend through the nostrils, the outside door (or valve), which I mentioned last week, is pushed open with great force, and up rises the water in the form of a *water-spout!*

Jon. I quite understand that, mamma. Now wonder the whales are fond of *sputting*; and I suppose that the jelly fish which are left when the water is strained out of his mouth, he swallows.

M. Yes; they remain sticking to the filaments of the whale-bone sieve, but the whale soon manages to swallow them. The size of the whale is worth remembering. It often measures from 60 to 70 feet in length, sometimes, 80; while the large *Rorqual*, or fin whale, is even 100 feet long. 50 feet is a great length; it is twice the length of our two parlours when the folding doors are open. The head of the whale is very large in proportion to the length of its body. It is said that the open mouth of a whale is a capacious cavern, capable of containing a ship's jolly-boat full of men. Captain Scoresby describes it as being commonly about eight feet wide, twelve feet high in front, and fifteen feet long. The throat, however, is very narrow.

An account of the whale fishery would interest you very much, but it does not fairly belong to its *natural history*. You have, I dare say, heard how the men of the whaling ships attack the whale, in boats, with an instrument called a *harpoon*, to which a very long rope is fastened. As soon as a boat reaches the whale, the harpooner darts his harpoon at him, and the whale being struck dashes downward, sometimes to the depth of nearly 1,000 fathoms. The men then make a signal to the ship, the watchman alarms all hands with the cry of "Fall, fall!" and the other boats directly come up to assist the first. The whale swims through the water with amazing rapidity, while all the boats follow. The rope that is fastened to the harpoon is about two hundred fathoms long. If the whole line belonging to one boat be run out, that of another is immediately fastened to it; and instances have been met with where all the rope belonging to the six boats has been necessary. When the whale has run some hundreds of fathoms, he is obliged to come up for air, and then makes so dreadful a noise with his spouting, that some have compared it to the firing of cannon. As soon as he appears on the surface of the water, some of the harpooners fix other harpoons in him, upon which he plunges again into the deep; and on his coming up a second time they pierce him with spears, till he spouts out streams of blood instead of

water, beating the waves with his fins and his tail, till the sea is all in a foam. When dying he turns himself on his back, and is drawn on shore, or to the ship, if at a distance from the land.

Many description has been given of the dangers of whale fishery. It is said that the greatest troubles often arise from the ice of the northern regions, of which I will read you an account:—

"The desolate region which is the scene of enterprise, encompasses the pursuit with its worst hardships and dangers. In this realm of eternal winter, man finds the land, the sea, and the air equally inhospitable. Everything fights against him. The intensest cold benumbs his flesh and joints; while

fogs or driving sleet often darken the sky, and at the same time arm the frost with a keener tooth. The ocean over which he moves is crowded with strange horrors. Sometimes the ice bears down upon him in vast floating fields with such an impetus, that, at the shock, the strong timbers of his ship crack and give way like an egg-shell, or are crushed and ground to fragments between two meeting masses. Sometimes it rises before him in the shape of a lofty mountain, which the least change in the surface of the water may bring in sudden ruin upon his head, burying crew and vessel beneath the tumbling chaos, or striking them far into the abyss."

So, when you see any whale oil again, you may remember that it was not procured without difficulty and danger.

THE GOLDFINCH STARVED IN HIS CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my sure,
My drink the morning dew;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever now.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For, caught, and caged, and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Sooth passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill!
More cruelty could none express;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

COWPER.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

HENRY III.

P. To-day we have to hear of the injustice of Henry III.

Nearly all weak kings have had "favourites," who have directed and governed them. After the death of the Earl of Pembroke, the next two governing men were HUBERT DE BURGH, and PETER DE ROCHE.

The first was a brave baron. He was a worthy man, too—one to be trusted in. Just as good gold when tried by fire will not melt, so the honesty of Hubert de Burgh had been tried with money, and had not given way. When Prince Louis was in England, Hubert was the governor of Dover Castle. This place Louis besieged for a long time, but, when he found that he could not take it, he made the most magnificent offers to Hubert to induce him to surrender; he even threatened to put Hubert's brother to death. But he was only losing precious time by doing so; all was of no avail, for the good baron stood firmly to his duties, neither moved by promises nor threats. After the departure of Louis, and the death of the Earl of Pembroke, Henry owed his crown almost entirely to Hubert's zeal. He had ruled the kingdom for Henry during eight years—he had kept order and peace, and had won the good opinion of all people, when the weak king was tempted suddenly to throw off his old friend, and take into favour

a foreigner who pleased him better.

This foreigner, named Peter de Roche, was the Bishop of Winchester, and was a man of great talent, but not of much principle. By his influence, Hubert de Burgh was ruined, and would have been murdered, had he not fled for refuge to the sanctuary of a church. By this man's influence, also, Henry was led into the foolish partiality for foreigners which disgusted all his subjects. He taught the king to dislike the English barons, and to disregard the Magna Charta, and he filled all the best offices of the kingdom with hungry Frenchmen, who robbed the people and wasted their money.

The discontent of the people under this bad government rapidly increased, so that, when in the year 1262 the Parliament was summoned, the barons withdrew, took up arms, and sent word to the king that, unless he dismissed the Poitevins and other foreigners, they would drive both them and him out of the kingdom. Thus began the series of wars between Henry and his subjects. Many battles and skirmishes were fought, and the weak, unjust Henry was led into the most cruel ingratitude. Forgetting all the past services of his late noble guardian, the Earl of Pembroke, he allowed his son, Richard Earl of Pembroke, to be barbarously murdered.

This unseemly war would have been continued longer, but for the services of the cler-

gy, who at that time were truly one of the governing powers of the country. You may remember how Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, had assisted the barons in forcing King John to sign the Magna Charta. This archbishop was now dead, and his successor, Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, followed his example. He took up the cause of the barons, and threatened the king, with excommunication (the terrible sentence which had been pronounced against his father, John) unless he immediately dismissed Peter de Roche, and his companions. Henry, it is said, trembled and did as he was told, and the Archbishop then governed the land for him according to the Magna Charta. Peace was thus restored for a time, although Henry's dislike to the English nobles, and to the Magna Charta increased every day.

The king's partiality for foreigners was indeed strengthened by this restraint, rather than lessened; and at last it broke out again with more violence than before. Henry was married to Eleanor, the daughter of the Count de Provence. This count came over to England with his daughter, bringing also a large retinue; and soon a swarm of foreign intruders, spread discontent throughout the nation by their unjust violence. The discontent was increased by the misconduct of the king, who wasted his money in a war with France, in which he was defeated. It

was further aggravated by the severity with which, in every possible way, he wrung money from his subjects, to make up for his losses. The cruelties and torments he inflicted on the Jews for this purpose, are too dreadful to be told. When he could not get money from his people by force, he tried persuasion. It is said that he begged from town to town—from castle to castle—until he obtained *the reputation of being the sturdiest beggar in England*.

This course was continued for many years,—the discontent and anger of his subjects being always on the increase. When this feeling was at its height, the king rendered it more violent than ever by an attempt to gain the crown of Sicily for one of his sons. He authorized the Pope to conquer the island for him, at his expense. Accordingly, the Pope did so, and sent in a claim upon Henry for the expenses, amounting to £10,000.

In the year 1258, the distress of the people became unbearable. It was even increased by a scarcity of food, and all now determined on more desperate measures. A meeting of the Parliament was called—the barons entered Westminster Hall in full armour. They then informed King Henry that he and his foreigners had involved the kingdom in much wretchedness; and they demanded that he should at once entrust the powers of government to the hands of themselves, and the bishops.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

NORFOLK.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“After dinner, my friend the farmer proceeded with his lesson on farming.

“‘Certainly,’ I said to him, ‘your county must be famous for farming, when so much pains has been taken with the soil.’

“‘Yes, sir, we have different kinds of soil, as I told you; the three principal kinds are the *marshy soil*, which is on the east, near the sea—the heavy clayey soil, and the light sandy soil.

“‘The *marshy soil*, as you may expect, is used as pasture land for cattle. The *heavy soil* is used principally for wheat and turnips; while the *lighter soils* are found to be better suited for barley, which is the most important produce of our county.’

“‘Look over the paling,’ I said, ‘into the farm-yard we are now passing, what a number of turkeys there are!’

“‘Yes, sir; that reminds me of something. Now I have spoken of the vegetables, I might as well tell ye of the *animals* found in our county. We are rather celebrated for *turkeys* here. The Norfolk turkeys are of good size, and very good flavour. Some of the farmers make more money by them than by anything else on the farms. In the autumn, after the barley-harvest, we turn them out in the barley field, to go gleaning amongst the stubs; we keep on a-feeding ‘em with plenty o’ barley until about a week before Christmas. Then they are sent

up to the London market; and if, about that time, you go to any of the railway stations, or to Pickford’s, or to the wagon and coach offices, you will see all these places completely loaded with turkeys. Indeed, some years ago, when there were no railways, the stage-coaches used to be so loaded that many travellers could not find places.

“‘*Game*, sir, used to be very plentiful here; the numbers of *hares*, partridges, and peasants, were a great grievance to the farmers. There are not now so many as there used to be. We have great numbers of *rabbits* also; they live in the sandy soils, where they make large ‘warrens.’ And then, again, besides the cows on the marshes, we have plenty of *sheep*; they do not thrive on the damp soil of the marshes, because they are liable to catch the *rot*—which I suppose you know; we keep them on the light dry soils. Our *sheep* were once noted for being great trespassers—wandering away from their proper grounds; they don’t mind the fences a bit, but jump over them.

“‘The Norfolk *pigs* are a small and white breed, differing from the great Suffolk hogs—’

“‘Here is another *cathedral*,’ I said; ‘I suppose that this is NORWICH.’

“‘Yes, sir; that is Norwich cathedral: look at its spire! The weather-cock on the top of that spire is 313 feet from the ground.’

“‘I can see several towers

and spires,' I said. ' You seem to have many churches.'

"There are a great many, sir—between thirty and forty altogether; I never counted them. I think there are thirty-six. There are more churches in Norwich than in any other city of England, except *London*.'

"*York*," I said, "has a great number of churches—it has twenty-eight. But what church is that with such handsome windows? it seems more perpendicular and lofty than any of the others."

"That, sir, is *St. Peter's Mancroft*; it is always a conspicuous object;"—but just at this moment, we entered the principal streets, and soon after my farmer friend bade me 'good-bye.'

"I only stopped in Norwich one day; but in that time I learned several particulars, which I will relate to you.

"Norwich is first mentioned in the history of England about the time when the Danes invaded our island. There is now a village, about three miles south of Norwich, called *Castor*, and it appears that as this place decayed, Norwich rose in importance; there is an old record which says

"Castor was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich was built of Castor stone."

"It appears that Norwich was much injured by the Danes, but that in the time of Edward the Confessor it became a flourishing town. Even then, it had twenty-five churches.

"Its importance, however, was much increased in the reign of King Henry I. You may remember how Henry, in order to strengthen his unjust claim to the crown, granted charters to many of the English towns. Norwich was one to which great privileges were granted, and soon after a number of people from Flanders settled here, and introduced the manufacture of *worsted*, which increased the riches of the city.

"In the wars between the barons and King John, and in the wars between the barons and King Henry III.—which you have read of in your History lessons—the town was much injured again. At that time, the walls of the city were strongly embattled, having twelve gates and forty towers; so that, as in the case of Carlisle, its fortifications were rather a cause of injury, than a protection.

"In the reign of Edward III. more *Flemings* (the people from Flanders) settled here, still carrying on the worsted manufacture.

"The greatest cause of prosperity to the city happened in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Flanders was then one of the provinces of Spain; and Philip, the King of Spain, determined that his people who were of the Protestant faith should become Catholics, and sent the celebrated general, the Duke of Alva, to compel them to do so. In order to make them faithful servants of our Lord Jesus, this cruel duke filled every prison with the noblest

families, beheaded many of the best nobles with violent and bloodthirsty cruelty, and horribly massacred the people, to the number of eighteen thousand; so that they were obliged to flee for their lives in all directions. Of those who arrived in England, four thousand settled at Norwich, and introduced the *bombazine manufacture*. This was the great source of riches to the people of the city. When you read the account of the silk-trophy in the Great Exhibition, and of the silk manufacture, you will

find that this is not the first time that England's manufactures have been improved, and England's riches increased, on account of her hospitality to persecuted Protestants.

"After this account, you will not be surprised when I tell you that the principal manufactures of Norwich are in worsted—such as shawls, bombazines, crape, and different kinds of stuffs. You shall hear more of this city in my next letter.

"Your faithful friend,
HENRY YOUNG."

SONG OF THE WINDS.

HAVE ye heard the west wind singing, where the summer trees are springing,

Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows?
For the wide-winged spirit rangeth, and its ballad metre changeth,

"As it goes.

A plaintive wail it maketh when the willow's tress it shaketh,
Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep;
And the branches, low and slender, bend to list the strain so tender,
Till they weep.

Another tale 'tis telling, where the clustered elm is swelling
With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright;
And the leaves, all bright and clapping, sound like human fingers
snapping
With delight.

The fitful key-note shifteth where the heavy oak uplifteth
A diadem of acorns broad and high;
And it chanteth with muffled roaring, like an eagle's wing in soaring
To the sky.

Now the breeze is freshly wending, where the gloomy yew is bending,
To shade green graves and canopy the owl;
And it gives a mournful whistle that remindeth of the missal
And the cowl.

Another lay it giveth where the spiral poplar liveth,
Above the cresses, lily, flag, and rush;
And it sings with hissing treble like the foam upon the pebble
In its gush.

A varied theme it flutters where the glossy date-leafutters,
A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there;
And the quiet, listening dreamer may believe that many a streamer
Flaps the air.

It is sad and dreary hearing where the giant pine is rearing
A lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about,
And it lurketh melancholy, where the thick and sombre holly
Bristles out.

It murmurs soft and mellow 'mid the light laburnums yellow,
As lover's ditty chimed by ripplingplash,
And deeper is its tiding, as it hurries, swiftly gliding,
Through the ash.

A roundelay of pleasure does it keep in merry measure,
While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
As though a band of fairies were engaged in Mah's vngaries,
Out of reach.

Oh! a bard of many breathings is the wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves,
Now flsing and now drunning—now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Oh ! are not human bosoms like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallow'd whispers come to cheer and rouse ?
Is there no mystic stirring fit our hearts, like sweet wind whirring
In the boughs ?

Oh! what can be the teaching of these forest voices preaching?
'Tis that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar, and help to fill the psalter
That's divine.

ELIZA COOK.

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

MALTA.

"**MY DEAR CHILDREN,**— "To describe my voyage from Gibraltar to Malta would really take up too much space. You may remember that our steamer was only a river-steamer, intended to ply on the Nile; and not at all fitted for the stormy Mediterranean. We were driven alongside the African shores, and had to put in at two places. In one part there were many savage-looking Moors, who looked at us with a very longing eye, I thought; and I could not help feeling that they would have robbed us if they had dared. To describe to you the efforts which our captain made to get out,—in which my fellow-passengers and myself were obliged to help, working like common sailors; and then to describe to you how the captain was afraid that his steamer would be lost, and that the storm would 'break her back,' and to tell you how many times we put back again to shore, would occupy a great many lines of my letter. I should only prove to you what you may read in any geography book, that the MEDITERRANEAN is noted for its sudden and violent storms.

"If you will get your map, you may see that at the south of Sicily are two islands, called *Malta* and *Gozo*, which, as they are colonies of Britain, are important places. I will describe them.

"We arrived at Gozo on the

evening of the third day. Certainly, I was not struck with the appearance of these islands,—they seemed to be only huge flat rocks, and not much higher than the sea. They do not contain any trees of large size, and in some parts there is scarcely any vegetation at all. Malta is about 38 miles from Sicily; it is $17\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles broad. My impression of these islands improved when we sailed round toward the south-east. I found that Malta must be a very strong place, for it is defended on all sides by the most stupendous fortifications. They are said to be *impregnable*—that is, no one can overcome them.

"On entering the port of Malta, I found the scene to be one of the most striking and beautiful that could be imagined. The harbour for the ships is surrounded with thick stone bastions; and, rising above them, are seen the towers of numerous churches, all built of white stone. On one side of the harbour stood the majestic city of Valetta; and on the other side were three other towns, which, together, formed a great city. Valetta has 28,000 inhabitants, and the three cities on the other side have 20,000. The people of each place communicate with one another every hour by row-boats, which are continually passing and repassing,—thus giving life and activity to the scene.

"I did not remain in either of these places, but went to the

ancient capital, *Città Vecchia*, or the old city, as it is commonly called, which is situated on rising ground about six miles from Valetta. Here is a truly splendid cathedral; and in the suburb are many ancient convents and monasteries. The parish churches of the surrounding villages are richly ornamented, and are as large and magnificent as many of the cathedrals of the cities on the Continent. The Maltese are zealous Catholics, and delight in showing by their churches their attachment to their religion.

"Although these two islands have a barren appearance, they have, by care and cultivation, been made fruitful in a surprising degree. The Maltese must have been very industrious; they have carefully collected the rich earth from the valleys and placed it in layers on the dry broken up rock. The soil is seldom more than eighteen

inches deep, and yet it yields the finest of fruit. The oranges of Malta are superior to all others, while there are melons, figs, and grapes, in abundance. There is no meadow land, but plenty of wheat and barley. It was supposed, at one time, that the earth of MALTA was brought hither from Sicily in ships, but I believe that this has been found to be an error.

"The history of Malta is very interesting, it is said to have been a colony of the *Phenicians*; it afterwards belonged to the *Greeks*, then to the *Carthaginians*, then to the *Romans*, then to the *Vandals* and *Goths*, next to the *Arabs*, then to the island of *Sicily*, then to the *Emperor Charles V.*, afterwards to the *French*, and now to the *English*, to whom it was surrendered by the French in the year 1800. So much for Malta! Good-bye!

"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

A MISER, traversing his house,
Espied, unusual there, a mouse,
And thus his uninvited guest,
Briskly inquisitive, addressed:
"Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it
I owe this unexpected visit?"
The mouse her host obliquely eyed,
And, smiling, pleasantly replied:
"Fear not, good fellow, for your board!
I come to *lodge*, and not to *board*!"

COWPER.

MOUNTAINS.

THE APENNINES.

P. Do you remember the divisions of the Alps which were mentioned in the last Physical Geography lesson?

W. I do, papa. Please let me repeat them:—The *Maritime* Alps, the *Cottian* Alps, the *Graian* Alps, the *Pennine* Alps, the *Helvetian* Alps, the *Rhetian* Alps, the *Noric* Alps, the *Carnic* and the *Julian* Alps.

P. You will not learn much by simply remembering the *names* of these places. I would advise you, once more, to trace on the map the beginning and ending of the divisions. You will thus know something more by which to remember them.

Ion. Yes, papa, we shall know their *position*. I can remember now the position of the first division. The *Maritime* Alps extend from Monte Viso to the Apennines.

P. True. And these Apennines we will talk of to-day. On the map of Europe you may see a long peninsula, nearly the shape of a boot, which is called Italy. The Apennines, which begin at the end of the Maritime Alps, run through the middle of Italy, forming its *main rib*, as it were. They are continued until they reach the Mediterranean Sea—a distance little short of 800 miles.

Like the Alps, the Apennines have been arranged in several divisions. I will give you the names of these divisions, and you may discover them on the map.

1. The *Ligurian* Apennines, which encircle the Gulf of Genoa; they extend from the Maritime Alps to Monte Gisa.

2. The *Etruscan* Apennines, which extend from the former division to Monte Cornaro.

3. The *Roman* Apennines, running nearly through the centre of the peninsula, from Monte Cornaro to Monte Velino: and

4. The *Neapolitan* Apennines, the remaining part of the range extending from Monte Velino to the Mediterranean Sea.

There are not many important particulars concerning the structure, or the *external* appearance of these mountains; the rivers from the Apennines are rather small and unimportant. Few of the mountains are above the snow-line of that climate, which fact will, if you think, help you to account for the smallness of the rivers.

Perhaps the most striking difference between this range and those before mentioned is seen in their shape. While the Pyrenees are known by their sharp peaks, and the Alps by still sharper needles; the Apennines are smooth, rounded, and wavy in shape—no bare rocks are seen except in the highest parts. I told you that they are not high mountains; the highest is Mount Como, in the Roman Apennines. This is 9,521 feet high, being only two thirds the height of Mont Blanc; while, like the others, it is lower than the snow-line.

If you will look for the southern extremity of the *Lig-*

urian Apennines, you will find a part which is celebrated for its beautiful *marble*. This is the most important produce of the Apennines; the marble quarries of Carrara being, perhaps, the most celebrated in the world. To all parts of the world the Carrara *marble* is exported; and is used for architecture and for the finest sculpture.

Near the middle of Italy is a large region of the Apennines, which has been devastated by internal fires. In nearly all parts of the district, the action of these fires has ceased. No one remembers anything about them, and there is nothing in any history-book to tell us that fire was ever seen there. We only know that there was fire by its effects. The district seems almost covered with substances that have been thrown out in the state of ashes or cinders. Sometimes, instead of being thus loose, the matter is agglutinated together, and is called by the Italians *tufa*. At the tops of one or two of the moun-

tains there are the cup-shaped hollows, called *craters*, which are found in volcanoes; some of these craters are now filled with water, and form *lakes*. Again, about two miles from the gates of Rome, by the side of the road called the *Appian* way, there are quarries, which supply the paving stone for the city; and in these quarries the lava is found sixty feet thick. The seven hills on which Rome stands are also said to be formed of this material. So, if we could only imagine this district of the Apennines before Rome was built, or before men lived in this world, we should see some alarming scenes of flame and smoke.

On reaching a part of the district which is near Naples, you would, however, find a mountain where the fire from beneath may still be seen in operation. It is situated at the south-east of Naples, near the sea, and is called *Vesuvius*. Its description we will reserve for our next lesson.

THE BIRD IN A CAGE.

Oh! who would keep a little bird confined
 When cowslip bells are nodding in the wind,
 When every hedge as with "good-morrow" rings,
 And, heard from wood to wood, the blackbird sings?
 Oh! who would keep a little bird confined
 In his cold wiry prison?—Let him fly,
 And hear him sing, "How sweet is liberty!"

W. L. BOWLES.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

4th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

LOOK BACK!

L. That boy learned two things by looking back: he learned what he had been doing all his life—and he learned that the things which he thought hard, were really *easy*.

Ion. Yes, that was because he looked at them in a different direction.

P. True. Let us finish the tale.

About three weeks after the time last mentioned, Tom Play-well, sat in the schoolroom again, but this time, Tom was *not* "kept." It was not the twilight time then. It was a fine Wednesday afternoon, when the other boys were at play, and nothing was moving in the deserted room, except the dust which danced in the rays of the bright sun-light, and the blue-bottle flies, which buzzed and bumped against the glass.

Tom was *looking back* once more—but how differently! "I've said all that *perfectly*!" he thought, as he drew his finger across ten pages of his Latin grammar; and "I've covered my book with brown paper, and have kept the new leaves clean, and have rubbed the old ones with *bread*! Besides that—I shall soon know all my old lesson by heart, and then—?"

Then, Tom stopped to think what he *should* do. His turning over the old leaves had made

him begin to turn over a new one. "Well, now that I think about it," he continued, "I don't see why I shouldn't gain the head prize, after all! The other boys tell me, when we are at play, that I can do whatever I like when I try—and so I can, even when I am at school. At least, I have done a great deal this last three weeks in every class."

"Tom was able *now* to gain something more by looking back—he gained *encouragement*. He had just found out that the longer he lived, the more he had to look back upon; and he tried hard that it should be a life that he would *like* to look upon."

Ion. So he would be making *more* to encourage himself. Did he gain the prize, papa?

P. At the end of the next half-year he did. Some of the boys were much more advanced than Tom; so that he had to work hard to do it. They often missed him in the playground, and when they had found out why he was absent, they laughed at him. Every one said he was the head boy in the playground, and could not be the head boy of the school. But Tom took heart; and whenever he felt afraid, he began to *look back*, for still when he saw what he had done, he felt encouraged.

I need not give you the history of his gaining the prize—

nor tell you how pleased his mother was. He gave her very great joy indeed. In course of time, Tom left school. He then found that he had gained more than the mere prizes, or mere learning; he had gained the habit of *looking back*. And with it, he had gained another habit, that of trying to live the life he could *like* to look back upon. Do you know what we call this habit of looking back?

L. I think I have heard a word which is used for it—but, I have forgotten it.

P. It is a Latin word—*retrospection*. You may remember the name or not, as you please. I would rather like you to remember the *idea*. The habit of “retrospection” was useful to Tom Playwell all his life. When he was a man he became a great merchant, and he practised retrospection for another purpose. If he found any difficulty in which he did not know what to do, he would *look back* on his life to see what he had done before; and, if he could not learn anything from what he had done himself, he learned what others had done; thus he looked back for something else,—the knowledge we call *experience*.

L. And when he wanted encouragement he might not only gain it from thinking of his own deeds, he could read in *history* of the great deeds of others: that would give him courage!

P. So he did, no doubt. Thus, by this “retrospection,” he had, in the first instance, taken *warning*, then *encouragement*, and then *experience*. But in time,

he learned more. As he became an older man, he had a longer life to look back upon. And once, when he was looking back on all the good, and all the happiness he had gained, there came a stronger feeling,—he felt great *thankfulness* to God, who had blessed him with such mercies. What a pleasant and beautiful feeling that was! His “retrospection” had brought him “gratitude.”

W. So that he gained four things. I will say them, RETROSPECTION gives *warning*—*encouragement*—*experience*—and *gratitude*.

L. But you have forgotten something, Willie. Papa said, if you remember, that when Tom looked back, he found that the lessons which had seemed hard, were really easy. He changed his *judgment*, you see.

Ion. Yes; when you have looked forward to anything, and then look back upon it, it often appears very different—*very!* The back of our house is not nearly so fine as the front. But what are we to say that Tom gained when he changed his opinion on his lessons?

P. He then made a better judgment than he had made before. His *power of judging* was improved.

W. I understand, papa. So we will say, fifthly, RETROSPECTION gives “*judgment*.”

P. True. Now I will make the *lesson* for you.

You will gain a good habit, dear children, if you will practice *looking back*.

"Remember, that as long as you live you are making something to look back upon. You may learn retrospection when it is too late. I once knew a young man who was not so kind to his mother as Tom Playwell was. He had not done his duty to her properly while she lived; and when she died, his memory *would* remember the past. He could not shut up his memory, and his active, troubled conscience would use it to *look back*. Then, poor man, I heard him say, "How I wish that my dear mother could be alive now, that I might be kind to her!" He had made an unpleasant life to look upon; he did not look back until it was too late.

"I have read, too, of a certain rich man, who did not look back until he reached the other

world,—then he was too late! Let us think of that fact, dear children!—there is a time beyond the grave, when your memory will not be shut up. It *will* look back, then. You are young, and your life is before you. Stop now, and ask yourself, "What sort of a life will it be, when I *look back*?"

"Ask God to help you, that you may make it a pleasant life,—one that will make you feel *gratitude*. Then, when you reach heaven, you will sing with the great poet who looked back:—

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!"
It's a good thing to LOOK BACK.

THE BIRD CAUGHT AT SEA.

Pretty little feathered fellow,
Why so far from home dost rove?
What misfortune brought thee hither
From the green, embowering grove?

Let thy throbbing heart be still;
Here secure from danger rest thee;
No one here shall use thee ill,
Here no cruel boy molest thee.

Barley-corns and crumbs of bread,
Crystal water, too, shall cheer thee;
On soft sails recline thy head,
Sleep, and fear no danger near thee:

And when kindly winds shall speed us
To the land we wish to see,
Then, sweet captive, thou shalt leave us,—
Then amidst the groves be free.

A. HILL.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 6. WHALE-LIKE
ANIMALS.

M. To-day I purpose mentioning the different species of Whales, and the other animals of the Whale tribe.

L. But, mamma, before you do so, will you tell us one or two anecdotes of the Whale Fishery—for amusement?

M. Very well. You may remember that, last week, I told you of the little animals like the jelly fish, which form the food of the whale. Since then, I have been reading an account of these animals, which will, I think, interest you:—

"To give some idea of the numbers of these creatures, Mr. Scoresby calculated that two square miles would contain 23,888,000,000,000,000. These creatures, many of which are visible only through the microscope, do not all directly serve as food for the whale, but they feed myriads of the smaller fishes upon which the whale does live."

Besides the dangers of the whale fishery which I mentioned last week, accidents often happen from the attack of the whale. Sometimes, when pursued, the animal upsets the boat, or breaks it with a violent blow of his tail, which is his principal weapon of defence. In the instance which you saw in the picture (page 25), the boat was upset in a different manner. I will read you the story:—

"Captain Lyons, of Leith, while prosecuting the whale fishery on the Labrador coast, in the season of 1802, discovered a large whale

at a short distance from the ship. Four boats were sent in pursuit, and two of them succeeded in approaching it so closely together, that two harpoons were struck at the same moment. The whale descended a few fathoms in the direction of another of the boats, which was on the advance, rose accidentally beneath it, struck it with its head, and threw the boat, men, and apparatus, about fifteen feet into the air. It was inverted by the stroke, and fell into the water with its keel upwards. All the men were picked up alive by the fourth boat, except one, who, having got entangled in the boat, fell beneath it and was unfortunately drowned."

In the book from which I have taken this extract, there is an account of the amazing length of line sometimes attached to the end of the harpoons. It also states that the line often breaks, and that great quantities of it are thus lost. One whale caused a loss of 31,200 yards of line, or about eighteen English miles. It darted along for an immense distance with the swiftness of light, having three great harpoons in its body, to each of which a long line and a boat was attached. The line of two boats was "run out," while the third boat was sunk, and dragged after it under water.

I will now give you a short account of the different tribes of whale-like animals.

The whale of which we have been talking is called the *Whalebone Whale*—it is distinguished from the other whales by its enormous head, by its

want of teeth, and its supply of whalebone in their place. The largest of the whalebone whales, the *Rorqual*, is not often chased, as the blubber it yields is less than that of the smaller whales, while its whalebone is not of so good a quality.

The second kind of Whales are the *Cachalots*, or *Spermaceti Whales*. The Spermaceti Whale is distinguished from the others—

1st, By its enormous head, which is larger than that of the Whalebone Whale, being generally half the whole length of the animal ;

2ndly, By its having teeth in its lower jaw ;

3rdly, By the hard substance it contains, called Spermaceti ; and,

4thly, By its place—being more abundant in the seas around the *South Pole* than in any other part.

The Spermaceti Whales swim with very great rapidity, and show the greatest violence and

fury when attacked. With a single blow of its tail, the Spermaceti Whale will sometimes dash to pieces the strongest of the whaling-boats, and one was known, when enraged, to stove in a large ship by a blow from its immense head.

The head of the Spermaceti Whale is thus large, not because of the size of its brain, but because of the large hollow which holds the Spermaceti. This cavity is situated in the upper part of the head, on the right side of the nose. The substance it contains is, while the animal has life, an oily fluid, but after death it dries, and forms a granulous yellowish substance : this is the *Spermaceti*.

W. How much spermaceti do the sailors get out of one whale ?

P. A good-sized whale often yields as much as a ton, which will fill more than ten barrels.

The teeth of this whale are found only in the lower jaw. There are twenty-seven on each side.



I have drawn a jaw for you, that you may see how the teeth are arranged ; but should you

go to the Great Exhibition, you may there see a real specimen.



The third tribe are smaller animals—such as the Dolphin,

and the Porpoise. Few of the dolphin tribe are more than 20 feet long, while the size of the common dolphin is from 6 to 8 or 10 feet. The dolphin and porpoise are much alike—the muzzle of the porpoise is rather larger than the dolphin's, and it is a rather smaller animal, the length being sometimes only 4 feet. Both of these animals have teeth. The porpoise bears some resemblance to a pig, and derives its name from the French words *porc*, pig, and *poisson*, fish.

So, instead of saying "Porpoisson," which means "pig-fish," we call it "Porpoise."

There are other animals in this order, which would require a long time to describe—such as the *Round-headed Porpoise*, or Caaing Whale; the *White Whale*; the *Bottle-headed Whale*; and the *Narwhal*, or *Sea Unicorn*. This is a remarkable animal, with a single tooth, generally two yards in length; and sometimes being even 9 or 10 feet long.



You may now write your "lesson" on the *Whale-like Animals*.

Lesson 19. MAMMALS.

ORDER 6. WHALE-LIKE

ANIMALS.

(*Cetacea.*)

1. The Animals of this Order are really carnivorous, and might properly be placed in the fifth order, but for their different mode of life—for they live in the water like fish.

2. But, as the whale is a Mammal, and not a fish—breathing with lungs instead of gills, it must have peculiarities in its

parts to fit it for living in the water—we find, therefore, that it has a large reservoir for containing pure red blood, and valves to cover its ears and nostrils, so as to keep out the water. Some whales have a peculiar apparatus in their jaws, resembling a sieve, by which the water admitted into the mouth is strained off, and afterwards spouted up through the nostrils.

3. The whale is the largest of all animals; there are three tribes in this order—the *Whalebone Whales*, the *Spermaceti Whales*, and the *Dolphin tribe*.

**THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.**

HENRY III.

P. Do you remember why the barons wished to govern instead of King Henry?

W. Because he had governed so badly. You said last week, papa, that he was unjust and made taxes without the consent of the parliament.

P. And, by doing so, he violated the **MAGNA CHARTA**, which they had been at so much pains to establish. The barons and the people had now tasted liberty, and were determined not to lose it. So, as I told you before, this bad conduct of the king had a good effect; for when the people saw him striving to take their liberties from them, they made greater efforts to keep them.

So we find, that when the barons had told Henry that he was unfit to govern, he was forced to grant them permission to draw up a *new plan* of government. They began their work of reformation immediately, and proceeded in it with such earnestness that they were called the *Mad Parliament*. They dismissed all the old officers of the state, and declared that a "committee of government" should be appointed, consisting of twenty-four barons, twelve to be appointed by the king, and twelve by the barons themselves. At the head of this committee was placed the great **SIMON DE MONTFORD**, the Earl of Leicester. This committee obtained new power from

the "Mad Parliament." It was resolved that, for the sake of protecting the people from the king, their authority should continue during the remainder of his life, and during the life of his son Prince Edward.

Now, if they had wished to govern only during the king's life, they would have done well, but to wish to put down the young Prince Edward was unjust. The weak-minded king submitted to their proposal concerning himself, but the character of the young prince was very different from his father's—he was determined and courageous, and he would submit to no such thing. He therefore took arms against the barons, and a dreadful civil war followed. It ended in a great battle, fought at Lewes in Sussex (near Brighton). Here, more than 5,000 Englishmen were killed, and the old king and the prince were taken prisoners.

Even this battle had some influence on the fortunes of the English nation. This resistance to the barons only made them more determined to secure their privileges, and the **Magna Charta**; and, in order to gain the power to do so, they found that they must take care of the people's interests as well as their own. The measures which they had recourse to for this purpose led them to form a new description of parliament, which was the beginning of the present *House of Commons*. This was the most important event of Henry's reign,

and is worth a particular explanation.

In the times of the feudal system, if you had asked the question—"Who has the greatest power?" the answer, generally, would be, "He who has the most *land*." The king had the largest lands, for he had power over all the lands in the country; so, when a great council was to be held for the purpose of making laws, it was he who called together the noblemen who were to meet. Such a council consisted of the archbishops, the bishops, the abbots, and the barons; and, if they had been asked why the king had summoned *them* to the council, they would have said—"because of the land they possessed."

You may remember that I spoke to you of the age of chivalry. I said that the profession of chivalry was taken up by younger sons of noble families—such as did not inherit their father's lands.

In the course of time, however, it was found that in spite of this arrangement, the lands of some of the great barons had become divided, so that there were found to be two classes—the "greater barons" and the "lesser barons." In the Magna Charta, a line of distinction was first drawn between them, and it was appointed that only the great barons should be summoned by the king, while the lesser barons were to be summoned by the "sheriff" of each county. As time passed on, it was also found that the number of these barons in-

creased, so that the grand councils became too large, and sometimes too noisy. Again, it was often *inconvenient* for the smaller barons to attend; and, at the same time, they found themselves to be under the influence of the greater barons. It had, therefore, been arranged in the course of Henry's reign, that these smaller barons need not attend parliament themselves, but that all in each *shire* (or county) should choose two barons to *represent* them, which means, as you know, to stand in their places, and to act for them. Thus began the system of *representatives*.

But, after the battle of Lewes, when the Earl of Leicester and the other barons depended more than ever upon the good-will of the people, they again altered the parliament, and made it more like the present "House of Commons."

The most important alteration was this—that there were representatives for the people, as well as the barons. You heard, in one of your former lessons, how the men living in cities (the citizens or *burghers*) gained privileges from Henry I., which made them independent of the feudal barons, and only subjects of the king. At the period of the Mad Parliament, they had become a very wealthy and important class; when, therefore, Leicester and his barons had imprisoned the king and his son, they gave directions to the sheriffs that they might not only summon representatives for the *barons* of each county (or shire), but that two

representatives might also be sent by the *people* of each city (or "burgh"). These representatives would now stand up for the *people* who sent them, and would demand that their grievances, or their rights, should be attended to.

Thus, you see how, from the disputes between the king and the parliament, the people gained strength.

L. Yes; because each party wanted their help.

P. From this beginning, the parliament became the servant of the people; and about seventy years afterwards it was divided into two houses—The *House of Commons*, and the *House of Lords*.

The remaining events of Henry's reign are less interesting. The active Prince Edward would not remain in custody, and escaped. Another civil war followed; and another great battle was fought, in which the noble Earl of Leicester was killed. The king himself was very nearly slain, for he had been placed in the front of the battle by the Earl of Leicester. He was knocked from his horse

by a soldier, who was going to destroy him, when he cried out, "Hold your hand! I am Henry of Winchester."

After their victory, the prince and the king behaved like inhuman savages. They showed no quarter to the conquered, and killed no less than 180 of the noblest knights, whom they had taken prisoners.

Henry was now restored to the throne; but the service which Leicester had done to the people was not lost. The king dared not attempt again to deprive them of their privileges, for even the barons who had fought for him stood out boldly for their rights at the meeting of the next Parliament. About seven years after, in the year 1272, the old imbecile king died, having had the name of a king for fifty-six years. This reign was the longest of any English king until the reign of King George III.

L. Shall we make up a "lesson" on Henry to-day, papa?

P. No, we will do so next week, when I purpose telling you of the social events of this reign.

FRIENDSHIP.

AND what is friendship, but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame—
But leaves the poor to weep.

GOLDSMITH.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

dNORFOLK.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I have not much more to say to you about Norwich. On inquiry, I found that the bombazine and other woollen manufactures which I spoke of last week are not quite so flourishing as they were at one time. Since the cotton-trade has increased, and cotton goods have been brought to such perfection, people have not worn woollen goods so much as they did before. You do not often hear now of ladies wearing bombazines, and stuffs. In the time of Henry VIII., it is said that the sale of Norwich stuffs in one year amounted to £200,000, besides the sale of 'worsted stockings, which amounted to £60,000 more; so you can easily imagine how the ladies of those days were dressed. The manufacture was, perhaps, even larger, when the 4,000 Flemings arrived, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"The city of Norwich is, on the whole, a very pleasant place, but many of the streets are still narrow and dirty. A small part of the ancient walls is now standing, but there are no gates, as we see at Chester and York. The houses cover a considerable space of ground, and those which are outside the city are surrounded by gardens, so that Norwich has been called 'the city in an orchard.' Besides the cathedral, the churches, and the factories of the town, there is a very large market-

place worthy of notice; it is one of the most spacious in England. The *Castle* is very ancient, but I did not admire it much; some of the most interesting parts have been pulled down, and its old grey walls are surrounded by others of staring white stone. Certainly the new walls are stronger, but then they are not so 'pictoresque;' so the general opinion of some people is, that the Castle is *spoilt*, while the general opinion of others is, that it is *improved*. It is used as a county prison. From its position, on a high hill, it commands a very fine view of the city and surrounding country.

"About twelve miles north-east of Norwich is a small place called *Worsted*. It was here that the Flemings first settled; and it was thus that the woollen twists and stuffs they made were called 'Worsted Goods.' It was about the time of Richard II.'s reign that the manufacture was removed to Norwich.

"The most important town of the county after Norwich is **YARMOUTH**. It is about twenty miles distant, and is situated at the mouth of the river Yare. The shore in this neighbourhood is very dangerous, and has been the scene of many a dreadful shipwreck. At some little distance from the land there are large sand banks in the sea, running in a direction parallel to the coast. These sand banks form a protection for the ships, for between them and the shore the water is

much more calm than in the open sea; it thus forms what is called the *Yarmouth Roads*. There, the ships may ride at anchor safely.

"The town of Yarmouth did not please me at all; many of the streets are narrow and dirty. There are numbers of long alleys, which are called 'rows.' These are so narrow that the people may shake hands out of the window with their neighbours on the opposite side. Where there are shops in these rows you can imagine that most of them are very dark. The narrow carts of Yarmouth, made to run up and down the rows are rather curious. They fill up the whole space of the row, so that if, when there, you should see a cart coming you would have to go all the way back to the beginning of the row, or into one of the houses, to let it pass. The houses are by no means pleasant places—many have no garden at the back, but the backs of the houses in one row are joined to the backs of the houses in the next.

"The most striking place in Yarmouth is its celebrated *quay*. At one time, this quay was talked of as 'the finest in Europe except Seville.' Even now it is one of the best in England, and is more than a mile long. The shipping is an amusing sight, especially the ships which pass close inshore; they are, perhaps, more numerous than in any other part of the coast. You can easily tell why. In the season from April to July, the quays are thronged with the

boats of the *mackerel* fishery; while the *herring* fishery is in season from September to December.

"Yarmouth is particularly famous for its herrings. It is the chief herring-station in England. It is said that these fish come in large 'shoals' from the Northern Ocean; and that, as they travel southward, and reach the British Isles, the shoals divide, one party taking the eastern coast, and another the western side. By the time they reach Yarmouth the herrings are very fine and fat, and are thus called '*Yarmouth bloaters*' There are two kinds of herrings—the 'red herrings,' and the 'white herrings,' and the boats used in catching them are of different sizes, for in the red-herring fishery, the boats keep near shore, but in the white-herring fishery the boats go farther out into deep water, and the fishermen salt or cure the herrings on board. Yarmouth is a *red-herring* station. The process of herring curing is an amusing sight. After they have been salted, the herrings are hung up in long rows, and a wood fire is lit underneath. The smoke from this wood fire dries and cures them. They are then sent to London, and to different parts of Europe; generally only the better ones are sent away, and the poorer sort are kept in Yarmouth, so that it is often difficult to get a fine herring in the town.

"The best part of Yarmouth is the large level and sandy tract of land which borders the seashore, and is called the

Denes. This truly an agreeable spot, and is a great improvement on the town itself. Here is a column erected in honour of the great Admiral **LORD NELSON**. The hotels here, particularly the *Victoria*, are very handsome, while the jetty, which extends some distance into the sea, forms a fashionable promenade.

"One part of the Denes is often occupied by women, who may be seen sitting on the sands and mending their nets. 'How is it,' I asked one of them, 'that you seem to be *always* mending these nets? It seems to me that they are broken every day.'

"It's the dog-fishes, sir," was the answer. "There is one!" she said, as she pointed to one which was lying dead on the sand. "It's very seldom that a fisherman catches a dog-fish, but if he do, he has his vengeance upon him and kills him."

"Why does the dog-fish make him angry?" I said.

"Because, sir, he is so ravenous. The fishermen would rather not have him in their nets, for he kills the other fish, and then bites his way out, making great holes in the net. But then you see, sir, he brings good as well as bad. He's our friend, and brings us plenty of work; for if it weren't for his biting the nets so much, they wouldn't want mending so often. That's what God made the dog-fish for, sir, that we poor women might have work."

"Thank you!" I said. "I believe in all except the last statement, which is rather questionable;" and I then returned to my hotel to make *notes* on the county, for the children to read in **PLEASANT PAGES**.

Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

THE MOSS-ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

The Angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay;
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven;—
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the rose:
"O, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou givest to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!"
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"O, me another grace bestow!"
The spirit paused in silent thought,—
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

GREECE.

"**MY DEAR CHILDREN,**—

"After remaining in **MALTA** four days, I saw my friend depart for *Venice*, and then embarked for **GREECE**.

"I had, on the whole, been very much pleased with Malta, particularly with its climate. It is true that there are no nice shady trees, but there is none of that dampness in the air which we often feel in woody countries.

"The sky, both at sunrise and sunset, is most gorgeous and beautiful; often in the morning the air is so clear that Mount Etna in Sicily can be seen at the distance of 128 miles. The climate of Malta has been said to be the hottest and driest on earth. The heat is intolerable, not only in the day, but at night; for, when the summer sun has been glaring fiercely all day on the stone walls of the city and the houses, they become so hot that the air in the short nights does not cool them. The enormous quantity of heat which they have absorbed during the day radiates at night, heating the whole island and the interiors of the houses just as a stone oven would. Thus the people are baked in their sleep.

"As the ship I was in quitted the island I could not help wondering once more at the amazing strength of the fortresses; they reminded me of those of Gibraltar, except that the high 'sugar-loaf rock' was

wanting. 'I can't understand,' I said to myself,—'I can't understand how the English took such a place as this from the French by force. Indeed, I hardly believe that they *did* do so. On looking at my history-book again, I found that the island was not taken by siege, but by blockade; and it was only thus that the French were turned out,—they could get nothing to eat.'

"When Malta was nearly out of sight, I bade adieu to it, and turned my attention to the company on board. I found a very irritable German doctor who engaged my attention. He must, I should think, have lived near a volcano, for his strange temper made many fiery eruptions.

"Another companion whom I found, was of quite a different character, being a fair-lady from Naples, who was on her way to Alexandria, a city of Egypt, to perform the duties of 'prima donna' at the opera. The 'prima donna' is the name given to the lady who is the best singer of the day; and our lively, good-natured companion was not sparing of her notes, but gave us a moonlight concert as we skimmed over the calm and sparkling water.

"On the Sunday morning we passed the island of *Cerigo*, which you may find on your map between the island of *Caudia*, and the peninsula called the *Morea*. On the Monday we reached the bay of *Syra*, which you may also observe on the map. Here we anchored;

and, as our steamer diverged from this port to Egypt, we who were going to Athens were shifted to the *Socrate*, a steamer from Constantinople.

"Before going on board we happened to learn that the port of Constantinople from which this steamer had just come was infected; that is to say, that there was some contagious disease in the town—the fever or the plague, probably. Now, as none of the people on board the steamer were ill, we were not afraid to travel in her, but we knew that the ship would have to undergo a long quarantine, and we determined not to enter her.

"I might as well explain to you what is meant by *Quarantine*. You must know that in the hot Eastern countries, the yellow fever, small pox, plague, &c., are very frequent, not only because of the hot climate, but because the towns are often rather dirty. Now, these contagious diseases may easily be carried from one port to another by the ships; the passengers, the cattle, or even the goods, might carry the infection, and spread it through a whole city. There is, therefore, a law that when a ship arrives in a country from an infected port, the passengers shall not land immediately, but shall either stay for *forty days* in the ship, or in houses provided for them on shore. This period of forty

days is called 'quarantine' from the Italian word *quaranta*, forty. The house in which the passengers or goods are confined, is a sort of hospital, and is called the *lazaretto*. This name was derived from St. Lazarus, who was said to be the patron saint of *lepers*—the leprosy being the most infectious of all plagues. The people performing quarantine in these lazarettos are guarded very strictly by keepers; and if after the appointed time no one has fallen ill, they are set at liberty.

"The time of quarantine is not so long now as it used to be—it varies according to the 'bill of health' the ship may bring. The usual periods are from ten to twenty days; sometimes only three or four days; and if the ship brings a *clean* 'bill of health' there is no quarantine.

"We happened to know, however, that this steamer from Constantinople had *not* a clean bill of health. You see now why we would not enter her. To avoid the quarantine we hired a fishing boat for ourselves, stocked it with our own provisions, and requested the Captain of the steamer to take us in tow, which he did.

"You shall hear of *Athens*, the capital of Greece, shortly, from

"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

REMEMBER! Whate'er be thy sorrow and joy,
That the peace of old age all depends on the boy.

MOUNTAINS.

THE APENNINES.

P. What is the name of the fiery mountain, situated in the region of the Apennines, which we spoke of last week?

W. Mount Vesuvius, papa. I have often heard of it.

P. This Vesuvius is a celebrated *volcano* (the word *volcano* is derived from *Vulcanus*, the god of fire). We will not begin its particular description to-day, but, as it is the first volcano we have noticed in our course, we will talk a little on the subject of volcanoes *in general*.

You have heard, in one of our old lessons, that there is fire beneath the earth, and that these volcanoes are the places in the earth where it has broken out. It has been said that volcanoes are the mouths of long conduits, or *pipes*, which run through all the thicknesses of the earth's crust; and which may, with reason, be compared to chimneys. We know nothing of the structure of these volcanic chimneys, we only know of the underground matter which is thrown up, and of the *manner* in which it is thrown up.

Most volcanoes are situated in ranges of mountains, or near them. They may be placed at great distances apart, but they are always arranged in a line with each other, showing that there is a continuous line of fire beneath, and generally these lines run in a direction parallel to the mountain masses.

W. I remember your telling

us, too, papa, that most of the ranges themselves, were upheaved by the fire, before the time of mankind.

P. If you see a volcano standing by itself, you may easily notice two different parts—the *base* of the mountain, and the *cone*. The *summit* of the cone does not form a point—that, if there ever were a point, the fire has knocked off long ago; we find, instead, that the top is hollowed, or *scooped* out, as it were, forming a sort of funnel-shaped cup.

W. Which you called a *crater*, papa.

P. Yes, that is its name. The more interesting part of a volcano is its *base*; and I will now give you an account of the outside appearance of a volcano's *base*, which I read some time ago—

"The surface of a volcano is very uneven, but not much broken. Its general slope is mostly rather gentle, so that it may be ascended without fatigue. Its soil is a firm mass, and is composed of volcanic substances. Its upper layer consists of cinders and ashes, which, by themselves, would form a loose mass; but a portion of these materials have been decomposed by the atmosphere and its moisture, and have thus been converted into a mouldy earth. The whole has been cemented together by this new earth having a considerable degree of firmness. Such a soil is of great fertility.

"At some places streaks of lava are found, left there by

the streams which at former times have run down to the base. A few of these layers of lava are without vegetation. This is the case when the lava has but recently left the mountain, or is so hard that it has not been decomposed by the atmosphere, though exposed to it for a century or longer. These tracts of lava, where they can be brought into cultivation, are very fruitful, and as every kind of fruit especially thrives well, they are covered with extensive orchards and vineyards.

"Even when a layer of lava has not yet been decomposed on its surface, the industrious husbandman tries to turn it to account, provided its thickness be not too great—that is, if it does not exceed twelve or fifteen feet. In such a case, people make holes in the lava deep enough to reach the earthy soil over which the lava has flowed. These holes are filled up with earthy matter and mould, and then vines or orange-trees are planted in them. The best vineyards on the base of *Mount Vesuvius* are planted in this way, and the same is done on the island of *St. Miguel* with the orange-plantations. It is easy to be conceived that such an operation must be very expensive, on account of the labour required to pierce such a hard

mass to such a depth; but the produce of such plantations is so superior to others in abundance, and the flavour of the fruits and grapes so excellent, that in a few years the expenses are covered and the labour compensated.

"To the very superior fertility of the soil found at the base of the volcanoes, and over the adjacent country, it is owing that these spots are cultivated in preference to all others. This is especially the case in Central America, and some other parts of the new Continent, where almost all the populous towns are built near volcanoes, *in despite of the danger to which they are exposed when an eruption takes place.*

"When the mountain's base is too steep to admit of cultivation, as the upper portion of the base of Mount Etna, in Sicily, it is overgrown with fine large forest-trees. In sinking wells on the base of a volcano, it is found to be composed of a large number of layers of lava, sometimes as many as twenty and more. They are separated from each other by thin layers of earth, which proves that a considerable time has elapsed between the eruptions which have produced the streams of lava, as the surface of the older lava has undergone decomposition before the issue of the more recent one."

WERE I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man.

WATTS.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

5th Week.

MONDAY. Moral Lesson.

LOOK ABOUT!

BY A. E. CRAIG.

(Author of the "Philosophy of Training.")

At the Angel Inn, Islington, there are five different street crossings, and at all times of the day a number of carriages and crowds of people are passing along these. Standing at the corner, you can see along High Street, City Road, Goswell Road, St. John Street Road, and the New Road. When a person wishes to cross from one side to the other, as from the inn to the confectioner's shop opposite, he has often to wait a considerable time before he can do so with safety. It is not enough that he looks up High Street, and sees the way clear there, because if he only looks in that direction he might be run over by an omnibus coming up St. John Street Road. Or, if he looked right forward towards the City Road, or Goswell Road, one of the "Favorites" might give him a disagreeable surprise on its way to the Bank, or wheeling round the corner from the New Road. Any one desiring to cross without broken bones, therefore, must look all round about him, and when he sees no vehicle too near to run against him, he may pass over in safety.

Now, such a person is just in

the condition in which we are every day placed amidst the ordinary affairs of life; and unless we look well and carefully round about us—behind as well as before, to the one side, as well as the other—the chances are great indeed that we shall get into trouble of some kind or other. The name of this quality then, as applied to conduct, is composed of two Latin words, that signify a looking round about—*circumspection*. Its constant exercise leads to a habit which the ancients considered the foundation of all the virtues—namely, *prudence*. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on, and are punished."

W. But, papa, did you not tell us that God sometimes sends evil upon us for our good? How, then, could we avoid that evil? or even if we could avoid it, should we not then also miss the good that might come after it, which might be a far worse evil than the other?

P. Yes, my dear boy, God sometimes sends evil for a good purpose; but never half so much as we bring upon ourselves for no purpose at all, but simply through carelessness, and a want of circumspection.

I once knew a little boy, and his name was Harry Headless. When he was romping about at play and another boy perhaps chasing him in fun, so intent

would he be on outstripping his companion, that he would never sufficiently look before him to see who or what was in the way, until he came bump against some object, giving himself a broken nose, or a black eye, or perhaps causing the same to some one else. And if, on such occasions, he looked too much behind him, and too little before him, at other times, having reached some object of attraction lying immediately before him, he never thought what difficulty might be in the way of his return, until it was too late to get over it. His father had a fine house in the country, and near the place where he lived there was an outhouse which had been long out of use and repair. In summer, the swallows had free access to this old tenement, year after year building their nests and hatching their young beneath the eaves and inside the roof, free from all interruption. And a pleasant thing it was in a summer morning to watch the little nestlers all so busy with their different charges. At one place you might see the sparkling eye, black head, and white breast of one patiently sitting upon her eggs; and another carefully feeding and tending her young ones, chattering away to them all the while, then darting out and away through the air, or skimming along the surface of the river, catching food for a new meal.

Little friend Harry was fond of the swallows, and was by any means a cruel boy. He would not have robbed the

nest of one of them though they had all been within his reach. Still he was very anxious always to know what progress they were making — whether the young ones that he knew had been "out" so long, in that funny-looking nest in the corner of the old blind window, would not soon be ready for flight — and whether the pair that had taken so great pains to build such a tidy little house in the very highest point of the gable, had not yet got eggs, — and when another couple that had, as he thought, been sitting too long upon their eggs would have young ones, or, indeed, if there was not something altogether wrong about that nest — whether the eggs might not be rotten, and what a pity it would be to let the poor thing sit so long upon them to no purpose! Harry thought he would just try and drag in the ladder that lay outside, and he would at least manage to raise it up to the top of the wall, whence he could reach one of the rafters, and swing himself up to it, then he could easily ride along to the end of this rafter — and it was just a little way out from that where the nest was, so that he could easily get in his hand and have a look at the state of the eggs.

"Ion. Well, papa, was not that a good deal of thinking and planning before he went up? Surely Harry was circumspect enough there, at least; for if he could swing himself up to the rafter from the wall — and that seems to me to be the most difficult thing — he could more

easily swing himself down again. And as for riding to the end of it, I have done such a thing myself twenty times.

P. Not quite so fast, my little sophist.

W. Oh, there you are again, papa, with that queer word; what does it mean? But just now I would much rather hear how Harry got up to the nest, and down again, for I much fear something went wrong with him, though I am sure I do not see much danger about it.

P. May not that be from your own want of circumspection, as well as Harry's? for both of you seem to have been looking before and behind—but not all about you. Harry saw his way clearly enough to the nest, and perhaps back again, but there was something still that he overlooked. And let me explain this a little more fully, by returning for a moment to the Angel, whence we started to the country in our mental omnibus. Do you think it would be enough for any one crossing to the confectioner's shop at the opposite side, merely to look forward to that point, or perhaps backwards to the New Road, to see that the way was clear in these two directions?

L. No, papa, he should look about him in the other directions—John Street Road, and High Street, as well.

P. And do you not see that even then he might not in all cases be perfectly safe? Suppose it were a wintry day, and the ground covered with ice and snow, what ought he to look to besides the omnibuses?

W. Why, I think he would then have to look to his feet, papa; for once, when I was running across the street on a frosty day to meet mamma, I had a good tumble, where there were no carriages at all, from not looking to my feet, and avoiding the slippery places.

P. Well, that was exactly similar to the oversight of poor Harry. He got the ladder planted up against the wall, mounted it, and swung himself up to the joist, but never for a moment reflected when on it, whether it would carry his weight all the way across. His whole purpose being fixed upon arriving at the nest, he did not think about anything else. And now he had nearly gained the middle of the beam, when a rather violent jerking, creaking sound first announced to him the danger he was in. He now looked down indeed, but it was only to see the extent of that danger, and too late to save himself from it. He tried to turn round and come back, but that only seemed to increase those dismal creaking sounds. So, there he sat for a few seconds, afraid to move one way or the other, perched up aloft some eighteen feet above a hard rugged floor, over which indeed, at some places, was a thin sprinkling of straw; but all too little to be of much use to him if he fell. Creak, crack, crash went the rafter, dashing the reckless boy to the ground; where, for a time, he lay stunned and almost dead by the violent shock. On recovering a little, his groans attracted to the spot

his poor father, who took him up and carried him to the house, where, on examination by a surgeon, his left arm and two of his ribs were found to be broken. Long and dangerous was the illness that ensued, and though at length his broken bones got knit together, and he at last got well, the wasting fever through which he previously passed, so enfeebled his constitution, as to render him but little better than an invalid during the rest of his life. Think, too, of the suffering his poor father and mother must have undergone on his account, all through a little want of thought, in an otherwise kind-hearted, well-meaning boy.

Ioa. Yes, papa, I see! A person may mean very well—may intend to do no harm, and all that, and yet he may do a great deal of harm both to him-

self and other people thoughtlessly—that is, without considering the way of doing certain things. And I see, that, even by doing right things in a wrong way, he may do more harm than good.

L. I think, too, papa, that the proverb of the Goat in the Well proves a want of "circumspection." "You should look before you leap," said the sly fox to him, when deploring his fate at the bottom of the well.

W. Yes, indeed! people must not only look up, and look back, but they must look about; and since the want of circumspection is a dangerous thing. I am sure that to have it must be a good thing.

P. You are right; and by-and-by I may tell you another tale, showing that it may not only keep us from danger, but bring us out of it.

HYMN.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant hap thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen!

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days;
Soundest through thy wide dominion,
Be thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen!

MAMMALS.

ORDER OF GNAWING ANIMALS.

M. Let us look out for some new mammals, to form a new order. Shall I bring up the cat?

L. No, mamma, we have heard of her—she belongs to the flesh-eating animals.

M. The dog, then? or the bat?

W. No, we heard of them before.

M. Then, Willie, you may go into the garden and fetch your rabbit. You must also bring us a fox and a mouse. Papa has a small specimen of a beaver. There is "Frisk," the squirrel, who is kept in the side-parlour, and sits about in his wire cage.

L. And I have a dormouse, mamma.

M. Then bring that also, for it belongs to the same company; we will take them all into the summer-house.

* * * * *

W. Here they all are, mamma. Bunty, Beaver, Squirrel, Dormouse,—only, poor has not brought her yet. Here comes Ion, carrying a long animal in his hand. He is holding it by its hind-legs. What is that, Ion?

Ion. Why, it's a hare, I took gave it to me; it was very young up in the hills, which since Thursday, my book told that perhaps it might belong to the new "Gader," as the rabbit does.

M. So it does. Now arrange the hare with the others in a

long row, and look at them. Do you think, from their appearance, that they have lived an offensive or a defensive life?

Ion. I do not think that any of them look very ferocious; the rabbit does not.

W. We can tell better by examining them still by noticing their looks. You see that the rabbit has soft, harmless-looking paws. The squirrel's claws are rather sharper.

L. That is because it lives in the trees, and has to climb, not because it attacks other animals. The squirrel's teeth are rather curious. Here is a picture of the skull of a squirrel, which mamma has drawn. It has



two long, chisel-shaped teeth in front.

M. True; let us sit down and think about the squirrel and his teeth. Our "Frisk" is an active fellow, but he is not half so nimble as his brethren who live in the trees. When a squirrel goes some distance, it is a noisy fellow. He is continually hopping and leaping, and the noise of his clock in the tail, as he runs, and jumps, and leaps, and bounds, from one branch of a tree to another, takes up a great deal of time. When it is spring-time, the squirrel and

MAMMALS.—ORDER 7. GNAWING ANIMALS.



his partner are also busymaking their nest. They collect an abundance of leaves, moss, and dried sticks, and weave a beautiful cradle to live in, generally fixing it in the "fork" of a branch. When they cannot procure the dried sticks, they will often gnaw off green twigs as thick as the finger of a man. In the summer time they feed on buds, young shoots, and fruits, but as the autumn and winter come on, they eat nuts, acorns, berries, and seeds; for when the snow is on the ground there is little to be found besides the hips and haws. Others eat the bark of the trees, and some that live in cold countries lay up a store of food for the winter.

Now, we find that nearly the same kind of food is eaten by the other animals in this order. Some, such as the rat, are *omnivorous* (which, you know, means that they eat all kinds of food). The beaver lives principally on the tough bark of the tree. He uses his teeth not only to gnaw off the bark, but to cut down the great branches, and even the tree itself. I think we may say, in general, that this order uses up, for its food, the *hard portions of plants, which other animals refuse.*

Now let us see how their teeth are fitted for this purpose. The animals which eat flesh have, as you may remember, long pointed *canine* teeth, for ripping up and tearing their prey; while their *molar* teeth, which grind their food, have cutting edges. But, as this order of animals have to eat tough vegetable substances, they

do not require pointed teeth for tearing their food or ripping it up.

W. No; I should think they would require sharp, cutting teeth, such as we have to cut our bread-and-butter.

M. The cutting teeth, such as are used for cutting bread-and-butter, or for cropping the grass, are not strong enough for the hard wood. These animals do not *tear* their food, or cut it through at once, but they bite with repeated and small incisions, biting off little chips or shavings; or, as we say, *gnawing* their food.

L. Sometimes we say "nibble." The rabbit *nibbles* his cabbage-stalk. *Mice* gnaw holes in the floors and cupboards, just as the squirrel and beaver gnaw the trunks of the trees.

M. True; and you may once more observe the teeth in the front part of the squirrel's jaw. They occupy the place of the cutting teeth, but they are really the two *canine* teeth of each jaw placed in the front.

L. Our canine teeth, mamma, are between the cutting teeth and the grinders.

M. These front canine teeth of the gnawing animals are beautifully adapted for their purpose. What qualities must they have for gnawing such hard substances?

W. Strength and firmness.

L. And sharpness.

M. If, then, you will notice their *shape*, you will perceive that they are, as I think you remarked, something like a chisel—having a straight sharp edge at the end. When they

are being used in gnawing through the wood, the edges of the lower teeth act against the edges of the two upper teeth, something like the blades of a pair of scissors.

Let us next look at their substance.

W. My rabbit, mamma, has a very hard white shining substance on the outside of his teeth, just as I have—you called it *ivory*.

M. That is correct, and the inside solid part of the tooth is formed of the substance we call *ivory*: but if you observe the teeth particularly, you will see that the enamel of each tooth seems to have grown above the ivory, and thus are formed the sharp edges in front of the teeth.

Let us next think of their mode of action.

I said that the upper and lower teeth grind against each other like a pair of scissors. Now, if a pair of scissors are continually in use, what will happen?

L. The edges will become blunt, and will want sharpening; and the cloth, or paper, which they cut will help to blunt them.

M. And suppose that they have become blunt, and have been sharpened a great many times—what then?

Ion. Then they will wear out, and we shall buy new ones.

M. You know very well how to repair old scissors now, will you tell me what the squirrel will do with his teeth—for they wear out.

In the continual action against each other they are

kept sharp, but as the animal gnaws the wood, the vegetable acids it contains act upon his teeth, and destroy them. They are thus “worn out.” You see that the poor animal cannot go to a knife-grinder to have his teeth sharpened, neither can he buy new ones, as we do with our scissors.

W. Perhaps, mamma, his teeth grow.

M. That is the secret. His teeth do not stop growing at the beginning of his life, as with man, but their growth is always going on, just as fast as they wear out. Each tooth is fixed deep in the jaw, and at its root, if we may so call it, there is a cavity filled with a pulp, from which a new tooth is formed. The sharp edge is preserved in a curious way. The ivory of the tooth is softer than the plate of enamel in the front; it therefore wears down sooner, and thus a sharp edge of enamel always projects above it. Are they not beautiful teeth? See how perfectly God can supply each animal with the exact kind of instruments he requires!

One inconvenience may arise from the continual growth of these teeth. If one of them becomes broken, the tooth which is opposite has no hard substance to wear against; therefore, as it nevertheless continues growing, in the course of time it becomes so long, that it is very inconvenient to the animal. Cases have been known in which a tooth has grown upwards until it has penetrated the skull and reached the brain, causing the animal's death.

THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.

HENRY III.

P. Before we write the lesson on Henry III., I may as well mention some of the improvements made by the people during his reign. Although there were several civil wars in the time of Henry, there were few wars abroad; and the people had, on the whole, more time to attend to their own affairs.

We find, therefore, that many improvements were made in architecture. The houses, instead of being thatched, were covered with red tiles. The churches were adorned with lofty steeples. Many of the churches of the country were greatly improved, indeed it is said that several of the best architects formed themselves into a company, and travelled about from place to place wherever they were wanted. It is said, too, that they lived in moveable huts, and called themselves "Free Masons."

Not only were there new churches, but new colleges were built in this reign. One new college was built at Cambridge, and four at Oxford, for there were great improvements in literature as well as in the fine arts. Roger Bacon, a celebrated philosopher, lived at this time, and invented telescopes, microscopes, spectacles, maps, and gunpowder. It so happened, however, that the people did not honour him for his wisdom; they called him a *magician*, and threw him into prison. After

some years they set him free again, and he returned to his favourite cell at Oxford, the place where he passed almost all his time in study. Roger Bacon has since been called "the father of philosophy."

During this reign also the mariner's compass was invented. This compass is a box containing a magnetic needle, which always points to the north; so that now, at any time, by night or day, the sailor can tell which quarter of the globe his ship is sailing to. Some improvements were also made in the *dress* of the people. I do not think that you would like always to wear a shirt of *wool*, but the English did so until the time of Henry. A party of Flemings (who, as you know, frequently settled in England) introduced linen from the Netherlands; and the English people soon found out that linen shirts were more comfortable than woollen ones.

L. Particularly in the hot weather, I should think.

P. And at this time aldermen were first allowed to wear gowns. The least pleasing fact concerning the people is, that the *peasantry* were still bought and sold, like slaves or cattle; although the middle class of people were rising into importance by means of their Parliament. There were not many shops, even in the cities, but the traders went about to different places, and sold their goods just as the hawkers do in the present days. Most of the people, too, were still ignorant—only now and then could one

man be found able to read and write. Some of the monks, even, who repeated Latin prayers, could not read them; while the people used to think it a very pious deed to say a Latin prayer which they did not understand.

Lesson 18. HENRY III.

Began to reign . . . 1216.
Died 1272.

1. HENRY III. "was the son of King John. At the death of his father, he was about nine years old, and, being too young to govern, the Earl of Pembroke was appointed "regent." This good nobleman was of great service to his country; he sent away the foreign soldiers of the late king, and, after compelling Prince Louis to return to France, he restored peace.

2. When Henry was old enough to govern, he was found to be unfit to control the barons, who had so long resisted his father. He even gave them occasion to rebel, acting unjustly, by showing great partiality to foreigners, by wasting the

nation's money, by imposing taxes without the consent of the Parliament, and by promising to fulfil the agreements of the Magna Charta, but not doing so. As, therefore, he was too weak and foolish to maintain his power, the nobles at length took up arms against him and imprisoned him. They and their leader, the EARL OF LEICESTER, then undertook to govern the nation; and, as their power depended much on the will of the people, they allowed the "burgers," or people who dwelt in the cities, to send "representatives" to the parliament, and thus was laid the foundation of "the House of Commons."

3. The imprisonment of Henry did not last very long. His active son Edward, who was imprisoned with him, escaped, defeated and killed the Earl of Leicester, and restored his father to the throne. By allowing the people the privilege they had now gained, Henry spent the remainder of his reign in peace, and died when he was sixty-seven years old, A.D. 1272.

LOOK UP.

Look up, look up, thou aged man!
And read the sacred word;
And you, ye young, be wise betimes,
And love and serve the Lord.

That ye may dwell above the skies,
The old man and the boy,
Where one eternal season reigns
Of glory, love, and joy.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.
NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

"**MY DEAR CHILDREN,**—

"Before leaving Yarmouth, I happened to meet with one of the fishermen, and I asked whether the account I had heard of the Dog-fish was true.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "they are a very dangerous fish; they are really a kind of shark, and are very voracious. The worst kind are what we call the bone dog-fish; they have on their back a sharp fin, as hard as a bone, ending in a very fine prickle. I once pricked my thumb with one; you may see the scar here, sir, the place festered, and was opened three times before it was cured, and I have lost the use of my thumb ever since."

"On my way to Suffolk I finished my notes, which I have sent you to commit to memory.

NORFOLK.

(Shape.)—The shape of Norfolk is nearly an oval.

(Boundaries.)—The county is bounded on the north by the WASH; on the east by the GERMAN OCEAN; on the west by CAMBRIDGESHIRE; and on the south by SUFFOLK.

(Soil.)—The coast of Norfolk is very low and marshy, and at different times the surface has been completely changed by the sea. Other parts of the soil form good arable land; in the light arable land, barley, the principal produce of the county, is grown; and in the heavier soils, wheat is cultivated. There are large tracts which are dry and sandy, and in

several places contain rabbit-warrens. The farmers of this county are well known for their good agriculture, and are also noted for rearing fine turkeys, from which they gain great wealth.

(Surface.)—There is not a single hill worth mentioning in Norfolk; the rises and slopes being mostly very gradual and gentle.

(Rivers.)—The principal rivers are the YARE, the GREAT OUSE, and the LITTLE OUSE.

(Towns.)—The capital is NORWICH, which contains many churches, and a cathedral with a fine spire. It is a manufacturing, as well as a cathedral town; for the Flemings, a people from Flanders, settled at a village near here, called Worsted, where they introduced the manufacture of woollen shawls, stuffs, crapes, &c.

YARMOUTH is another important town. It is a large seaport, at the mouth of the river Yare, and is noted for its fine harbour (called the Yarmouth Roads), its long quay, and its fisheries in herrings and mackerel. LINN, another town on the north-west, is an ancient and important place; and has always had a considerable trade in the corn and malt produced in the county. CAISTOR, CASTLE-RISING, and WORSTED, are also ancient and well-known places.

SUFFOLK.

"The first place in Suffolk at which I stopped was LOWESTOWT, which, if you look at your map, you will see is not far from Yarmouth. Like Yarmouth, it has herring and mackerel fish-

eries. Most of the herrings which escape from the Yarmouth fishermen are caught at Lowestoft. Great quantities of mackerel and soles are also caught, and are sent to the London market. The town is decidedly a more pleasant place than Yarmouth, although it is much smaller. It is situated on a high cliff facing the sea, and many of the houses on one side of the High Street have gardens which slope down the face of the cliff toward the sea. The flowers seemed to relish the sea air, and so did I. It was just the sort of air which is called "cramming;" a good stiff north-east wind was blowing across the German Ocean, so that to keep myself warm, I was compelled to walk rather actively. The view of the ocean, from the top of this eminence, was a very fine one. It was rather early in the morning when I sat watching the waves, and the mackerel boats as they came in with their fish; the men had to make great exertions before they could land, as the sea was very rough. Formerly all the fishing boats used to proceed round the coast direct to London, so as to get up the Thames, and reach Billingsgate early in the morning, for the fish are mostly caught in the night. Now, however, many boat-loads of fish are sent to London by railway, as the men can then tell the exact hour when the fish will arrive, and thus can generally save much time.

"There is a fine dry beach below the cliff, which in some parts is so broad that it is nearly

half a mile from the edge of the water. Clustered round the base of the cliff are old drying and salting houses, places for mending nets, and many old wooden buildings which had been covered with tar. It struck me that I might learn more about the mackerel fishery if I went down on the beach; and accordingly I went. 'How do you sell these mackerel?' I asked a man who did not appear to be very busy. 'We sell 'em in *lasts*,' was the reply.

"How many are there in a last?" I asked.

"Ten thousand, sir.

"I told him that I certainly did not want to buy ten thousand, and asked him where he expected to sell so many.

"Why, sir," he said, "at London; that is the best market, provided we get them there early. It makes a wonderful difference in their price when they are fresh. It has been known, sir, when 10,000 mackerel, which have been worth £200 in the morning, have not been worth 20s. on the morning after."

"But," I said, "you do not pack the fish up in *lasts*, do you? What a large parcel a last would make!"

"No, sir, they are packed in baskets. We fishermen generally sell the fish on the beach, before we send them off to London. They used to be sold in a curious way, by what is called a *Dutch auction*. The man who sold would "bid" for the fish, not those who bought. He would begin at a very high price, and bid a lower and a lower

price for his fish, until some one offered to take them. But now, in most of the auctions, they buy the fish by bidding upwards, for that is the best way.

"Lowestoft is now becoming well known as a bathing place.

After breakfast, I stopped to notice the lighthouse on the cliff, and then proceeded on my journey.

"I am, dear children, Your affectionate friend,
HENRY YOUNG."

THE POPPY AND FORGET-ME-NOT.

UPON a verdant grassy mound
A scarlet-tinted flower I found—
It was a poppy, waving to
And fro with every breeze that blew;
Its petals to the wind it lent,
Like standard on a battlement,
Unfurling all its bravery
Of gorgeous tints to catch the eye,
And make the sunbeams, as they fall,
Enweave a golden coronal.
Beneath the verdant mound there grew
A modest flow'ret small and blue,
Shrinking from the passer's sight,
By grass near hidden, but not quite;
Even like a maiden in a bower
Who sitteth dreaming hour by hour,
Of one who hath her heart beguiled:
And as that little flow'ret smiled
Up in my face, I said—"Thou art
Of humble worth the counterpart."
"And that gay minion of the wind
Who flaunts above thee, to my mind
Is of the man an emblem ~~as~~,
Who getting wealth, abuseth it;
Who findeth in the garish light
A source of sensual delight;
Who, loving earthly elevation,
Seeketh a conspicuous station,
Listening to each voice that gives
Flattery, whereby he lives.
"Preferable far thy life,
Free from trouble, care, and strife,
Sheltered on thy lowly nest,
Unembarrassed, unoppressed
By the envious thoughts which rise
In the breast where vanities
Exercise a ruling power,
Enterling but to devour
Sympathies and feelings kind,
Peace and calm content of mind."

H. G. ADAMS.

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

GREECE—ATHENS.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“The glories of ancient Greece have often been written in history; and as I remembered the accounts of the learning and bravery—or the magnificent architecture and statues of the Greeks—which I had so often read of in my school-boy days, I looked forward with pleasure to my visit to their country.

“You may remember that from fear of quarantine I had not entered the steamer, the ‘Socrate,’ but was being towed in a hired sailing-boat. Thus my fellow-passengers and I travelled all night, getting little sleep, and I was glad when the morning light visited us. Waking up and rubbing my eyes, I saw the dim form of the great Acropolis looming in the gray distance.

“But, perhaps you do not know what ‘the Acropolis’ is. Well, then, without troubling you with any particulars about our landing, or my long ride to Athens, we will proceed to the Acropolis at once. The word *Acropolis* really means ‘the highest point of a city;’ and it was used to signify some hill, rock, or rising ground, such as were found in many of the ancient cities of Greece. It is very likely that those high places were the parts occupied by the first inhabitants, when they were few and weak. Each high rock, or hill, would serve as a citadel or stronghold, and

around it the city would be built. You have, I dare say, heard of the *Roman* citadel. The citadel at Corinth was also called its *Acropolis*, and indeed that name has been given to the strongholds of most Greek cities.

* After procuring a guide, who obtained permission for us to visit the *Acropolis*, we crossed the bed of the Ilissus, which was dry, and entered the ancient circus, the walls of which were buried beneath the soil. We then proceeded to examine the eleven remaining columns of a temple dedicated to Jupiter Olympus. They are the largest marble pillars known, being, as my guide told me, 6½ feet in diameter, and 60 feet high. On the top of one a rude and solitary cell was constructed, in which it is said a Greek priest dwelt for twenty years without once descending.

“Leaving these pillars, we began to ascend the *Acropolis* itself. The old rock rises very suddenly from the plain in which Athens is situated; in some parts being nearly perpendicular. As we were winding our way up its rugged sides, we entered the cave of PAN, and not far off we saw a temple of BACCHUS, the god of wine. We did not bestow much time on these, but entered the summit of the hill, which is enclosed by a wall. Here we found the remains of more temples than I should like to describe;—the temples of Victory, Neptune, Minerva, Erechtheus, and many others, and, above all, the

beautiful building which has long been the glory of Athens—the immortal *Parthenon*.

"This beautiful temple was erected about 1,400 years ago, and was dedicated to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. The Greek name for Minerva was "Athēnē," and thus, after her, the city was called *Athens*. The statues, the ornaments, and the fine white marble pillars of this temple, are the most splendid in the world. Even in its present shattered state, it is the admiration of all artists and travellers who behold it; and on approaching it I could not restrain a similar feeling of awe and wonder. It has been spoken of in terms of enthusiasm which seem to be almost exaggeration; but no enthusiasm which has been written in books could exceed that of my guide, who seemed to know the whole building, and all its history, by heart. He told me of the times when noble Greece was in the possession of the Turks, and was besieged by the Venetians. At that time the great catastrophe befel the temple. The Turks who possessed it were using it as a powder magazine, when a bomb exploded in the midst of the powder, and reduced the glorious pile to a heap of blackened ruins.

"After this mishap, its infidel masters used it as a mere stone quarry, and many a richly sculptured piece of 'frieze' was seen forming part of some mean hovel.

"The greater part of these

beautiful ruins and sculptures would, no doubt, have been lost but for the industry of the Earl of Elgin, the English Ambassador to Turkey. This nobleman collected the most beautiful of the scattered fragments, and brought them to England. They are now known as the *Elgin marbles*, and are placed in the British Museum, in a room built expressly for their reception.

"Near the Acropolis there rises a rocky height, on which are the remains of the ancient court of justice, the *Areopagus*. It was here, you may remember, that Paul was brought by the Athenians, to give an account of his 'new religion,' when he delivered the beautiful discourse which I dare say you have often read in the New Testament.*

"Without attempting to describe any of these places to you, I will only say that nothing I have yet seen has so much delighted me as these ancient marbles, and the beautiful view of the surrounding plain from the Acropolis.

"Seeing at a little distance a large and noble temple, which appeared to be in a perfect state, my guide informed me that it was the temple of the hero *Theseus*; and we descended to examine it before returning to the city.

"I am, dear children,

"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

* Acts xvii. 22-31.

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—SUMMER SONG.

*Words by A. R. Craig;**Music by William Marshall.*

Now winter's blast and spring have pass'd, And glowing summer comes, The
 tiny bee, on flower and tree, Her music sweetly hums. Yet while the merry
 song ascends Un - coming to the skies, No rest she knows, nor soft repose, But
 fast her labour plies. So when the spring of life may bring Its sunshine & its flowers, And
 lighted youth's de - laugh may ring, Ere man - autumn comes, Let chil - dren of
 overcom' alabour share, That for the gray and wintry day Of age they may prepare.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

6th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

LOOK ABOUT!

BY A. R. CRAIG.

(Author of the "Philosophy of Training.")

*I*on. Now, papa, we are all ready to hear the tale you promised us about the *good effects* of looking about.

P. Well, then, what I am now going to tell you will, I hope, show that; and perhaps, by way of contrast, something of the bad effects of not doing so may also appear.

Arthur Seaton and Bob Stanley were class-fellows at the village school of Ashton. They were cousins, and nearly of the same age, but Bob's parents were much richer and better off than Arthur's. Mr. Seaton, Arthur's father, had at one time suffered a severe loss, from being security for a friend who failed in business, and left him liable for a great part of his debts. His means being thus so much exhausted, he was compelled to bring up his family in habits of the strictest economy, and in truth, with all his economy, he could sometimes hardly manage to make both ends meet.

L. What does that mean, papa?

P. It means to get the end of the money he received at one time meet the beginning of a new sum at another time. Now, Arthur was a shrewd

little fellow, and soon came to understand why he was denied by his kind papa many little things, such as balls, and tops, and kites, which Uncle and Aunt Stanley so freely bestowed upon his cousin; for whenever Bob wanted a new plaything he had only to ask for the money from his papa or mamma to get it; and as he knew^d he could get what he thus wanted at any time, he was never very careful how he used it. If his kite would not fly well, he never thought of trying to alter it himself, of putting a little more or less weight to its tail, of placing the string at the right balance, or of finding out what kind of wind it flew best in; but would either get some one else to put it right for him, or perhaps, in a sudden fit of caprice, give it away to another boy for a handful of gooseberries, and then, by-and-by, run to his mamma and plague her for money to buy a better one. When tired of his buttons or marbles, too, he would often be found on his way home from school throwing them away at the poor birds on the hedges. So strong had this habit become upon him, indeed, that once, when passing along the road to the village with a shilling in his hand^t that his mamma had given^d him to get some paper with, from the stationer, seeing

a blackbird perched on the topmost twig of a tall larch, pouring forth his sweet song, he only thought what a fine mark it would be for a throw with a stone, and feeling *something* in his hand at the time, but not thinking what it was, he let fly among the trees with the shilling in the direction of the songster. The blackbird, indeed, only flew off to some other part of the wood in a joyous scream of mockery at his disappointed enemy; but not sooner had the shilling left his hand, than he thought, but too late, of the folly he had done. Of course he had to return without the paper; but as he only told his mamma that he had lost the shilling somewhere, which was *not* the whole truth, though a thing of no uncommon occurrence, a gentle reprimand was all he got, and another shilling was forthcoming for the same purpose. Equally careless, too, was he about his clothes, and many a torn jacket and pair of trousers he came home with, perhaps never to be worn again, got by riding upon old palings, squeezing through hedges, or climbing up trees.

Now, Arthur was just as fond of playthings as another; but as he never thought of asking money from his mamma for such a purpose, knowing she could so ill afford it, and that it would only grieve her to think she could not allow him some for so harmless an indulgence, he began to think whether he could not make some of his own playthings. It was the

time when balls were "in" that he first thought of this, and having inspected an old one, and seen the materials of which it was made, and the way in which it was put together, he thought he could surely at least make a better one than that soft Abby affair, that even before it was torn would never bounce higher than his shoulder. So, instead of asking his mamma for a penny to buy a new one, he asked her for the head of an old stocking, and an old glove, which he soon got. He then got a piece of cork, and rounding it off with his knife into the size and shape of a large musket-ball, ripped up the worsted from the stocking, and wound it tightly round the cork, making it move round in his fingers all the time, to prevent the threads from overlapping each other. So, having got it of a sufficient size, he fastened down the end of the worsted, and just tried once how it would bounce—and didn't it bounce rarely? Oh, three times as high as Tom Nelson's!

But the covering of it, ah! that was a more difficult job, and here he had to look about him a good deal, and was quite puzzled to find out how he should cut the leather, so as to get it sewed down all smoothly without any creases. He tried and tried many ways with a piece of paper to get the proper shape—for he was too cautious to cut up the glove before he knew what form the pieces should take—but for a long time without success. He thought of an orange, and how he had

once seen his papa cut off the skin of one so neatly that the ends and edges when put to each other all lay quite close together again. But as an orange would cost just about as much as a new ball, he could not have the advantage of that as a model.

W. Why, then, papa, didn't he ask his mamma to cut it out for him, or take it to the tailor, who would gladly have done it for him—especially the tailor that made his clothes?

P. Yes, Willie, either his mamma or the tailor would gladly have done it for him, I dare say, but he now found a pleasure even in trying to find out how it should be done. The very working at the ball, too, turned out to be as good fun itself as would be the playing with it afterwards, and even better fun, for it kept his mind as well as his fingers happily employed. Besides, he had the pleasure of looking forward to having a plaything all made by himself. So you see there were a great many pleasures here. He was pleased to think it would cost his mamma nothing, happy in the making of it, and happy to think of the fun he would have with it afterwards. And had he not been a good boy, I fear he would also have been pleased to think how sorry it would make his cousin to see him with so much nicer a ball than any of his bought ones; but he had no such envious pride about him, and he only thought how much better fun they would all have with his good one than with any of those trashy shop

ones. So to work he went again, and recollecting as well as he could how the different pieces of leather converged to a point in those he had examined, he at length managed to get the right pattern, first cut on paper and then on the leather, and at last he got it all sewed round so beautifully, that he was quite astonished at his own cleverness. And what an elastic bound it gave when he first tried it on the pavement, and how his own heart did bound with joy at the same time!

His next invention was to make a kite, and then a ship, until from practice there was scarcely a plaything or a toy that he could not make. Besides, knowing the trouble it cost to make them, he was equally careful not to damage or lose them, and though his cousin Bob, whose kite had been nearly shattered to pieces by flying it in too high a wind, would beg him to bring out his and try it, he would firmly but kindly refuse to do so, knowing that it could not stand such a wind either, and would only share the same fate. Neither would he trust his nicely rigged yacht, the "Amelia," named after his dear mamma, amidst the jabbling waves of the river in a high wind—though several boys were sailing their boats—for he knew to a nicety what "canvas" she could carry, and what sea she could stand; and while one after another of theirs were capsized and became wrecks, drifting along at the mercy of the stream, his ship was all safe in harbour, ready

to set forth to any distance in calmer weather.

You must not think, however, that Arthur, though thus cautious in not risking the loss or damage of any of his things, was by any means either selfish or cowardly. He only did not see "any reason why Bob, for example, one day would persist in sailing his little bark (the 'Prince Albert,' that he himself had made for him), when the river was swollen with the late rains, and so brown that when wading in after it to keep it off the stones, he could not know where the deep places were, and might not only lose his boat but himself. But Bob only saw how beautifully the little craft was tacking across the stream, though the current was strong, and the wind partly in the same direction, and how nobly it obeyed the helm—just like an obedient child, thought Arthur, resisting and overcoming every temptation that would lead him aside from the path of duty. On, on went the gallant bark, keeping its prescribed course in spite of all opposition from the wind and stream until it reached the opposite bank in safety.

"Hurrah! it has landed at New York," shouted Bob; "hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" said Arthur too—for he was delighted to see how beautifully the voyage was made,—"but there it must remain, Bob, to take in its cargo of wood, until you go round by the bridge to set it off again."

B. Pooh, nonsense! "I shall wade through, as I have done

twenty times at the same place. The bridge is a quarter of a mile off.

A. Well, I have done that often enough, too; but I think you had better not try it to-day. See how brown the river is! It is a good bit up on the bank, the stones are covered much farther than usual, and it is more than half-way up Old Granny, the biggest stone of all.

But advice of this kind was of little use to Bob; he did not mark these particulars so carefully as Arthur, and consequently did not see his danger to the same extent. So he stript off his trousers and began wading across. He was soon up to the knees, and had to plant his footsteps pretty firmly to resist the current, but he "plodged" on. Into several little pools he sank now and then rather deeply, as he thought, but again ascending to shallower water, he still kept on until he got considerably past the middle of the river. And now, thinking there could be no more danger, as of course it would get gradually shallower towards the other side, in the same way as it did at the side he had left, he grew still less careful, and dashed on, when souse, at one single step, he plunged into a pool, up to the arm-pits. The channel of the river was of a rocky nature, and in some places shelved abruptly. He had suddenly stepped off a ledge of this kind into a pool some two or three feet deeper than the rest, where the current, now acting upon him with double violence, fairly carried him off his feet, and swept

him helplessly along for several yards. Old Granny, however, was fortunately near and immediately in his way, to which he clung with all the strength he had left, and managed at length to get scrambling on to the top of it, where he sat in despair, like a shipwrecked sailor on an island of the Pacific, but with this difference, that he was more an object of blame than of pity, having so recklessly brought himself into that danger.

Now, Arthur had been calling out to him several times on his way over; but as he never minded him, he thought he would at least try and do what he could to provide for his safety in case of the worst. So he ran up into the plantation near at hand, and got the largest branch of a tree he could conveniently handle, and just by the time Bob had found refuge on the large stone, he was prepared to rush in to his relief. Fearlessly he dashed in, for he knew whereabout lay every pool and shallow of the river; and having the branch to steady his footsteps and probe the depths of certain places before entering into them, he got, at last, to within a few yards of where Bob sat shivering all over with cold and fright. He

found it impossible, however, to get near enough to him on that side, but he knew if he could get to the opposite side of the stone, where it was shallower, he could then reach him, and to do this he was obliged to make a long circuit to avoid the deep pool immediately between them. But now he had no time to lose, for the water was rising rapidly, so he hurried round to the other side as fast as he could, still steadyng himself and measuring his depth with the friendly branch. Arrived at the nearest and safest point, he stretched out the end of the branch across the bubbling, boiling eddy to Bob, and told him to grasp it firmly with both hands, and to leap forward from the stone as far as he could, without fear, which at last he did, through much persuasion, though in a terrible fright, and was speedily dragged across to shallower water, and brought to land by his kind preserver.

W. Ah, that was clever of Arthur; he looked about him there to some purpose.

L. Thank you, papa. I dare say you could tell us something more about Arthur yet.

P. Well, I dare say I could, my dear; but I must now hurry off to the City,—so good-bye.

FORGIVENESS.

FORGIVE when inj'ries round thee roll,
Howe'er thy peace be riven;
Forgive with all thy heart and soul,
If thou wouldest be forgiven.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 7. GNAWING ANIMALS.

M. Let us finish our account of the Gnawing Animals. What is their food?

L. They eat the hard tough parts of trees, which other animals cannot digest.

M. And how are they fitted for such food?

W. They are provided with very peculiar teeth, which have chisel-shaped edges; so that they do not tear or cut the food, but gnaw it.

Ion. And I dare say they have peculiar grinding teeth.

W. Why don't you say "molars," Ion?—that is a Latin word.

M. We shall not have time to consider the molars (or grinding teeth). I may just say that they are not like the molars of flesh or grass-eating animals. Like the front teeth, they are composed of enamel and ivory. Here we find again that the hard enamel does not wear so much as the ivory, so that it stands up in ridges across the flat surface of the teeth, something like the ridges in a rasp or file. Thus the gnawing animals are provided with grinding teeth, which are of the very best shape possible for separating the tough vegetable fibres. You may observe, too, that these teeth are not close to the front teeth, but are placed far back, leaving a large space of the jaw undiluted.

M. This description will apply to most of the gnawing animals; but the Rat, which will

eat flesh, has sharp-edged grinders, more like those of the carnivorous animals, whilst the Squirrel, and those which eat fruit and nuts, have a rounded surface to their grinders, like those of the monkeys and the fruit-eating bats. (See p. 70.)

Ion. I remember, mamma, that I have seen our squirrel gnaw (or nibble) the shell of a nut all round, instead of cracking it. He sits up on his hind legs, and holds his food up to his mouth with his paws; the picture of the squirrel is drawn so.

M. Yes; and this habit of sitting upright on its hind-quarters, belongs to all the animals in the order. It is one of the distinctions of the order. You have often seen a rabbit sitting thus; the rat, mouse, beaver, and hare, frequently do so.

I will point out to you another distinction, which perhaps you will not be able to notice. Take hold of your own arm, Willie!—your left arm—between the wrist and the elbow. Hold it very tight indeed!—and now try to move your left hand round and round.

W. I cannot do it very easily, mamma, because it hurts me. I feel that I have two bones. We have learned about these bones; they are called the *ulna* and the *radius*.

M. The gnawing animals have also two bones in their fore-arms, just as you have, and this is a rather interesting fact. If you notice the ends of the limbs in those mammals which we have heard of (particularly

in the flesh-eating mammals) you will see that they all have organs which are divided into single fingers.

L. And I have noticed that they have nails or claws at the ends of their fingers. Mankind have; so have the monkey, the bat, the hedgehog, the lion, and all the others, except those which live in the water.

M. So, when we speak of the limbs of these animals, we may say that they are "clawed" limbs. Now, all these animals with separate fingers and claws, have the two bones of the fore-arm separate, so that they may turn round their hand, or fore-foot, and move the fingers easily. But if we notice those mammals which we have not yet talked of (I mean such as are purely *vegetable* feeders), we shall find that their fingers and claws are not separate, but are united in a sort of horny case called a *hoof*.

L. So that we may say the *carnivorous* animals, and others, are "clawed" animals; and the purely *herbivorous* animals are "hoofed"; but, mamma, what has all this to do with the order we are learning about?

M. Very much. You may now see how the animals of this order are like the carnivorous as well as the herbivorous animals, and form a connecting link between them. They are like the latter animals, because most of them eat vegetables, while from the fact of their having claws and the bones of the fore-arm separate (which

we have already noticed), they still bear a resemblance to the carnivorous animals. You may now endeavour to mark the distinctions of this order.

W. I will say then, mamma.

THE GNAWING ANIMALS.

The gnawing animals ~~seem to~~ form a link between those animals which eat flesh, and those which eat vegetables.

1. They ~~are~~ like the former, because some eat flesh; and they are like the latter, because most of them eat those hard parts of plants which true vegetable feeders refuse.

2. They are like the former, because those which eat flesh have sharp-edged grinders; but, again, they are unlike the former, and like the latter, because they have not the *three kinds* of teeth,—the cutting, tearing, and grinding teeth—but have only "gnawing teeth" and grinding teeth.

3. They are like the former, because they have claws, and the bones of the fore-arm separate; but they are again like the latter, because they use their claws for climbing the trees rather than seizing their food. There! I added that last piece myself.

M. But you will see that that is not *quite* correct, when I add the fourth particular.

4. Most of them may be known by their frequent habit of sitting upright on their hind quarters, and by their *holding the food* to the mouth with the fore-paws.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

EDWARD I.

P. To-day, we have to talk of a more celebrated king than Henry III. I think that you will like to hear about him. You may remember the determined Prince Edward, who restored King Henry to his throne. This prince was to succeed his father; and the people thought about it with gladness, for I dare say they said to themselves, "Now we shall have a *true* king, one who can keep his subjects in order if he likes."

The nobles, too, seemed to be glad that he was going to be king; for immediately after Henry's death, they assembled round the high altar in Westminster, and there they swore to obey him.

This proceeding was necessary, because Edward was not at the time in England. He had gone to the Holy Land, and was there engaged in a crusade. There he was teaching the Infidels to fear him, as much as they had feared King Richard; indeed, he was not altogether unlike King Richard in his appearance and character.

If you had seen EDWARD, you would, I think, have liked him. His figure was tall and majestic; the expression of his countenance was commanding, sometimes severe, but more often he had a pleasing and gracious look; for he was nearly always kind to his servants and

courtiers, although he was very strict. The only peculiarity in his appearance which would have struck you, was his long legs, which were so long, that the people surnamed him "*long-shanks*."

While he was in the Holy Land, the Turks were so anxious to get rid of him, that they endeavoured to do so by assassination. A messenger was sent to him from the *Emir* of Jaffa; who presented a letter with one hand, and as the prince took it, he stabbed him with the other hand. Edward, though he was wounded, was not frightened; he jumped on his feet, caught the murderer in his iron grasp, and despatched him with his own weapon.

The prince's wound was a dangerous one, because the dagger had been smeared with poison, but fortunately the surgeon of his camp was a skilful man, and was able to heal him. Edward also, fortunately, had a good wife, whom he had brought from Spain; her name was Eleanor of Castile. She, by her kind nursing, helped to make him better; it is even said that she sucked the poison out of his wound, but people now think that the story is not true.

But I must tell you of Edward's return to England. He did not hurry, having business to settle concerning his possessions in France; besides, he felt that his crown in England was quite safe. So it was not until the year 1274 that he sent word that he was coming, and

that preparations were to be made for his coronation. I don't think that the Lord Mayor of London could in the present day beat King Edward in preparing a feast! When his servants read the orders sent, they found that they had to cook 380 oxen; 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 278 fitches of bacon, 19,860 capons and fowls, &c., &c., &c. When they had fulfilled these orders, and had laid out the well-loaded table, what a *great* idea it must have given them of the importance of the solemn occasion!

On the 2nd of August, 1274, Edward landed at Dover, and on the 19th of August he and his high-minded wife Eleanor were crowned in Westminster, to the great delight of his affectionate, loyal, and prosperous people, who were proud of the valour and fame of the noble couple.

The people were not mistaken in supposing that Edward would keep his kingdom in order. He seemed to begin with the determination that business should be done in a manner that was fair and right.

Like all wise kings, he knew

that the people would not be happy unless they could always obtain justice. Now, he was troubled to find that those people who had the power, still oppressed and robbed those who were weaker than themselves; and, what was worse, that when a poor man went before a judge to claim justice, he could not always obtain it; for the man who had treated him badly would secretly bribe the judge—that is, he would give him money that he might not let the poor man have his rights.

Such men, who withheld justice for the sake of gain, were, of course, *unjust* judges, and not fit for their office. Therefore, Edward immediately brought them all to trial, and when he found that all, except two, who were clergymen, had been guilty of this wickedness, he made them pay heavy fines, and appointed new and better judges in their stead. He also made all the new judges swear that they would act honourably, and not take bribes. The amount of the fines paid by the bad judges was no less than 100,000 marks,—an enormous sum in those days.

A SIMILE.

THE glittering hopes that heaven bestows,
Emerging from a cloud of woes
Shall yield a purer light;
So, when the world in darkness lies,
A thousand stars bedeck the skies,
And sparkle through the night.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

SUFFOLK.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“I dare say you have been surprised at not hearing of our old friend PEG. The fact is, that her stiffness of limbs and cough became worse when we were at Lincoln, and I left her there in the hands of the horse-doctor, giving him instructions to cure her, and forward her to me by rail. To my great grief, however, I yesterday received an announcement of her death. I shall therefore be compelled to travel the rest of my journey by coach, or railway, unless I meet with another horse as peaceable and quiet in his disposition as my poor old servant was.

“On my way from Lowestoft to Ipswich, I had some talk with the Suffolk farmers, in order to find whether they differed much from those of Norfolk,—and you shall now hear what I learned.

“It appears that Suffolk is like Norfolk in many respects—it is a very flat county, and so also is Essex, the county below Suffolk. Indeed, the three counties, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, which you may see adjoin each other, are all much alike. They are all of a flat even surface, and are all under good cultivation; in each county great attention is paid by the farmers to the practice of Agriculture.

“The climate, as in Norfolk, is very dry and rather cold, on account of the wind from the ocean. There are three or four kinds of soil—a rich loam, a

heavy *clayey* loam, and a loose sandy soil, some of which, from the animal and vegetable remains mixed with it, is fertile, while other parts are hardly worth cultivating, being very poor and gravelly, full of broken shells and boulders; and evidently having been covered by the sea at no very distant period. There are also about 20,000 acres of fen-land, some of which has lately been drained and rendered useful. Thus, you see that the Suffolk soil is, on the whole, much like that of Norfolk.

“The produce, too, is similar. The ‘rotation of the crops’ is attended to with the same care as in Norfolk. Barley, wheat, clover, and turnips, are grown. It is perhaps more noted for its carrots than Norfolk is.

“The agricultural implements of Suffolk are, however, its most noted production. The farmers here take great pride in their tools, and in no county has so much money been spent in bringing these articles to perfection. A large amount of capital has been sunk by some of the manufacturers; and this capital, together with the competition among them, has been the means of producing most ingenious and perfect articles. If, therefore, you were to go to a large Suffolk farm, and begin to make a catalogue of all the strange implements you saw, they would rather surprise you. You would have to learn to spell many strange names. Besides such words as ‘scufflers,’ ‘scarifiers,’ ‘threshing-

machines,' 'winnowers,' 'hum-mellers,' &c., &c., &c., you would find several kinds of ploughs, harrows, and rollers; machines for cutting roots, or straw; others for bruising oil-cake for cattle; others for crushing bones to manure the land with; and many more. You would want a large piece of paper to contain all their names.

"The most noted *animals* on the Suffolk farms are the peculiar short-bodied horses, which are called the Suffolk 'cobs.' These animals are noted for their great strength, and for their perseverance in pulling against a dead weight. It is said that in former days, when a farmer went to the fair to purchase a horse, it was not unusual to try the horse he wished to buy by hooking the animal's traces to some post immovably fixed in the ground. If the horse pulled at this post until he went down on his knees, he was said to be staunch; but if he did not do so, he was despised. This practice, however, was a very bad one, and spoiled many a good horse,—therefore it has been discontinued.

"The *pigs* on the farms would, I think, please you as much as the horses, as the Suffolk pigs are, perhaps, the finest breed in England.

"The Suffolk cows yield plenty of milk, some of them as much as twenty quarts per day; this is made into butter, such as I thought very nice, although I had heard before that Suffolk was noted for its

bad butter and cheese. The calves are mostly sent to Essex, for the London market.

"Instead of travelling the direct road from Lowestoft to Ipswich, I first visited a little town called ALDBOROUGH; which, by observing the map, you may see is on the sea-coast. It is a town which I had often wished to see, because it is the birthplace of a poet called *Crabbe*, whose poetry I used to read when I was a boy. I found, on examining the place, an astonishing instance of the changes effected by the sea. It appears that, during the last century, a whole street and a market-place have been washed away. Many herrings and sprats are caught and dried here.

"IPSWICH is a truly ancient place. It was here that the celebrated *Cardinal Wolsey* was born. I was surprised at the number of old houses, most of them made of wood, and ornamented with curious carvings. The streets, too, I noticed were very narrow, although they are well paved. I found, on inquiry, that in the time of the long civil war which caused so much destruction in England, the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Essex, were not disturbed so much as many other parts; and that during the whole time, the town of Ipswich did not once suffer from fire. This is a very remarkable fact, and accounts for the old houses being in so good a state of preservation. I found an old building in the town called the Free Grammar School, which was established before the time

of Cardinal Wolsey. It is, however, principally indebted to him for its importance, for he founded *Christ Church College* at the University of OXFORD, and gave money to establish this grammar school, as a preparatory school to his college.

"Ipswich is situated on the side of a hill, where the rivers Orwell and Gipping meet. From the latter river the town has been supposed to derive its name. You have heard before that many of our large towns were at first only little villages; and you have heard that the Saxon word for village is *wich*. The place was, therefore, at first called Gippes Witch (or Gippen's Village). It was afterwards spelt Yppys-wych, and gradually be-

came changed into IPSWICH. How the name will be spelt a thousand years hence, we cannot tell.

"The principal manufactures of Ipswich are, woollen *yarn*, ship-building, sail-making, &c. From the barley grown in Suffolk, much *malt* is made; most of this malt, corn, and other produce is exported from Ipswich, forming its principal trade.

"There! you have heard of the trade, manufactures, the grammar school, the old houses, and the 'etymology' of Ipswich; and I have no time to write you anything more, except that

"I remain,
"Your affectionate friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

TIME AND ETERNITY.

How long, sometimes, a day appears,
And week, how long are they!
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.

But months and years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years, must have an end;
Eternity has none;
Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first began!

Great God, we children cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

TAYLOR.

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

GREECE—ATHENS.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“The Temple of Theseus pleased me as much as any ruin I had seen on the Acropolis. It is not situated on the plain, but on a slight eminence, which gives it a more commanding appearance. There are thirteen pillars on each side of the building, and four at each end. At first sight, the whole appears so perfect that one can scarcely believe he sees an edifice which has stood in the open plain about 1,400 years. The chisellings in the marble appear as sharp as though they were fresh from the sculptor's hand, so lightly has the air breathed upon it for centuries. The only damage it has sustained has been from a stroke of the lightning, which has driven two or three of the columns slightly out of the perpendicular, while time has tinged the marble with a rosy tint. With great good taste the building has been converted into a museum for the reception of valuable ruins, which may from time to time be discovered.

“It would be useless to mention half the interesting objects that presented themselves to my attention, before returning to my lodging at Athens. My hotel was kept by a dame from Paris, who certainly managed to render her guests very comfortable. A few minutes after entering, I was sitting at ease, and enjoying my ‘*café au lait*,’ if you know what that means.

“Modern Athens is by no means so agreeable a place as my landlady's hotel. It is a dirty little town, built half in the Eastern style. The spirit of improvement has not, however, fled, for I observed that several squares and terraces were in a state of progress.

“The *Palace* of Athens is a large plain building. Its architecture has less beauty than that of many an English factory or workhouse—still, it is no flimsy structure, for its walls are of solid marble. It stands on a naked sandy eminence, without a tree to shelter it from the sun's glare, or from the eye of the public. It is so exposed to view, that Her Majesty cannot stroll in her garden without all Athens making themselves aware of the fact, if they please. *

“If I were to judge from my own observation, I should say that the modern Grecians were rather lazy fellows—that is, if the fact of their not being *industrious* may warrant my saying so. Many also seem to show in their disposition as much bad faith as their forefathers had; while I think that their bravery is very questionable. The young Greeks appeared to spend the whole day playing at billiards in the cafés, or in idly standing round the doors to display their showy dress. The sun never, perhaps, shone upon greater fops than these young men. They seem to have no subject for thought beyond the glitter of their outside dress. Many-a-one, I be-

lieve, carries gold and silver on his back, who has scarcely a coin in his pocket. I have heard of two or three hundred pounds being given for a suit of military clothes; this is, no doubt, correct, for I have seen men wearing jackets, vests, and gaiters, so covered with gold embroidery, that the foundation of crimson velvet was scarcely visible.

"Their never-failing companions are the pipe and the rosary, which is, as I dare say you know, a string of beads used by the members of the Greek, as well as the Romish, Church, when repeating their prayers. These beads they were incessantly fingering—too much so to please me, for outward show in prayer is even more displeasing than in dress.

"My fellow-travellers from the steamer had determined while in Greece to ascend the Acropolis of CORINTH, and as I anticipated a pleasant journey, I agreed to accompany them. If you will again examine your map, you will observe

that Athens is situated on a small peninsula at the south of Greece, and that Corinth is situated on a very much larger and broader peninsula, called the MOREA. You may notice, too, how the two peninsulas are connected by a very narrow isthmus.

"Now, the best way of proceeding to Corinth was a point which we had to decide before starting. You can easily see that we might either travel by land, along the isthmus, or make a voyage by water across the Bay of Salamis. Our friend the German doctor was a very nervous sailor, and gave his vote for the trip by land; but the others and myself were for the water; and a certain German bookseller, who was with us, poured into the doctor's troubled ear such dreadful tales of robbers and murder, that he quickly changed his mind.

"Accordingly, we went by water, as you shall hear shortly from *me*.

"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

GET UP!

Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour,
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower;
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,
And the wild kid sports merrily;—
The sun is bright, the skies are clear;
Wake, lady! wake, and hasten here.

Up! t'is the will tell, the morning bell
Its service sound has chimed well;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay,
Lo! while thou sleep'st they hasten away.

MISS BAILLIE.

MOUNTAINS. THE APENNINES.

P. You heard last week that the two principal parts of a volcano are the *base* and the *cone*. In our last lesson you heard of the base of a volcano; to-day let us talk of the *cone*.

The cone is the highest part of a volcano. Its surface is generally covered with a deep layer of sand, ashes, and cinders, or "scoria," as it is called. These substances lie loosely; and any person ascending the cone of a volcano, soon finds that the soil under his feet slides down, so that he will sometimes lose in one step as much as he has gained by three or four. He would therefore find it impossible to ascend, if it were not that in a few places the moveable soil is covered with a narrow strip of lava, which has run down the surface. This lava, being hard, affords a firm footing. On account of the nature of the soil, no trees can grow on the cone of a volcano, and its black colour forms a striking contrast with the green and woody *base*, which, you may remember, is always well cultivated.

The summit of a cone seldom has a point like that of the cones of white sugar which you see in the grocers' shops. The point of the volcano has generally been worn away by some eruption; sometimes large pieces have been broken off at two or three different times, so that you would expect to find a broad flat tract of land on the top of

the cone. On reaching the top, the surface is found to be broad, but it is not *flat*, it sinks in the middle, so as to form a hollow shape, like that of a basin or cup. This cup-shaped cavity is called the *crater* of the volcano, and out of this crater issue the terrible volumes of smoke and flame from the interior of the earth.

VESUVIUS has been for several centuries one of the most active volcanoes in Europe. Its history must be included in that of the Apennines, for it is situated in that district of the range which, as I told you, has at some very distant period been wasted by fire.

The height of Vesuvius is not always the same; it depends very much on the condition in which the eruptions leave the crater. In some volcanoes the eruptions do not burst forth from the centre of the crater, they sometimes break out from the side of the mountain; but in Vesuvius, the eruptions generally burst from inside the crater. The loose substances which are thus thrown out, are shed over the cone, and the height of the cone is increased thereby. The cone of Vesuvius is therefore much larger in proportion than the cone of other volcanoes, for its height is nearly one-third that of the whole mountain.

This height, however, will not, perhaps, continue for a very great time; as the mountain is subject to constant changes. About thirty years ago (in the year 1822), a violent eruption

took place; "an immense piece of the ancient cone, measuring more than 800 feet, was carried away by the explosions, and the height of the mountain was thus reduced from 4,000 to 3,260 feet! On examining the summit of the cone after the eruption, it was found then to consist of a vast gulf or chasm, three miles in circumference."

The first known eruption of Vesuvius did not occur until the year 79. Before then it was only known as an *extinct* volcano. It had been looked upon as such for ages, and its slopes were richly cultivated and very fertile. But in the year 63, after a long nap of thousands of years, the sleepy volcano again gave signs of waking up, sending forth strange noises, and causing a great earthquake by its shaking. The earthquake did great damage to many cities in the neighbourhood, and nearly destroyed a fine city named Pompeii; Pompeii was, however, rebuilt, and ornamented with handsome edifices. The agitation in Vesu-

vius was continued occasionally until the month of August, A.D. 79, when the first and most terrible of all its eruptions took place. I could not describe to you the immense volumes of smoke, the stench of sulphur and other gases, the jets of red-coloured flame, the showers of stones, or the tremendous explosions; these were like so many rounds of artillery, rapidly repeated. At length the burning cinders and ashes burst forth in immense quantities, and the people of Pompeii, who had assembled in a magnificent theatre (which they had built since the earthquake in the year 63), were astonished to find the ashes pouring down upon their city. Before they had time to escape, they, and all the houses and fine buildings of the city, were buried under the enormous quantity of burning matter which still descended. Not only was Pompeii destroyed, but other large cities, named Herculaneum and Stabiae, with the houses and country surrounding them.

THE FLOWERS.

WITHOUT the sun, nor hill nor plain
Could yield us fruit or flowers;
Nor could they flourish, if the rain
Fall not in gentle showers.

'Tis thus within each infant heart
No holy seed can grow,
Till Jesus does his grace impart,
And light and warmth bestow.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

7th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

LOOK ABOUT!

BY A. R. CRAIG.

(*Author of the "Philosophy of Training."*)

L. Here comes papa. Let us ask him for another tale.

Ion. I should like to hear something more about Bob Stanley.

L. I should rather like to hear how Arthur got on.

W. And I too; so, Ion, you are in a minority, as papa says.

The request being, therefore, made and granted, papa began. About two years after Bob Stanley's narrow escape from drowning in the river, Arthur had left school. His father had been dead some time, and had left his poor mother in much poverty, with Arthur and two young sisters entirely dependent upon her for support. At the last examination, Arthur had carried off the first prize for his attainment in general knowledge; and, what was a far higher honour than if he had attained more knowledge than the master himself, he also gained a medal—and this was the highest prize in the school—for diligence and good conduct during all the time of his attendance. Being still too young for business, and his mother being unable to pay any longer for his schooling, he now devoted all his time to the care and education of his little sisters, and to assist his mother

in many little things about the house. And in one way he proved of very great use to her.

Mrs. Seaton was an expert worker of crochet, knitting, and various kinds of needlework, which was now her only means of support, while it was Arthur's business to find a market for such things as she made, by walking to the nearest town and selling them to shopkeepers and others. In this way, they contrived to live for some time; not very well off, certainly, as regards fine clothes and good food; and no doubt with many painful feelings in the poor widowed mother's heart that she could not give them better food and clothing, and have them all at school, like so many other children of their own age. Many a time, too, when looking upon them while asleep in bed, before retiring to rest herself, the two little sisters twined in each other's arms, with a smile of innocence, playing over their cheeks, called up, perhaps, by some happy dream, and Arthur, in his crib, slumbering as soundly as they, but with a graver and more thoughtful countenance, the feelings, that only a mother placed as she was can know, of fear, and grief, and love, would come over her so strongly, as to banish rest from her own couch, and sleep from her tear-

ful eyes for many weary hours of the night.

But how truly has the wise man said, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and fat-tred therewith"! How little real happiness consists in mere eating and drinking, wearing fine clothes, and living in fine houses; and how much of it does consist in the affections of the heart, and in the many little kindly offices that the very poorest can render to each other.

In one of Arthur's weekly journeys to Castleton, having sold some few things for his mother, and being about to return home, an idea struck him that he ought now to *look about*, and see whether he could not be of more use to her than by merely selling her things and bringing her the money for them. He therefore took a walk through two or three of the principal streets of the town, to see whether some opening might not present itself that would lead to his getting some kind of employment. Nor had he gone far before he saw a ticket in a grocer's shop window, intimating that an apprentice boy was wanted. So, waiting until the customers in the shop were served, Arthur boldly stepped in and offered himself. The owner of the shop was pleased with his modest, but at the same time intelligent and cheerful manner, and Arthur having answered satisfactorily all his inquiries, given his address, and a reference to his old schoolmaster, he was at once told that if his mamma approved of his choice,

and the schoolmaster gave a good account of him, he would be taken "on trial." He now hurried home, and told his mamma all that had passed, and though she was sorry enough, no doubt, to part with him, she felt that under all the circumstances it was perhaps the best thing that could be done. A few days afterwards, therefore, found Arthur placed behind the counter at his new business, with a clean white apron before him; receiving his food and a bed—though indeed that was only in the back shop—and three shillings and sixpence a week of wages.

L. Oh, papa, wouldn't Arthur be now *so happy!*—as he could give all that money to his mamma; all but what would buy himself clothes.

P. You are right, my dear, and that was exactly what he intended to do with his money. He intended to make his mamma his banker for every farthing he received; and every Saturday evening, when he came home to spend the Sunday with her, he pictured the delight he should always feel in placing in her hands another 3s. 6d. He thought she would not now need to sit up quite so late at night with her needle; and how, by and by, she would be able to get a new bonnet, and perhaps a better shawl, and some other things she very much needed. In his new business, however, he had no little need of "circumspection."

L. And, papa, when he took messages he wouldn't need to play much by the road, I think;

because last week when our grocer's boy was bringing some things to mamma, he just put down his basket for a minute or two to speak to another boy, and when he turned round to take it up again some person had stolen a pound of tea out of it. And mamma told us yesterday that the boy had lost his place for his carelessness.

Jon. Well, I think that was a want of looking about.

P. In one sense it certainly was, but you may easily see that Arthur, good boy though he was, had much need of circumspection in regard to his moral conduct. There were many temptations in his way. From being a poor boy, hardly ever having a penny of his own, pennies and shillings, and even pounds, were now passing through his hands. Raisins and figs and oranges, toffy and lozenges and all sorts of nice things were now in abundance about him. But he did not even trust himself amidst these temptations. Every morning, as regularly as he rose from his little crib in the back shop, he looked up to God, the Father of the fatherless, and committed his way to him; and, that he might abstain from even the appearance of evil, if a single raisin, or stray sugar-

plum, or fragment of any tempting eatable lay upon the counter, he would immediately replace it among the rest, instead of putting it into his mouth. He knew how dangerous it was to yield to any such indulgence, however trifling, and that the great law of Justice was equally violated in taking away small articles, as in taking that which is most valuable.

Nor was he less scrupulous as to another point of honesty—a diligent use of his time. He knew that the hours he was engaged at his business were not his own any more than his master's goods, and to idle away any portion of that time he regarded in the same light as pilfering an orange or a fig from the heaps in the widow.

J.W. Well, I think, do you know, that that was great circumspection; so, I almost know what will be the end of the tale. Arthur's master was very much pleased with him, and made him rich enough to help his mother and sisters. It will be something of that kind!

P. Yes, his history does end somewhat in that way; but I have yet to tell the incident which shows how his circumspection led to such good fortune—this you shall hear next week.

(Continued on page 113.)

SLANDER.

* RECEIVE not Slander—hateful bag!
Her deeds are dark and dire;
Her flaming tongue, a full yard long,
Would set the house on fire.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 7. GNAWING ANIMALS.

THE SQUIRREL, THE RAT.

M. In our account of the Gnawing Animals, we described the squirrels, and need not say much more of them. The most remarkable of these little animals are those called the *Flying Squirrel*. The skin forms a sort of sail between the fore and the hind feet; this, together with the breadth of its tail, enables the little animals to make long leaps from bough to bough. They cannot, however, be said to *fly*, for they cannot propel themselves in the air, as the birds do, neither can they sustain themselves long at one height; but being light in weight, and having great power of leaping, they seem to *sail* in the air rather than to *fly*. They differ again from the other squirrels in being "nocturnal" animals, which means that they feed during the night. Animals which feed in the night we call *nocturnal*, and those which feed in the day we call *diurnal*.

The squirrels which we spoke of last week, and which build their nests in the fork of a tree, are called the *True Squirrels*; besides these, there are squirrels which form burrows in woody districts, in small hillocks, or near the roots of the trees, & it never in the trunks or branches —these are called *Ground Squirrels*. Thus we have three kinds of squirrels. Mention them!

Ada. The True Squirrels, the Flying Squirrels, and the Ground Squirrels.

M. Squirrels differ also in colour. We have the Black Squirrel, the Grey Squirrel, the Striped Squirrel, and the Brown Squirrel. These animals are found in Australia, Europe, India, and Africa, and particularly in America. There, at one time they existed in such numbers, that they made wholesale ravages amongst the green corn and wheat. It is said that in Pennsylvania, according to an old law, threepence a head was paid for every squirrel killed; and that, in the year 1749, the enormous sum of £8,000 was paid for their destruction.

Man is not the squirrels' only enemy. They are attacked by the hawk and other birds of prey, but they often escape by dodging and twisting round the large branches of the tree. When, however, two hawks combine, the poor squirrel has no chance.

The *Rat* is a little animal not altogether unlike the squirrel. In what respect does he differ?

I&n. His tail, mamma, is different; the squirrel's is bushy, and the rat's is round and scaly.

M. The next family to the rats are the *Beavers*. Look at the picture and tell me what you observe in their tails!

W. I notice that they are flat, and they seem to be covered with scales.

M. That is correct, and one of the principal distinctions in these families is seen in their tails. The squirrels have large bushy tails, the rats have round scaly tails, and the beavers have flat scaly tails.

The RAT family, which con-

sists of mice, rats, and others, are the smallest of all mammals. At the same time, you may have observed that they are the most plentiful; wherever man is you find the rat, and in many places where man is not. It is said that "rats and mice have been known in *all* times, and in *all* places."

L. Yes, even in *new* houses they soon find their way.

W. And in sewers and drains, and cellars and stables,—on board-ship, too, rats are found, and very often the sailors cannot get rid of them; and in *mines*, too, they are found.

M. There are two kinds of rats known in England—the *black* rat, and the *brown* rat. The former is generally called the "*Old English Rat*," because it lived here before the brown rat, which was not introduced into England until the middle of the sixteenth century; since then, the brown rats, being larger and stronger than their black brethren, have nearly destroyed them all, so that a black rat is now a rarity.

The voracity of the brown rat is astonishing. In Dr. Carpenter's Zoology, a book in which you may read many things which I have told you, there is a surprising account of the brown rats in France, who, like the French people themselves, are sometimes rather extravagant in their way. I will read it to you:—

"In the neighbourhood of Paris is a very large establishment for the slaughering of horses; and the number of rats which exist

round about in the neighbourhood is so enormous, that the carcasses of the horses killed in the course of the day (sometimes amounting to thirty-five in number), are found the next morning picked bare to the bones. A proposition was made for the removal of the establishment to a greater distance; but it was feared danger might result to the neighbourhood, from suddenly depriving these voracious animals of their proper sustenance. The following experiment was made by the head of the establishment, with the view of learning the number of rats in its vicinity. A part of it consists of a yard inclosed by solid walls, at the foot of which are several holes made for the rats. Into this inclosure he put the carcasses of two or three horses; and towards the middle of the night,—having first cautiously, and with as little noise as possible, stopped up the holes,—he got together several of his workmen, each having a torch in one hand, and a stick in the other. Having entered the yard, and closed the door behind them, they commenced a general massacre. It was not necessary to take any aim; for no matter how the blow was directed, it was sure to immolate a rat; and those which endeavoured to escape, by climbing up the walls, were quickly knocked down. By a recurrence of this experiment, at intervals of a few days, 16,050 rats were killed in the space of a month. After one night's massacre, the dead amounted to 2,650; and the result of four hunts was 9,101. Even this can give but an imperfect idea of the number of these vermin; for the inclosure in which they were thus killed, contains not above the twentieth part of the space over which the dead bodies of horses are spread, and which, it is but fair to suppose, must equally attract the rats upon

all points. These animals have made burrows for themselves, like rabbits, in the adjoining fields, and hollowed out into catacombs all the surrounding eminences;—and this to such an extent, that it is not unusual to see the latter crumble away at the base, leaving these subterranean works exposed. So great is the number of these animals, that they have ~~not~~ been able to lodge themselves in the immediate vicinity of the slaughter-houses; for paths may be distinctly traced, leading across the fields, from the inclosures in which the horses are killed, to a burrow about five hundred paces distant.”

These rats are not only voracious, they are also very sagacious—especially when they want to satisfy their voracity. In the same book from which I have read this account, is a well-known anecdote of the rats, but which perhaps you may not have heard:—

“ It has been mentioned to the author by a trustworthy eye-witness, that she once saw a number of rats conveying eggs safely down a flight of stairs, from a store-room above to their haunts below. On every stair, from the very top of the flight to the bottom, a rat was placed; each egg, held between the fore paws of the rat, was delivered by it over the edge of the step to another sitting upon its haunches on the step below; and in this manner the eggs were safely transferred to the kitchen. In another instance, the following expedient was adopted by a number of rats, to get at some treacle contained in a narrow-necked jar: one rat after another inserted his tail into the orifice, and dipped it in the treacle; then withdrawing it, he allowed his companions to lick off the fluid; and in his turn

received his share from the tail of one of his companions.”

Besides the black and the brown rat, there is an animal called the *Water Rat*, which lives in the country, near the borders of the ponds, ditches, and rivers. It forms a burrow, and lays up a store of food for the cold weather. The burrow of a water rat was once turned up by a plough, and in it were found a gallon of potatoes, which the animal had industriously collected for his winter store.

The *Morse* is an animal of the rat family. There are several kinds—the Common Mouse (which I need hardly describe to you), the Long-tailed Field Mouse, and the Harvest Mouse. The long-tailed field mice are most destructive animals: they multiply very fast, and live together in hosts—in the fields, woods, orchards, and plantations. If they would only eat the acorns from the oak, the farmers would not mind them, but they strip off the bark and the shoots of the trees, often destroying young plantations which cover acres of ground. In the kitchen-garden they are a great nuisance, digging up the young peas and beans just as they are beginning to grow. In the wheat-fields, they are equally injurious to the seed. It is said that, in one instance, by means of a single trap, 2,300 were caught from one field in twenty-three days. They would in time become an intolerable pest, but they have an active enemy in the short-eared owl, which in

the evening time is apt to pounce upon them and carry them off to his hiding-places. Thus numbers are destroyed every evening.

The *Harvest Mouse* is the very smallest of mammals. Its whole length is not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It was first discovered by Mr. Gilbert White, a well-known naturalist; he weighed the first specimen he found, and its weight was, I think, about two ounces. It lives in a little round nest, which it hangs to the stalks of the corn, or thistle, or other plants.



W. Is not the Dormouse another animal of this family, mamma?

M. No; it has been placed in the Squirrel tribe, on account of its hairy tail and other particulars. It seems to form a link between the Squirrels and the Rats. There is another animal, called the *Marmot*, which may likewise be placed between these two families, and another called the *Jerboa*. When you are older, you may one day learn more of the history of these animals.

There are other animals in this family, but at present we can only make a list of them. There is one called the *Short-tailed Field Mouse*, which is as destructive as the long-tailed field mouse. In one part of England, called *The Forest of Dean*, it was feared, from the injury they were doing to the trees, that the extensive woods would be destroyed by them. After various plans had been tried to get rid of them, a great number of large holes were made in the ground much wider at the bottom than at the top, so that, when the mice fell into them, they could not easily get out again. It is supposed that no less than 100,000 were taken in these holes, many of them having been destroyed by the owls, kites, hawks, weasels, stoats, and other animals which resorted to the holes for their prey.

Besides the animals we have mentioned, there is one called the *Musk Rat*, which you may add to your list.

W. Yes, I will just make a list of their names, for fear I should forget them.

(1.) *SQUIRREL TRIBE*.—*Common Squirrel*; *Flying Squirrel*; *Ground Squirrel*.

INTERMEDIATE TRIBE.—*Dormouse*; *Marmot*; *Jerboa*.

(2.) *RAT TRIBE*.—*Black Rat*; *Brown Rat*; *Water Rat*; *Long-tailed Field Mouse*; *Short-tailed Field Mouse*; *Harvest Mouse*; *Mole Rat*, and *Musk Rat*.

M. Next week we will talk about the Beaver.

THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.

EDWARD I.

P. Last week I told you of Edward's return to England. How did he begin his reign?

W. He began by restoring order in his kingdom; because there had been so much confusion in the time of his father, who was a very weak king.

P. What king do you think he was like, on this account?

Ion. He was like his grandfather Henry II., who began his reign in the same way. The Earl of Pembroke, who was regent at the beginning of Henry III.'s reign, he also began by governing well.

P. For some time, Edward continued his good course. He caused a system of strict justice to be kept up; and he gave great encouragement to trade, for in his travels abroad he had learned many things which he remembered when he came home, and which he resolved to teach his subjects. For instance, he had seen in Spain that the Spanish sheep had much finer wool than the sheep in England, and he therefore sent English sheep over to Spain, that the breed might be improved, and might yield better wool. This was a proper thing for a king to do. Every good king not only cares about his people, but he even likes to notice the animals that live in his country, and the vegetables that grow in the soil. Besides that, a good king will take great notice of the soil itself, and will

see that the people learn to improve the land, and to cultivate it properly.

L. And will he not notice the manufactures also?

P. Yes. For the manufactures, especially in England, are a great source of prosperity to the kingdom. Trade, also, is another source of riches and comfort,—and this I told you Edward attended to. From what I have often read of him, I think that he cared for his people, and cared that they should have good laws and good education: he cared, too, for the animals, and the produce, and the soil of his country, for its manufactures, and its trade; but—

W. There is that word “but”! Now I know that there is something bad coming! I am always afraid of the *but*s.

P. But, King Edward lived in times when, as I said, the people repeated prayers to God which they did not understand; and when their minds, and his also, were still darkened by superstition. King Edward had not the truth to guide him; thus we find that he did not keep on in his good course. He made the mistake which we have talked of before, that a kingdom is great according to its size. Thus, when he looked at the map of England, and noticed the western side of the island, he remembered that that part was not called “England,” but Wales. He remembered, too, that the people who lived there were called Welsh, and that they were not governed by

him, but had a king of their own.

As he thought again, I dare say he noticed that the *northern* part of the island was not governed by him, but that the people who lived there were called *Scotch*, and that they had another king to govern them. So, it is very likely that he would think—"Why cannot all the island form *one* kingdom? and why cannot *I* be the one king over all?"

Tom. That thought was very selfish—how did he know that the other kings would like for him to be king instead of them? Perhaps they might not want to sell their rights!

P. But Edward would not think of that question. He would not *ask* the kings to give up their authority; neither would he offer to pay them for it. He would take it from them by force.

Tom. Take! papa? That would be stealing! That would be *injustice*; and you said in your last lesson that Edward had sent all the judges about their business, except two, for being unjust!

P. True; but in the superstitious times of Edward, kings did not know better. Then, when a strong *man* robbed another, it was called *injustice*, and the man would know that he had done *injustice*, and would feel ashamed; but when a king or a nation, because they were strong, robbed another, they did not know that they had done *injustice*, and they did not feel ashamed. Oh no! the king and the nation would be *proud* of

their wickedness, and would say to the other nations, "See what a fine thing we have done! How we have slaughtered our neighbours! What fine *brave* people we are!"*

Oh, if King Edward, instead of learning superstition, had learned from Jesus Christ, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," how differently he would have thought about conquering the kings of Scotland and Wales! He would have thought, "How can I take my neighbours' kingdoms without asking? To say the least, it is very *impolite*. Nay, it is rather rude! and then, it looks rather *selfish*, for I have a better kingdom of my own. Indeed," he would have thought, "if I could take away *only* their crown, and their authority, it would be unjust, but I shall have to take their *lives*. More! I shall have to take away the lives of many hundreds of their subjects."

Had Edward received the spirit of Jesus Christ, it would have made his conscience speak to him out loud. His conscience would have cried to him—"In order to take the crown of Wales, you will have to take hundreds of men who have feelings like yourself, from the happiness of their quiet and peaceful households, never to return. You will have to take to thousands of trembling wives and children, misery and poverty; and to fill the country with widows and orphans. As the thousands of little ones sit beside their anxious mothers, and wait with longing and trembling hearts for their

fathers' return; you will have to take to them the news that the kind fathers who loved and smiled upon them are *dead*—or worse, are lying gashed and bleeding in the far off lonely mountain; perhaps groaning in agony, and struggling 'to die!' His conscience would have pictured out to him many horrible scenes, and the dreadful misery that must also fall on many of his own subjects. It would have told him that thousands of Welsh people must endure starvation and poverty all their lives, because they happened to live in the time when he wished to be their king.

Oh, if he had learned from Jesus Christ, he would also have seen that kings, as well as their subjects, must not *steal*! He would have felt ashamed to do so. He would have said, "I will conquer my neighbour by *lore*; I will try to make my kingdom better than his, and then, will show him how I do it. So shall he learn to look up to me, and shall *do homage* to me with his whole heart!"

But peoples and kings will learn better in time, because *the truth* is against war. It is pleasant to think that kings are human beings—kings have hearts, and can feel—and kings can *fear God*. 'Yes! the truth is, that he is a "great" king who fears God; and he is a "great" king who makes his subjects greater, not his territory; and as sure as kings can feel and understand THE TRUTH, so surely will wars cease.'

Let us, however, remember,

again, that King Edward lived in the time when superstition and prejudices were strong, and would not let him see the truth. It is true, also, that the Welsh had always been troublesome neighbours; they had even been dangerous, for it was their custom, when the English were at war with foreign enemies, to enter England, and plunder, and kill; but this was no excuse for Edward to do likewise. In order to make a quarrel, as a pretence for war, Edward summoned the Welsh prince, Llewellyn, to do homage for his kingdom; being well aware at the time that the prince would refuse. On receiving the refusal, Edward invaded Wales, and after much cruel bloodshed, Llewellyn was slain in battle on the 11th December, 1282. David, the prince's brother, escaped, and wandered for six months in the hiding-places of the mountains. He was, however, betrayed by some treacherous Welshman, and was soon after executed in a manner too barbarous and shocking to be described.

Soon after this conquest, Queen Eleanor went to see her husband in Caernarvon Castle, and there her infant son Edward was born. The king, therefore, to please the Welsh people, told them that as his own son was a Welshman, that he should be their *prince*. The young prince, therefore, had the title of the "Prince of Wales," which title has ever since belonged to the eldest son of the King of England.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

SUFFOLK.

'MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"From Ipswich I went to ry St. Edmunds, a town ich I had often heard of.

"Perhaps you would like to know why the town should have strange a name as 'Bury St. Edmund.' I had read a long ie ago in the *Penny Cyclo-
lia* of the origin of this ne, and you shall hear the
ount—

"Edmund, having succeeded to the throne of East Anglia, was wned at Bury on Christmas-
, 866, and in the fifteenth year his age. In 870 he was taken sooner, and cruelly put to death by the Danes. St. Edmund, being Christian as well as an enemy, was first scourged, and then bound tree, and his body pierc with ows. His head was then cut off, thrown into a neighbouring d. On the departure of the es, the East Anglians assembled by the last solemn tribute of ction to their martyred King. body was found bound to a tree, and was interred; but no one could they find the head, ast, after a search of forty days, head was discovered between fore-paws of a wolf, which im-
ediately resigned its charge un-
ilated, and quietly retired into wood. 'An unkouth thyng,' saith Lydgate, 'and strango agen-
ire.' The head, on being placed contact with the trunk (which not in the least decomposed), aid to be so united with it so eel that the separation was eely veole."

Such is the account of St. Edmund's burial. You must

not, however, suppose that the town is called *Bury* st. Edmund because Edmund was buried there. The word *Bury* really means *borough*, or town; and the proper name therefore, would be *Bury*, or *Borough*, of St. Edmund. Soon after the king's martyrdom, six priests founded a monastery there. This monastery, by the magnificence of its buildings, the splendour of its decorations, and its valuable privileges, outshone all other such establishments in Britain, except the famous abbey of *Glastonbury* in Somersetshire. It was said that the monastery itself was as large as a town; so many gates were there, and so many towers, with a church, 'than which nothing could be more magnificent'; and three others adorned with splendid workmanship, and standing in one and the same churchyard.

"In the reign of King Henry VIII. nearly all the monasteries and abbeys in England were dissolved. In many cases the beautiful buildings were destroyed. In the report of the commissioners appointed to dissolve the abbey of Bury St. Edmund, it is said—

"'We have taken in the seyd monastery in gold and sylver, 5,000 marks, besydes as well, a ne rich cross with emerelds; and also dyvers stones of great value, and yet we have left the church well furnished with plate of sylver necessary for the same.'

"On reaching Bury St. Edmund, I found that very little remained of the former magnificient building. The principal

ruin was the *abbey gate*—which has been characterised with truth as ‘gorgeously splendid.’ Another ruin, called the Saxon tower, is one of the finest specimens in England of what is called Saxon architecture.” It is remarkable for its solid, massive appearance, and great strength.

“The town of Bury is situated on the river *Larke*. It is a very pleasant place, and surrounded by delightful walks. The houses are well built, and the streets are clean; and the large churchyard is an interesting place, and very pleasant to walk in.

“There are two other important towns in Suffolk, namely, *Woodbridge*, which I did not visit, and *Sudbury*, a town on the very borders of Essex. It was here that I stopped, before visiting that county; and here, on referring to my map, I completed my observations on the county.

“If you will look at the map with me, and will think of the shape of Suffolk, you will see that it is not unlike that of the body of a chariot. The boundaries you may easily learn. On the north is Norfolk; on the south, Essex; on the east is the German Ocean; and on the west is Cambridgeshire.

“The principal rivers are the *Stow*, which divides the county from Essex; the *Orwell*, on which the capital is situated; the *Larke*; and the little river *Ouse*, which are in the north-west part of the county. After remarking these particulars, I entered them in my notes,

which I send for your ‘memory exercise,’ and remain,

“Dear children,
“Your affectionate friend,
“HENRY YOUNG.”

SUFFOLK.

(Shape.) *Suffolk in its shape much resembles the body of a chariot.*

(Boundaries.) *It is bounded on the north by NORFOLK; on the east by the GERMAN OCEAN; on the west by CAMBRIDGESHIRE; and on the south by ESSEX.*

(Soil.) *The soil and climate of this county much resembles that of Norfolk, being in some parts light, in others heavy and loamy, and in other parts gravelly, or marshy; the produce is similar to that of Norfolk.*

(Surface.) *Like its neighbours Norfolk and Essex, it abounds in large farms. The farmers of Suffolk are particularly known for their good farming instruments. They have good horses, called “Suffolk-cobs,” and fine pigs.*

(Rivers.) *The principal rivers are the STOW, the ORWELL, the LARKE, and the little river OUSE.*

(Towns.) *The capital is IPSWICH, on the Orwell. A very ancient place, with many old houses; it is noted as the birth-place of Cardinal Wolsey. The other towns of note are BURY ST. EDMUNDS, WOODBRIDGE, SUDBURY, and ALDBOROUGH, the birth-place of Crabbe.*

(Etymology.) *Both Suffolk and Norfolk were formerly part of the kingdom of East Anglia. They were so called from the division of the people into the north-folk and south-folk.*

MOUNTAINS.

THE APENNINES.

P. I had some thought of finishing our account of the Apennines, to-day, by giving you the history of Mount Etna. I find, however, that there is much more that is interesting in the history of Vesuvius.

Ion. Then, papa, will you tell us more about Vesuvius, first? We might as well have the whole of its history now.

P. Well, I think I will do so. In the first eruption of Vesuvius, which was mentioned last week, not only were the cities Pompeii and Herculaneum destroyed, but a very celebrated man, a naturalist, called *Pliny the Elder*, lost his life. So anxious was he to see the eruption that he ventured too near, and was suffocated by the gases that were issuing forth with the fire. His son, *Pliny the younger*, gives an account of the first eruption as seen by his father. "My mother," he says, "desired him to observe a *cloud* which appeared of a very unusual size and shape, and he immediately arose and went on an eminence. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to that of a pine tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, and extended itself at the top into a sort of branches, occasioned, I imagine either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, or by the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, and exploded in this manner. It sometimes appeared bright, and

sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders." This was the singular appearance with which the terrible eruption began, and which so excited the curiosity of *Pliny*.

After this eruption the fire was still for 20 years, and broke out again in the year 203. Other eruptions followed in the years 472, 512, 685, 993, 1036, 1049, 1139, 1306, 1500, and 1631, which last was particularly destructive on the side which stretches toward the bay of Naples. During the periods between these years, when Vesuvius was at rest, the great volcano Etna was active. Other eruptions followed in 1660, 1682, 1694, and 1698, and since then they have been repeated very frequently; at intervals seldom longer than ten years. It has sometimes flamed twice within a few months.

One of the most famous eruptions took place in the year 1737. The solid contents of the lava then poured forth were 33,587,058 cubic feet. We need not wonder at the remark of the ancients, who said that Vesuvius had given out more than its own "volume" of earthly matter. I have also read of the remarkable eruption which occurred 30 years after, in the year 1767. The mountain then threw out such a quantity of ashes and stones, that in the course of the year it was raised 200 feet. The materials formed a cone-shaped mount inside the crater; which, rising higher and higher, at length could be seen

above its margin. Before the end of the year several streams of lava burst out; one stream was from *sixty to seventy feet deep*, and two miles in breadth!

In the year 1794, there happened another eruption, which was, perhaps, the most terrible and tremendous of all. The quantity of lava which flowed from the mountain was greater than ever, being no less than 46,098,766 cubic feet; and in this great eruption, another town, named *Torre del Greco*, was overwhelmed. The event has been fully described by a gentleman named Sir William Hamilton, who witnessed it. I will read you his account:—

"Early in June, the wells of Torre del Greco and its neighbourhood began to dry up, a usual signal of an approaching eruption; and the shock of an earthquake was felt for many miles around. On the night of the 15th, after another shock, Vesuvius sent forth clouds of black smoke, and with a loud noise there issued from its sides streams of red-hot lava, which poured down the flanks of the mountain. 'It is impossible,' says Sir William, 'for any description to give an idea of this fiery scene, or of the horrid noises that attended it. It resembled the loudest thunder, accompanied by a continued hollow murmur; and added to these sounds was another blowing noise, like that of the going up of a large flight of sky-rockets. The frequent falling of the huge stones, one of which, having been since measured, was ten feet high and

thirty-five in circumference, contributed to the concussion of the earth and air, which kept all the houses at Naples for several hours in a constant tremor, every door and window shaking and rattling incessantly, and the bells ringing. This was an awful moment! The sky, from a bright full moon and starlight, began to be obscured; the moon had presently the appearance of being in an eclipse, and soon after was totally lost in the darkness. The murmur of the prayers and lamentations of a numerous populace, forming various processions, and parading in the streets, added likewise to the horror. As the lava did not appear to me to have yet a sufficient vent, I recommended to the company that was with me, who began to be much alarmed, rather to go and view the mountain at some greater distance, and in the open air, than to remain in the house, which was on the sea-side, and in that part of Naples nearest and most exposed to Vesuvius. We accordingly went to Posillipo, and viewed the conflagration. After some time, having observed that the lavas and fiery vapours had now free vent through a crack of more than a mile and a half in length, I concluded that at Naples all danger was now totally removed, and we returned to our former station. About five o'clock in the morning of the 16th, we could plainly perceive that the lava, which had first broke out from the several new mouths on the south side of

the mountain, had reached the sea, and was running into it, having overwhelmed, burnt, and destroyed the greatest part of Torre del Greco, the principal stream of lava having taken its course through the very centre of the town. We observed from Naples, that when the lava was in the vineyards in its way to the town, there issued often, and in different parts of it, a bright pale flame, very different from the deep red of the lava: this was occasioned by the burning of the trees that supported the vines. Soon after, ashes fell thick at the foot of the mountain; and what is remarkable, although there were not any clouds in the air, the ashes were wet, and accompanied with large drops of water, which were to the taste very salt. The road, which is paved, was as wet as if there had been a heavy shower of rain. The lava ran but slowly at Torre del Greco after it had reached the sea; and on the 17th of June, in the morning, when I went in my boat to visit that unfortunate town, its course was stopped, excepting that at times a little rivulet of liquid fire issued from under the smoking scoriae into the sea, and caused a hissing noise and a white vapour smoke. At other time, a quantity of large scoriae was pushed off the lava, revealing that it was red-hot under the surface. I observed that near a new-formed promontory, the sea-water was boiling as in a caldron. Although I was at least a hundred yards from it, observing that

the sea smoked near my boat, I put my hand into the water, which was literally scalded. By this time my boatmen observed that the pitch from the bottom of the boat was melting fast, and floating on the surface of the sea, and that the boat began to leak: we therefore retired hastily from this spot, and landed at some distance from the hot lava.

"The town of Torre del Greco contained about 18,000 inhabitants, all of whom (except about fifteen, who could not be moved) escaped either to Castell-a-mare, which was the ancient Stabiae, or to Naples."

W. *Stabiae* was the name, papa, of the town which was destroyed in the first eruption. I suppose that the people had built it up again, and had given it a new name.

P. Yes, that was the case: but hear about the inhabitants of Torre del Greco!

"Their goods and effects were totally abandoned; and indeed several whose houses had been surrounded with lava whilst they remained in them, escaped from them the following day by coming out at the tops and walking over the scoriae on the surface of the red-hot lava."

P. The book from which I have read this account, further states:—

"Towards the end of the month the commotion ceased, and the lava being now pretty well cooled on the surface, Sir William visited the mountain, where a terrible scene presented itself. Vast chasms like

valleys, two hundred feet deep and half a mile wide, had been formed by the eruptions; and ten thousand men, in as many years, could not make alterations such as had been here effected by nature in the space of a few hours."

Since the event thus described, Vesuvius has been visited, in the year 1816, by a person who felt curious to examine its crater. The mountain had been inactive for some years, only sending forth from time to time a little smoke; so, provided with ropes and a guide, he ascended as far as the very edge of the crater. The crater, I may remind you, has the shape of a cup, or funnel. The gentleman and his friend then gave the ropes to the guides, who held them at the edge of the hollow, while they themselves held the other end. They went down the shelving side for about 150 feet, when they reached a flat, circular-shaped piece of ground, which sounded hollow beneath their

feet. They did not see anything very remarkable in this; indeed they had only time to notice that the sides of the crater were coated with sulphur and *lapilla* (a loose kind of ashes resembling pumice-stone), and that the ground they stood on was full of little holes, through which smoke ascended, when the fumes of the sulphur, and the pungent smell of the smoke, caused them to cough very much, and gave them a strong feeling of suffocation. They therefore retreated speedily, and with difficulty, not having added much to their knowledge of volcanoes.

Six years afterwards, in the year 1822, occurred the last great eruption, which was nearly equal to that of 1794. It was then that the immense piece of the ancient cone (measuring 800 feet) was carried away by the explosion. From that year until now there have been occasional outbreaks, and there will probably be many more yet.

HOME.

My home, my own dear home,
It is a happy place,
Where smiles of love are brightening
Each dear familiar face—
Where parents' arms enfold me
In fond embraces pressed,
And daily, nightly blessings
Upon the household rest.
Our morning salutations
How glad-omely they sound!
And kind "good nights," at evening,
Like curtains, close us round.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

8th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

LOOK ABOUT!

(Concluded.)

BY A. R. CRAIG.

IT was Arthur's duty to open the shop every morning at seven o'clock, and regularly as the clock struck that hour he was sure to be at his post. The windows were speedily and carefully cleaned, and the different articles for sale attractively arranged in the window; the pavement in front of the shop was swept, and sometimes a footway made across the street to invite passengers to walk over and look at the goods. His civil and obliging manner in the shop, too, was equally attractive to the customers when they did come in.

In serving the different sorts of people who came into the shop, he had also need of much caution and sharpness in detecting bad money sometimes endeavoured to be passed off upon him; and in observing the motions of suspicious looking people. One day, two individuals of rather doubtful appearance came into the shop, whom he especially remarked as having no good end in view. They first came in separately, and then together to purchase some trifling articles, all the while secretly scanning the inside of the shop, glancing at the locks and fastenings of the doors and windows; the position of

the till, and making several other suspicious observations. Next day they repeated their visit, when several people were in the shop, knowing they would thus have more time to make a survey. But if they were thus diligent in examining the features of the shop, Arthur was no less busy—quite unknown to them—in watching *their* features and motions, and penetrating their designs; and he soon felt quite sure, from what he saw, that they intended robbing the shop by night. He told his master so, but as he seemed to think the boy might be mistaken, and that, at any rate, the door and windows were well secured, he soon thought no more about it. Arthur, however, took his own precautions; and thought that if they did make the attempt, and he was pretty sure they would, he might not only be able to prevent their success, but entrap one or more of the robbers themselves.

There were three windows in the shop, one of them at the side of the house, looking into a passage that separated the shop from the house next it; and this window, being the least safely secured and more retired from the street, he felt sure would be the one attempted, if attempted at all. So Arthur, recollecting how he used to see rabbits caught in a warren, by

placing a noose made of flexible wire at the mouth of the burrow, conceived the idea of thus snaring the thieves. He therefore got a pretty strong cord and made a noose at one end of it, which he slightly greased to make it run easily. When night came on, and the shop was closed, he then stretched out this line all across the inside of the suspected window, and had it suspended a little way off the ground on small pieces of wood, so that at whatever part of the window the thief might come in, he would be sure to put his foot right down through the noose before reaching the ground. The other end he took into his own sleeping birth, and the little jet of gas that lighted the place he screwed out all but the smallest peep, and even that he entirely shrouded over, but so as to be ready to be put on at a moment's notice.

Being thus prepared he retired to his place, but resolved to keep himself awake during the night, to see what would happen; through all that night no one came, and he began to think that he might be mistaken after all. Next day, however, while passing round by the end of the house on some business, whom did he see standing near that very window but those same two hulking individuals he had so much suspected! evidently, too, they had been examining the window with no good motive, as, on seeing him, they suddenly started, and then, looking unconcernedly about them, moved off. Arthur, however, did not appear to take any

notice of them, though he now thought he felt quite sure of their designs, and when the shop was again shut up for the night he laid his trap and lay down to watch for his prey.

It was a dark November evening, the wind howled in the chimney tops, and the rain poured in torrents; but these circumstances he well knew were only the mere favourable to their designs, and assured him the more they would select that night for the attempt. Arthur crept quietly to bed, but not to sleep, you may be sure. Long he lay and watched, listening to the moaning wind and the beating rain, thinking of his home, his affectionate mamma, and his dear little sisters, and that it was now only two days again when he would set out to see them; and then he thought of the wicked men about to rob the shop, and began to be afraid they might have weapons along with them, and might use violence; and no wonder the poor little fellow trembled a little as the dark hours of the night, and those equally dark thoughts, stole over him in that lonely little crib.

But the encouraging thought that he was defending his kind master's property—that master who had been so good a friend to him and his mamma—made him quite bold again, and he now thought—hark! what was that! A slight shuffling sound outside now caught his quick ear, and then a low grating sound soon followed.

The thieves were there to a certainty, and a hole was being

drilled in one of the window shutters. Jerk, jerk, jerk, scrape, scrape went the instrument, though in sounds so muffled that they could only be heard a short way off. A partition separated Arthur's sleeping place from this window, and, as his door was very near, he had made a small opening in the partition, through which he had brought his end of the rope, and as soon as a part of the shutter would be taken off, he could then see all their movements sufficiently well. This opening was soon made, and he now clearly saw them at work, removing one of the large panes of glass. This was also but the work of a few minutes. And now the entrance was clear, and after a few hurried words exchanged in whispers, a young lad of a slender form was placed in the opening. For one moment he rested on the inside edge of the window, his feet barely reaching down to the noose, while receiving some hurried instructions from those without. He then gently lowered himself on to the ground, which he had no sooner touched than Arthur, with all his strength, suddenly pulled the cord, and running up the noose, caught the thief tightly round the ankles and threw him on the floor. The noise of his fall, and his suppressed cry of terror, caused those outside speedily to descend, while Arthur, having previously attached a string to the bell at some distance, communicating with the house upstairs, now rang it violently,

and awoke the servants. Furious and violent, no doubt, were the struggles of the thief to get away; but as he was only a lad, and not much bigger than Arthur himself, he was easily held until assistance came.

When his masters and others came down, indeed, they were more disposed to laugh at the poor victim than to be angry with him. It was found that he was less to blame than the others who had run away, as they had merely made use of him for their own purposes. When brought before the magistrate next day, he was made to tell who the other parties were, and as soon as they were apprehended and brought to justice he was set at liberty.

Thus you see how Arthur's caution and courage preserved his master from suffering, perhaps, a heavy loss. But I must now stop, for I fear this story has grown too long. I shall only add, that when Arthur grew up to be a man, he was taken into partnership with his former master, and grew as rich as he had at one time been poor; that he furnished a nice house in Castleton, and that it was one of the happiest days of his life when his mother and sisters came over and took possession of it along with him, to share his happiness and prosperity.

Such is all I know of Arthur Seaton's history. Can you make any lesson from it?

Ion. Yes, I can, papa. *When ever we have the interest of another to take care of, it is our duty to LOOK ABOUT.*

MAMMALS.

GNAWING ANIMALS.

THE BEAVER.

W. Mamma, we have good reason to remember that the gnawing animals are small and numerous. £8,000 at 3d. each is 640,000, which must be the number of squirrels which you said were killed in America in 1749. The slaughter-house men, who destroyed the rats with their sticks, killed—how many was the number, Lucy?

L. 16,050.

W. Yes, 16,050. Besides that, you told us of 2,300 long-tailed field mice being killed; and of the death of 100,000 short-tailed field mice.

M. Our next animal is rather larger. It always interested me, even when I was a very little girl; for then, the gentlemen used to wear beaver hats, and I very seldom saw a beaver hat without thinking of the history of the *Beaver*. I will first tell you something of the animal's food and habits; then you shall see if you can tell me what sort of *parts* it is likely to have.

The *first* fact for you is simply that it is a gnawing animal—this you know. *Secondly*, it lives principally in Canada and the cold northern parts of America; also in the cold northern parts of Europe. *Thirdly*, it is an “amphibious” animal, living partly in the water as well as on the land.

From the first fact, that it is a gnawing animal, you at once know many things concerning it.

Ion. Yes, we thus know that it has chisel-shaped teeth for gnawing. Again, we know it is unlikely that it lives an *affine* life, as it is more probable that it gnaws “the hard parts of vegetables which other animals refuse.” Again, we know that the bones of its fore-arm are separate, so that it may have a free motion for its paws; and again, we know that it has the habit of sitting upright on its hind limbs.

M. Thus you see the advantage of arranging things in classes. You know, pretty certainly, all these particulars concerning the beaver, just because you have been told that it is a *gnawing animal*. What might you infer from the second fact which I mentioned—that it lives in cold countries?

L. We should suppose that it would be covered with a good warm fur, but that we know already.

W. True; and what would you suppose from the *third* fact, that it lives in the water?

Ion. I should think that it would have a greasy fur, just as the white bear has; or else it might have a gland with oil to grease its fur—just as the little birds oil their feathers to keep off the rain; and the water-fowl, to keep out the wet, when they swim.

M. That is a very proper inference. We find that the beaver *has* a gland containing a greasy substance called *castor* (or *castoreum*), which it uses for anointing its fur; this was at one time used in medicine.

W. To make castor-oil, his fur; with his hind-feet "webbed," and his front-feet "clawed." There, that is a beaver! Now, mamma, for its history.

M. No, that is a vegetable-oil, prepared from the seed of a tree. Is there any other peculiarity which the Beaver would be likely to have, from the fact of its living in the water?

L. Yes; I think that it would have a web between its toes, just as the seal has—and just as the duck, and all swimming-birds have.

Ion. I was thinking about that. But then, such paws would not be suitable for climbing trees!

M. But how many webbed feet has a *duck*? I know that the duck's fore-limbs are wings, for flying.

Ion. Ah, a duck has only two webbed feet; a beaver is quite as able to swim with two—he would paddle with his two fore-feet just as a dog does.

M. But, if you remember, the animals of this order sit on their haunches, and use their *fore*-feet to hold their food to the mouth. Thus, we find, that as the hind limbs of the *duck* are used for swimming, so we find that the beaver also can use his hind limbs for this purpose. The ends of his fore-limbs being claws, serve for climbing trees, and many useful purposes, as you will see when I give you his history.

Ion. Then, please, mamma, may we have its history? We will first put down what we know of the *beaver*. The word "Beaver" stands for a gnawing animal with a flat scaly tail, and a thick fur; with a gland containing grease for anointing

his fur; with his hind-feet "webbed," and his front-feet "clawed."

M. Near the shore of one of the great rivers in Canada, or on the banks of the Danube or the Rhone in Europe, the beavers may be seen. Sometimes they inhabit a lake, but they generally prefer a river or creek, as the running stream is useful to convey their building materials.

L. Are they *builders*, mamma?

M. Yes; you shall hear. Most beavers are gregarious (that is, they live in companies), but some are solitary, dwelling apart in burrows, on the banks of rivers. They are lazy fellows, however! and we will not notice them. Let us suppose that a number of "gregarious," active beavers have come to the determination to build themselves some houses in the running water of a river, and thus establish a colony.

Well!—that is a matter which requires consideration, and some old beaver, who knows how to "look about" (for he may have learned that from experience, even if he has not read PLEASANT PAGES), is chosen to select a proper place. Being thus appointed as "surveyor" to the company, he first looks about for a place which is quiet, and out of the way, looking whether there are any signs of man having been in the neighbourhood—the more solitary and far-off he is from man, the better for the peace and quiet of the colony. When he has settled

the important question of *personal safety*, he next chooses a suitable part of the river to dwell in. Now, see how his *instinct* works within him! He knows that if the river be shallow, when the hard frost comes it may freeze to the bottom. This will not do! for it is the habit of beavers, when in danger, to escape by plunging into the water. He therefore chooses deep water, so that he will be sure of water under the ice to swim in. When satisfied concerning the depth of the river, the next thing he is curious to know is its *swiftness*. The company are going to build themselves houses in that water, and if the stream be too rapid, their work may be suddenly and violently damaged. Another point he also tries to ascertain, namely, whether the river is apt to overflow suddenly in rainy seasons, but this is not of so much consequence. If he is able to make a favourable report on these important questions, he next inspects the neighbourhood, to ascertain how far off the trees are, for the question of distance in the carriage of their timber is worth considering; and again, from these trees they expect to procure their supply of food. The nature of the bank of the river is also examined—whether it be of clay, sand, or mud; and whether there be plenty of stones round about.

You. Ah, I think that the beaver has plenty to do! We may say “*busy beaver*,” as well as “*busy bee*.”

M. Let us suppose that “the

surveyor” and his companions are all agreed and satisfied on these points;—then, they prepare for business! Beavers are awkward-looking fellows on the land, but all the summer they roam about at pleasure, preparing for their undertaking in Autumn, by felling the wood required. A beaver, with his large chisel teeth, which are very strong and sharp, will at one bite lop off a branch as thick as a walking-stick. If the stem be larger, he can gnaw all round it, taking care that it shall fall toward the water. As the great branches fall, the beavers below gather round them, and gnaw off the smaller branches and young twigs. Then, when all the lighter work is done, down comes the tree itself!—down it comes! falling toward the water if they can manage to make it do so—even a tree as thick as a man’s body they will fell with their sharp teeth. The extent of work which they get through is truly wonderful. A large tract of land, three acres long, and one acre broad, has been seen covered with the felled timber.

W. What an enormous number of trees they must cut down! Why, I remember how immense the great field at Uncle John’s farm seemed, and he said it was only three acres long!

L. Three acres of timber is something like a preparation!—but then, *how many* beavers may there be, mamma?

M. Sometimes as many as from two to three hundred, but this is a very large company.

About the month of August they begin. There are two kinds of work to be carried on—*public* work, and *private* work. You know the difference between a public house, and a private house.

L. Yes, one is a house for everybody, almost; and the other belongs only to the few persons who live in it.

M. So with the work of the beavers—they have their public or “collective” duties, as well as their private or “individual” duties. They have, first, to perform a great public work in erecting a *dam* across the stream. This dam is a great wall built from the bottom of the river above the surface of the water. The work is done in the night—it is begun by laying down wood from the birch, or willow, or poplar trees. While some beavers are doing this, others come with mud and stones.

W. How do they bring it, mamma? In their *hands*?

M. No; but by holding up their fore paws, they manage to carry it between their paws and their throat. The mud and stones are heaped on the branches of the trees, which are interlaced one with another. The thickness of the wall at the bottom is said to be often eleven or twelve feet. That is to say, the dam is as thick as twice the length of your papa’s body! When the dam has been built up higher than the water, it must be a noble piece of work, enough to make the beavers feel proud, for they all have an interest in it. It is enlarged

every year, and after some time the young branches of green willow or poplar which are thus mixed up with the mud, take root in it, and shoot up, and make a thick green hedgerow across. The dam is then a very firm and solid bank, and will resist a great force of running water or of ice. When the stream is very strong, the dam is made of a curved or concave shape (like the outside of a bent bow), and this concave surface being presented to the stream is stronger than a straight line. The object of the dam is to stop the current of the river, and thus to procure deep and still water in which to build.

When the great work is complete, the beavers then build their own houses, which are generally close to the margin of the river. These houses rise above the river, and they have a dome-shaped roof, such as you see in the drawing on page 70. Like the dam, they are built of branches of trees and mud. Inside they measure from six to seven feet across. The house is generally the work of three or four beavers, and is divided into three or four rooms, one beaver living in each. The entrance generally leads into the water, sometimes direct to the land when attacked by man, the beavers dive at once into the water, and swim under the surface to some hole in the bank which has been prepared as a place of safety. In these winter huts the beavers rear their young. During this time they live principally on the bark of the trees which they have stored up for

the purpose. In the summer they eat other vegetable substances.

Before we close this account, you must know that this cleverness and industry of the beaver is rather the result of *instinct*, than of sagacity. This fact I mentioned before, in our lessons on Reason and Instinct, when I showed you how the beaver, when tame and domesticated, will proceed to build without knowing exactly what he is about. I have here, in another of Dr. Carpenter's books, a full account of the circumstance then mentioned to you.

"A half-domesticated individual, in the possession of Mr. Broderip, began to build, as soon as it was let out of its cage, and materials were placed in its way. Even when it was only half-grown, it would drag along a large sweeping-brush or warming pan, grasping the handle with its teeth, so that the load came over its shoulder; and would endeavour to lay this with other materials, in the mode employed by the beaver when in a state of nature. The long and large materials were always taken first; and two of the longest were

generally laid crosswise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and the other ends projecting out into the room. The area formed by the cross-brushes and the wall, he would fill up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, dried turf, or anything portable. As the work grew high, he supported himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably; and he would often, after laying on one of his building materials, sit up over against it, appearing to consider his work, or, as the country people say, "judge it." This pause was sometimes followed by changing the position of the material judged; and sometimes it was left in its place. After he had piled up his materials in one part of the room (for he generally chose the same place), he proceeded to wall up the space between the feet of a chest of drawers; using for this purpose dried turf and sticks, which he laid very even, and filling up the interstices with bits of coal, hay, cloth, or anything he could pick up. This last place he seemed to appropriate for his dwelling; the former work seemed to be intended for a dam. When he had walled up the space between the feet of the chest of drawers, he proceeded to carry in sticks, cloths, hay, cotton, &c., and to make a nest; and when he had done, he would sit up under the drawers, and comb himself with the nails of his hind feet."

* Animal Physiology.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Saviour, teach me how to pray;
I humbly kneel to thee,
And every night and every day,
My Friend and Saviour be.
Whilst here I live, oh, live with me!
And when I'm called to die,
Take up my soul to dwell with thee,
And sing thy praise on high.

**THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.**

EDWARD I.

P. To-day you will hear of more sad events in Edward's reign. I cannot tell you too much to show how terrible are the consequences when men are guided by superstition, instead of the word of God. This we particularly see in the cruel treatment of the Jews by those who called themselves Christians.

The Jews, you may remember, had no country of their own, which you also find to be the case in the present day. In Edward's time they lived, as they do now, wherever they could find a resting-place; and the nations with whom they lived took advantage of their weakness, to treat them in a most inhospitable manner. Some nations even would not permit them to live in their country. If you had asked them why, they would have told you that the Jews were the people who killed our Saviour,—that even now they did not believe in Him, and that they ought not to be forgiven for such wickedness.

W. But was there any harm in their being angry with the Jews for loving our Saviour?

P. It was wrong, Willie, because only God had a right to be angry with them. The English had no right to punish the Jew, or to say that they would not forgive them. Had they learned of Jesus, they would have remembered His dying

words—"Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do!"

I dare say you may remember that, in the later Saxon times, the Jews were not allowed to live in England, for they were all banished by order of King Canute. They then fled to Normandy; and when William, Duke of Normandy, conquered England, he gave them permission to return and settle in their old homes. During the English reign of William, and his sons William II. and Henry I., they enjoyed peace, and increased in riches. These riches, which the Jews by their business-like habits were always accumulating, excited the envy of the English people. This envy, together with the wicked desire to steal from them, was the real cause of the cruelty towards them. Their unbelief was only an excuse for persecution, while as a second excuse the people complained that the Jews were avaricious and dishonest, and had been discovered "clipping" the coins used for money. We find that in the time of Stephen, with these excuses the persecutions of the Jews began. The civil wars between that king and Matilda had emptied the royal coffers, and the Jews were compelled either to pay large sums of money to fill them, or to be mercilessly banished, and to lose all their property. This system of robbery was kept up in the reign of Henry II.; he caused them to pay enormous taxes for the expenses of a cru-

sade! In Richard I.'s reign the most dreadful persecutions began. As I told you, they tried to conciliate Richard at his coronation, and offered him great treasures; but the people, knowing of the riches of the Jews, massacred them, and burned their houses in nearly every town in England. These cruelties were continually repeated in the reign of King John. Whenever there was war between the king and the barons, the Jews were ill treated by both parties.

King John, it is said, once demanded 10,000 marks, a truly enormous sum, from a Jew at Bristol. The Jew attempted to resist such robbery, and refused the money; and the king, in order to enforce his demand, ordered one of the Jew's teeth to be drawn every day until he should comply. The Jew allowed seven of his teeth to be taken from him, and then paid the amount.

The oppression of these poor people during the long reign of Henry III. was equally intolerable. In the time of the Earl of Pembroke, their condition was somewhat improved, and they even obtained the protection of the king; but the people had tasted the fruits of plunder, and seeing that the prosperity of the Jews still increased, they wished to deprive them of the privilege of buying and selling. The clergy, who should have been their protectors, increased the prejudice of the people, and even taught them that to maltreat a Jew was a sign of Christian zeal.

When, therefore, the wars

between the king and the barons broke out, the persecutions which had been still going on in spite of the king, were renewed most violently. Even the king joined. He commanded the Jews to send "representatives" to Parliament, as his other subjects living in towns did. This was an honour which the poor Jews would gladly have avoided, especially when they found that the only business of the Parliament was, not to make laws, but to *vote supplies*, which means to pay the expenses of the government, and of war. On assembling, they were informed by their sovereign that he must have 20,000 marks from the Jews of England, whom they represented; and they were then dismissed to collect it as quickly as they could. They were left to divide the burden of payment between themselves, in any way they pleased, but as the money was not forthcoming as speedily as the king wished, the estates of the unfortunate representatives were seized, and they and their families were imprisoned.

The people did not hesitate to follow the king's example, by helping themselves to the Jews' property; and when the king thought that there really was no more wealth to be wrung from the unfortunate people, he crowned his acts of robbery by actually *selling* them to his brother, the Earl of Cornwall. This Earl bought them all, with their wives and children, and all their property, for 5,000 marks, it being understood that they were now his property, so

that he might get as much riches out of them as he chose; indeed, that he might take all that they had left, and do what he pleased with them so as to make his bargain a profitable one.

When the Earl of Cornwall afterward left England to be the King of the Romans, King Henry again sold the Jews to his son, the Prince Edward. He perhaps did not find that he could make a good use of his bargain, and he again sold the unhappy people to the merchants of Dauphine.

The same kind of treatment, which it would only weary you to describe, was continued when the Prince Edward became King Edward I. After Edward had made the improvements at the beginning of his reign, the two great objects of his life were the *conquest of Wales*, and the *conquest of Scotland*; for he thought it better to try and gain possession of the whole island, than to aim at subduing foreign countries.

The first event was described in our last lesson. Before we pass on to the second conquest of Scotland, I will tell you of his total expulsion of the Jews, which act forms, for the present, the conclusion of their history.

The expenses of Edward's unjust war with the Welsh were very great, for he had been compelled to hire soldiers from foreign countries. In order to pay his heavy debts he repeated his injustice to the Jews. At one time, when he found that his own parliament granted him scanty supplies of money, he

ordered the seizure of every Jew in England. It is said that "on an appointed day, men, women, and children — every living creature in whose veins the ancient blood of the tribes was supposed to flow — were brutally arrested and cast into loathsome dungeons." There was no resemblance to justice attempted on this occasion, and the Jews only purchased their freedom by the payment of £12,000 to the king. Even this, however, did not satisfy the king. He was then forming his other unjust design for the *conquest of Scotland*; and to carry it out he required an enormous sum at once.

Edward then resolved on issuing an "edict," for expelling every Jew from the kingdom, and for seizing all the property they left behind. Therefore, in the year 1290 the cruel proclamation went forth, commanding all Jews, under the penalty of death, to quit the kingdom for ever within the space of two months. This was a dreadful sentence! Badly as the Jews had been treated in England, their treatment in other countries had been worse, and now they had to go — they scarcely knew whither. They had already been banished from many kingdoms of the Continent, and now, in accordance with the king's command, *sixteen thousand five hundred and eleven* individuals left the kingdom, with just sufficient ready money to pay the expenses of their voyage. This was all they were allowed to take with

them—"their houses, lands, merchandize, treasures, debts owing to them, bonds, and property of every description, were all seized by the king."

Thus departed the Jews. They were not again admitted to the shores of England until the year 1655. Besides the property I have just mentioned, they left behind them all their books. Their valuable libraries at Stamford and Oxford, were seized by the neighbouring monasteries. The English owed much of their learning to these libraries. ROGER BACON, whom I spoke of in the history of Henry III., had, before the departure of the Jews, derived much of his knowledge of chemistry and astronomy from their libraries; especially from the *Babylonium Talmud*, which has been described as a series of "gigantic tomes." The large and venerable synagogue in London was seized by an order of friars—the situation of this ancient place of worship is still known in London by the name of the "Old Jewry," a street which, if you should ever go to London, you will find is a turning out of the Poultry.

It is not likely that very many of the Jews who left England, escaped death. Some, with their brethren, wives, and little ones, reached distant shores only to meet with starvation; others

did not live out their voyage—the mariners, in whose ships they sailed, robbed them of the little money left to them, and drowned them in the sea. A few of the sailors were, on their return, punished with death for this offence; for it is said by an historian named *Hume*, that "the king was determined to be the sole plunderer in his dominions."

Ion. Well, he was a pretty fellow to teach *justice* certainly!

The king's course was indeed a strange one. At the very time when he was thus treating the Jews, he was making *just* and wise laws for his English subjects. Yet it is likely that he thought little of his injustice to the Jews, or to the Welsh.

Let us once more learn the old lesson from King Edward: learn the meaning of those terrible words "prejudice" and "superstition;" and when you feel bad thoughts against others, which your conscience may whisper are not right, go to God's word, and read, that you may see the *truth*. Then the Holy Spirit will guide your actions, will teach you to love your neighbour as yourself, and will enable you to see the wickedness of war, and of all persecution. How much happier it would have been for the Jews and the English people had Edward done thus!

WAR.

I HATE thee, sanguinary war!
And hold thee up to view,
That all may see thy frightful form,
And learn to hate thee, too.

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

CORINTH.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

CORINTH is, as I told you, in the great peninsula called *the Morea*. You may also remember that the German doctor and I had agreed to travel thither by water. The German bookseller drove us to the Piraeus, assisted us in a bargain with the ‘Padrone’ of a small sailing boat, and kindly gave us a letter of introduction to the agent of the Austrian Transit Company at *Kalamachi*.

With every inch of our light canvas spread, we swept gently across the Bay of Salamis. The night was fair and promising; the beautifully smooth water of the bay was bathed in moonlight, and we accordingly wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and lay stretched upon the hard deck. Notwithstanding my dear-bought experience of the treachery of the sea and wind, I committed, again, the folly I had been guilty of at Gibraltar; and took with me no more provisions than a slender stock of wine; so, when the morning came I had to *repent* as before, for while we were sleeping, the breeze had died away, and we were now rocking idly on the waves,—the heavy clouds had gathered as I had too often seen them do, and there arose a violent hurricane, and we were on the water almost without food for another twenty-four hours, before we reached Kalamachi. Here we hired a ghostly looking vehicle, without springs; this

was drawn by a pair of equally ghostly steeds, and by such means we travelled over some miles of road which was filled with ruts; and were safely jolted into the ‘proud and mighty city of Corinth.’

“And what is CORINTH? It ~~was~~ is a proud and mighty city, but it now is a miserable collection of squalid huts, interspersed with about sixty decent houses. Most of the new houses have been built since the period of the revolution, when Greece, which had been subject to the power of the Turks, threw off their yoke, and became free. The glory of the city seems to have utterly vanished— scarcely a vestige of its former magnificence is visible, except where, in the midst of a dung-heap, a herd of swine were grubbing around seven lofty columns of an ancient Doric temple, supporting a massy slab of ‘entablature.’ So much have old things passed away, that even the name of this temple is lost—it is *supposed* to be the temple of Neptune.”

“The Acropolis of Corinth (or the Aero-Corinth, as it is called) was, however, the object of our visit. It is a lofty three-crowned hill; and, as we ascended it, we found that, at about two-thirds of its height, it is encircled by a wall. Within this wall are the remains of a complete town; but the inhabitants were gone—all was in ruins, except where, in one or two spots, a scanty garrison of ragged soldiers was seen; these were appearing to keep guard

over a few rusty cannon, and this seemed to be all they lived for. Poor men! it was a sad thing to think that they were human beings, with minds, and immortal souls; And that they thus from month to month idled away the live-long day! I would have gladly found them some occupation for their time.

"We proceeded from this wall up a winding path, to the summit of the mountain, and there a splendid and extensive panorama lay beneath us. On one hand we saw the Gulf of Lepanto; on the other, the bay of Athens, studded with islands. Here the mountain ranges of the Morea; and, far away in the distance, the peaks of Parnassus. It was a grand yet melancholy picture; for with the exception of degraded Corinth, and one or two miserable villages at our feet, not a habitation was visible; no flocks or cattle dotted the hill sides, and the scene was still and death-like. The only signs of life were a wreath of blue smoke curling from amidst a clump of trees, and an eagle circling in solitary majesty above the mountains;—both the smoke and the eagle, however, moved in silence.

"But, perhaps, you will wonder why, as the scene was solitary, we call it *death-like*. It is because of the contrast with its present and former state, for Greece was in the 'old times' the country of the most active people in Europe. Being rugged and romantic, with many mountains and beautiful rivers, with many creeks and bays, and

a great extent of sea-coast; being also surrounded by numerous islands, there was much in the intercourse of the people living in the different parts to call forth activity and love of adventure. These people, therefore, at first by commerce, and afterwards by bravery, rose to be the most powerful amongst nations. I will read you a part of their history, that you may see what their conquests did for them!

"Their conquests of other nations made them acquainted with much splendour which they had not before seen; and they thus acquired a taste for fine buildings and luxurios palaces. Having acquired this taste, their natural activity and perseverance led them on, until they formed a most perfect system of architecture: they invented three of the five 'orders' of architecture.

"Thus, as their great cities became populous, they were also surpassingly elegant; and Athens and Corinth, the two old shabby places on which I had stood, were at one time the two most celebrated cities in the world. Not only were they celebrated on account of their architecture, but on account of the increased learning and taste of the people. During the later times of her power, Athens, and other Greek cities, were the dwelling-places of the finest poets and philosophers, and the most talented sculptors and artists. But it was this people's love of luxury which partly led to their fall. Their city, it is said, 'afforded a perpetual

scene of triumph and festivity. Dramatic entertainments, of which they were passionately fond, were no longer performed in slight unadorned edifices, but in stone or marble theatres, erected at great expense. The treasury was opened, to enable the poorer citizens to enjoy this favourite amusement. The eye was gratified with the architecture of those numerous temples, theatres, statues, altars, baths, gymnasia, and porticoes, which, it is said, rendered Athens the eye and light of Greece. The pomp of religious solemnities, and the extravagance of entertainments and banquets, exhausted the resources of the republic. Instead of bread, herbs, and simple fare, the delicacies of distant countries were prepared with all the refinements of cookery. The wines of Cyprus were cooled with snow in summer; in winter, the most delightful flowers adorned their tables and persons. Dancers and buffoons were seen at every entertainment. Among the weaker sex, the passion for delicate birds, distinguished by their voice or plumage, was carried to such excess as merited the name of madness.

"When we add to the facts that Athens and Corinth were rival cities, and jealous of each other; and that they, as well as the smaller states, were frequently involved in quarrels, we can easily suppose that their power would not long continue."

"After having conquered the Persians, and the immense army

of Xerxes, the largest ever known, Greece continued to be mistress of the world for about three hundred years. The different States were then all conquered by one man, *Philip of Macedon*, and afterwards by his son, *Alexander the Great*. Soon after the death of Alexander, the Greeks ventured to begin war with the Romans, and were conquered. Greece thus became an humble dependency on the more powerful Roman Empire.

"I may as well add, however, that Greece was a dangerous possession to the Romans. They regarded her with respect, and looked up to her as an instructor and a model. Captured Greece captured her rude conquerors, and introduced the arts into rustic *Latium*," which was the name often given to Rome. By the taste for luxury and refinement which she taught the Romans, she gave them the seeds of that destruction which had fallen upon herself. •

"We find, therefore, that, in the course of time, Rome was ruined; and in the year 1453, Greece became subject to the Turks. They destroyed the monuments of her ancient glory, degraded her people, and, until about thirty years ago, kept the people in cruel bondage.

"You will not wonder, therefore, that this country of departed glory is said to be 'death-like.' In my next letter, you shall have a more full account of Greece as it is, from

"Your affectionate friend,
• "UNCLE RICHARD."

DAILY WORK.

Who lags from dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime;

A soulless slave—

A paltry knave—

A clog upon the wheels of time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great—

No feud with rank—

With mill or bank—

No envy of a lord's estate,
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need,
And can retain,
For age and pain,
A fraction; we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours,
We know our worth, and weigh our powers;
The more we work the more we win;

Success to trade!

Success to spade!

And to the corn that's coming in!
An' joy to him who o'er his task
Remembers toil is nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks,
And never sinks
His independence as a MAN!

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health;
And leisure when his work is done,
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun;
Who toils as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free:
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be.

CHARLES MACKAY.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

9th Week.

MONDAY.

* Moral Lesson.

LOOK FORWARD!

PRUDY left off pattering on the window-panes with her fingers, jumped off her chair, moved the copper-kettle from the hob a little way over the fire, lit the lamp, drew the curtains, and managed to reach the hall-door before her uncle had finished scraping his shoes, or even had time to knock.

"I'm so glad you're come, uncle," cried Prudy, "for mamma has gone out, and I have stopped at home to make tea for you! it will be ready before you have time to get on your slippers. There, uncle!" she added, as he entered the room; "your slippers are quite warm, and the copper-kettle you see is boiling, and the lamp—ah! the lamp does not burn properly; what a smell it is making! Why, it wants a new candle in it; there is nothing left but a piece of wick."

Prudy soon cured the lamp, and then everything seemed all right, to her great pleasure. She had taken much pains to prepare properly, for, as she was not quite ten years old, it was only the second time in her life that she had had the honour of "making tea."

"I'm going to make a bargain with you, uncle," said Prudy, as soon as the tea-things were removed. "If you'll tell

me a tale about Looking forward, something like the tales 'Look about,' and 'Look back,' in PLEASANT PAGES, I will pull all the gray hairs out of your head!"

"Will you, though?" cried uncle, starting up, "but I—I don't wish them to be pulled out! I should be nearly bald."

"Ah, I did not think of that!" said Prudy; "mamma pulled out twelve gray hairs from papa's head yesterday, and he was very much pleased; so I thought I might pull out twelve hundred from your head, and then you would be—DELIGHTED!"

"Well," said uncle, "I don't mind telling you a tale for nothing. I'll tell you one for love, and if you like it, you shall give me a kiss when it is finished.

"Let us begin. I often used to look forward when I was a boy. When I was a very little fellow, I used to think about my elder brother, and look forward to the time when I should wear a jacket and trousers. And as soon as I wore a jacket I began to look forward to the next year, and to think, 'Oh how I shall enjoy myself, when, instead of being taught by mamma, I shall go to school!' I had not been very long in school when I forgot all about the pleasures I had expected, and began to look forward

again. 'Ah,' I thought, 'how pleasant it will be when I am one of the "big boys," and make the other boys look up to me and mind me, and say "sir," when they speak to me!' But when I was one of the elder boys, I forgot, again, the pleasure I had expected; I found that I had plenty of *hard work*, and I said to myself very often, 'What a good thing it will be when I shall have left all this hard work, and shall go to the City—to business—and not have to learn these dry lessons!'

Prudy. Ah, that was a good time, I know, when you had no more hard lessons, and *sums!* Did you ever do any *Practice sums*?

Uncle. Oh, yes. But when I had left school, I did not find business so pleasant as when I had looked forward to it. It was very tiresome, I thought, to sit in my father's counting-house all day. But I was mistaken; the truth is, there was, really, the pleasure I had expected when I looked forward to it, but I did not find it, because I forgot to look for it.

Prudy. Yes. I suppose you looked forward again to some other pleasure?

Uncle. That was the case; and that was why I did not see (or over-looked, as we say) the pleasures that were with me.

Prudy. But I suppose you did find the pleasures you had expected, when you became a real grown up man, and you were your own master?

Uncle. I might have found them, but I did not for a long time. A great many troubles

were waiting for me, and these I found first. I was so busy with these troubles that I again forgot to "look about" for the pleasures I might have, and once more looked *forward* for pleasure. "Yes," I said to myself, "when I shall be a rich old man, with no care or trouble to earn my daily bread—when I shall spend my time in rest, and quietly sit and enjoy myself all the live-long day, *then* I shall be happy. I shall be a happy old man!"

Prudy. But you are not quite an old man yet, uncle; you are just beginning to get happy, I suppose?

Uncle. Oh dear no, I am quite happy now—quite! I found out that it was of no use waiting so long to be happy. I found it better to make myself happy at once.

The truth was I had been making a mistake all the time; for when I happened to look back one day I thought to myself, "*How I should like to be a boy again!*"—how happy I was when my dear mother used to teach me! and if I could just be that little boy again, I'd make myself happier still." And then I thought to myself, "*How happy I used to be in school!*"—and then I said, "*When I first went to business,* how happy I was!" And these thoughts made me wish I could only be young again. At last there came an idea across my mind which made me laugh out loud. "*You foolish fellow!*" I said to myself, "in those days you were looking *forward* to be happy; you see now that you

could have been happy then, why are you not happy now? You *lost* your happiness then, and even now you have not had much enjoyment yet."

Prudy. That was because you were still looking forward for it—you should have been looking about instead. That you said you forgot to do!

Uncle. But I learned to do so that very day. Instead of always looking forward, I began to look about me, and to feel contented.

Thus you see there is one way to look forward which I do not wish you to learn.

Prudy. Yes, you mean that we are not always to look forward for *pleasures*. I do so, often. I often think how glad I shall be when I am as old as mamma.

Uncle. Then you had better leave off doing so as soon as possible. You had better enjoy your *own* pleasures, than want those which your mamma has. But I was going to tell you a tale. You shall hear how I learned to look forward, in the proper way.

Once I had promised your aunt Mary that on your cousin Edgar's next birthday, when he should be five years old, I would go to his evening party with my magic lantern.

So, on the 4th of November last, when his birthday came, I received a letter in my office requesting me to be sure to come in the evening, and to come early. Here was something to *look forward* to! but unfortunately I put the letter in my pocket, only just saying to

myself, "Well! I will leave the office at four o'clock, and after going home, I will start from London Bridge by the six o'clock train."

Prudy. Well, that was looking forward.

Uncle. But not sufficiently. I might have stopped for five minutes and have looked forward to all I had promised to do. Unfortunately, when four o'clock came I had business letters still to write, and did not leave the office until twenty minutes past.

On my way home I began to think of my dear little nephew Edgar, and your little pet cousin Alice, and how I would dance one on each knee, and have a game at blind man's buff; and what a laughing they would all make when they saw the magic lantern.

Prudy. Well, that was all right; you were looking forward then!

Uncle. Ah! I must differ with you again. It was all wrong just at that time. I soon found to my cost that I had been only looking forward to the pleasure, instead of looking forward to my duties. I had much better have been attending to the latter point first.

I reached home by a quarter to five. In ten minutes more I was dressed, and ready to start. Down I went to my study for the magic lantern, when, on opening the cupboard, and seeing an empty shelf, I instantly remembered that the magic lantern was in this very house, and had been left here to amuse you.

"Never mind," I said, making haste; "I can hire one of Jones, the optician; he only charges half-a-guinea. So, after three minutes' delay in finding the hat brush, I went off to Mr. Jones. There I found that Mr. Jones was not at home, and that his great magic-lantern was "out," as the young man said; there was nothing left but a small affair which was not worth taking. Well, a new optician had lately begun business in Church Street, so thither I went with all speed, and to my great delight I found a splendid apparatus with eighty slides, which was lent to me for fifteen shillings.

There were, however, two or three things which interfered with my pleasure; the shopman took more than ten minutes to make up the parcels; the parcels were rather heavy, and there was no errand-boy to help me carry them. Church Street was even farther from the railway than my own house; there was no cab-stand near; and what was worse than all, it was now ten minutes to six. It was very clear that I could not reach the railway, a distance of three miles, in ten minutes.

Prudy. Besides, you would want five minutes to get your ticket.

Uncle. Ah! Well, I said I must take my chance and travel by the next train that may start. So I walked briskly, until I found a strong lad who agreed to carry the heavy magic-lantern. I was not tempted on my way to call a cab; but then I thought, "I am not very rich, and I shall

have to pay this boy quite as much whether he carries the parcel the whole distance or not, so I'll take my chance."

And a bad chance it was. At the station the porter stated that a train had just started by another line, which would have taken me within a mile of your aunt's house; and that the next train, which was an "express," would not leave until 7-40, which means twenty minutes to eight. Ah, I said to myself, if I had only looked forward in the morning, I should have thought of looking over my *Bradshaw*, and should have seen this.

Prudy. You might almost as well have gone back again. It was hardly worth while to start at that hour.

Uncle. Yes; but I had promised the children I would come, and I had paid 15s. for the use of the lantern, and had given the boy a shilling for bringing it to the station. But all my worst troubles had yet to come. The charge by the express train, which consisted of *first-class* carriages only, was nearly double the amount I had expected to pay; and on arriving at the station, and trudging for half a mile with the heavy magic-lantern to your uncle's house, I found that the poor children's pleasure had been spoiled by waiting for me all the evening, that many had gone home, and that now it was really not worth while to show my lantern at all.

I need not say anything to you about my vexation. I scarcely slept all night, and was obliged to return to business

early the next morning with my heavy, useless parcel.

These are the thoughts which troubled me in the train. "Now," I said to myself, "when you received that letter yesterday morning, if you had only looked forward to the *duties* you had to perform, you would have remembered that your own magic lantern was at Brixton, and would have sent one of your errand-boys for it, so you would have saved 16s. And," I continued to myself, "if you had looked forward, you would have thought that several accidents *might* happen, and you would have arranged to leave your office earlier. You would have also remembered to take your *Bradshaw* with you; but now you have disappointed the poor children, have paid 16s. for nothing, and your whole expedition is a failure, because you did not *look forward* properly."

Prudy. And now, when you looked *back*, you were not pleased with yourself. I will teach you a moral lesson, uncle! If you don't take care to look forward, you'll find it unpleasant to look back.

Uncle. Thank you, Prudy. Now, I'll teach the same thing to you.

You are now in exactly the same position as I was in when I was going on that journey.

Prudy. Why, uncle, I'm sitting on your knee!

Uncle. But that is not what I mean. You are preparing for a longer journey, Prudy—a journey through life. You will be preparing at school and at

home, until you are sixteen or eighteen years old. You will not prepare by getting ready a magic lantern, but by getting wisdom, virtue, knowledge, and, above all, the holy love of God, and of his creatures. These things will enable you to distribute much more joy and happiness to those around you, than I could have given with my lantern.

So remember, Prudy, that this is the real object of your journey of life. Now, while you have the opportunity, if you look forward to your *duties*, you will not make the mistake that I did; but if, instead, you are always looking forward for *pleasure*, then you will indeed make a mistake, as I did. Don't do so! Look forward only to prepare for your duties, and to meet dangers,—then will you feel real happiness, and will have much to spare for others.

Prudy. Thank you, uncle,—and there is your kiss for that nice tale. I was looking forward this evening when you came, and had prepared for all my duties.

Uncle. For all except lighting the lamp, you remember, dear Prudy. There are few indeed who have ever looked forward so as to prepare *all* things. Don't you remember our Saviour's parable of the Virgins, with their lamps? Out of ten, five had looked forward to the *pleasures* of the marriage feast, and had only half looked forward to their duties.

Prudy. So they enjoyed neither. But, uncle, it is nearly seven o'clock. I must look forward to my duties at school tomorrow, and prepare my lessons.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 7. GNAWING ANIMALS.

THE HARE AND RABBIT.

P. I can only slightly notice the remaining gnawing animals. The first which we will notice is one which you may have often seen.

W. Every one knows, papa, that this animal leads a defensive life. How often it has to escape from the hunter and his hounds!

P. True; but man is not his only enemy. Poor fellow, he leads a truly "defensive life." Like the field-mouse, he becomes the prey of the stoat, weasel,



The Hare.

and pole-cat, the hawk, and other birds of prey. The young hares, or leverets, are often carried off by the owls; and I have even heard of a hedgehog attacking a leveret. Perhaps not half the leverets born, ever become full-grown hares; for, besides the enemies already mentioned, the dog, the fox, the wild cat, and many others, help in their destruction; while the sportsman with his gun, and the poacher with his snare, as well as the huntsman with his horse and hounds, make constant war upon them.

Ion. They must lead a rather unpleasant life—no wonder we say "timid hare."

W. Besides, I have been looking at the picture of the hare, and really, I don't know how it is to defend itself. It can't fight!—it has no, nails,

teeth, claws, or anything proper to fight with.

P. But there is another mode of defence besides that of fighting.

W. Oh, to be sure, he may run away, and that is one of the hare's means of defence. We will say, first, that he has long legs, and great swiftness, so that he can escape from danger.

L. And, secondly, papa, the hare can swim. I have seen a hare swimming across a pond, and once I read of a hare that swam across an arm of the sea for the distance of a mile.

P. Then you know two of its modes of defence: but it may escape not only by swiftness in running, but by gaining due warning when danger is coming.

L. Then I suppose we shall find that its senses are very perfect. I dare say that it has

those long scoop-shaped ears, to collect distant sounds properly.

P. True ; and did you never notice how it can move its ears in all directions ? The rabbit can also—it “wagges” them, as I once heard you say,

W. Yes, papa ; when you make the shadow of a rabbit on the wall, you waggle your fingers, to show that it is moving its ears. That is one of the baby’s first Natural History lessons—that the rabbit waggles its ears.

P. But to come back to matters of business. Why, think you, have the hare and rabbit such moveable ears ?

Ion. I think I know, papa—because, being able to move them in all directions it can hear enemies from behind, as well as before—or the enemies on either side of it.

P. That is the case. Now you know three of its means of defence, but it has enemies above as well as below. The winged enemies that soar in the air and pounce suddenly upon it, are perhaps more dangerous than those which creep, or crawl, or run, or leap, on the earth. Thus, if we had a live specimen with us, you would observe that its eyes are so situated that while it can see in all directions around it, it can also look up in the air above.

W. It’s all very fine for the hare to be so watchful, but suppose he goes to sleep!—for I have heard that hares sleep in the day time—if he is caught napping, there is little hope for him !

P. True, but the hare is wakeful, as well as watchful : the least rustling of the grass,

the faintest sound of a foot-fall, reaches his ready ears. But, you may say, a cat or other animal might leap upon him, or the birds might pounce down.

* *L.* Yes, papa ; or even a gun might be fired at him from a distance. How can he escape, then ?

R. I must tell you. In the first place, it is not quite so easy to see a hare at a distance. Do you not remember when, as it was getting dusk the other evening, you were hunting for slugs and snails ? Why could you not see them easily ?

W. Because they were so nearly the same colour as the earth of the flower border.

P. It makes little difference in the chances for the slug, whether it be awake or asleep ; for neither the slug nor the snail is remarkable for its swiftness ; they escaped danger by escaping your observation.

W. Then their resemblance in colour to the earth is their protection.

P. Thus it is with the hare. Its sleeping-place is not a burrow underground, but is a slight hollow in the earth, of the shape of its body ; and this hollow it generally forms in the midst of some dry ferns, or russet-coloured herbage, or sandy heath. This is so much like the animal’s fur in colour, that its presence cannot easily be observed.

Ion. Has it any other means of escape, papa ?

P. Yes, I have left one of its resources unmentioned. When hunted by man, the hare often shows great sagacity and cunning : unable to escape by swift-

ness of flight, like the fox it endeavours by "doubling" and by all kinds of clever tricks to escape its enemy.

L. I will count up its methods of escape, papa. It has, (1.) swiftness; (2.) power of swimming; (3.) moveable ears, and acute sense of hearing; (4.) eyes which see in all directions; (5.) a fur resembling in colour the earth or herbage where it dwells; (6.) sagacity and cunning, besides great watchfulness.

P. But in spite of all these means of protection the hare would soon be exterminated by its numerous enemies, if it were not that it multiplies so very rapidly. The hare has from three to five young ones, three times a-year; and each of these young ones when it has completed its first year, produces other young. Rabbits, you know, have even larger families than those of the hare.

Ion. Yes, our black-and-white doe had nine little ones.

P. And a rabbit generally has four or five "litters" in the course of the year. You can easily by making a little calculation see how fast they must multiply. It is therefore well, perhaps, that they are so easily destroyed.

L. Why, papa? Would they do any harm if all were to live?

P. Indeed they would. We should soon have scarcely any vegetables whatever, and should be compelled to feed on hare and rabbit.

W. Ah! we should say as the clergyman did—

"Of rabbits *young*, of rabbits *old*,
Of rabbits *hot*, of rabbits *cold*,
Of rabbits *tender*, rab—"

P. Never mind the anecdote, Willie; let us keep to our lesson. I was going to speak of the *destructive propensities* of the hare and rabbit. We talked of their not leading an offensive life!—they are most "offensive" animals to the farmer in another sense. They make war upon cabbage-stalks, the hearts of the cabbage, peas, beans, turnips, and everything nice in the farmer's garden. The farmer has no remedy against him; for the hare is one of the animals called *game*, and it is unlawful to destroy it without paying a heavy sum every year for license to shoot.

W. That is too bad!

P. I was going to say that even large fields of corn in the neighbourhood of the woods are often totally ruined by them while it is yet green. In the plantations also they are most mischievous, injuring the young trees by gnawing off the bark.

So, no wonder they give offence to the country people. I was once walking in a turnip field with a young farmer, who fell into a violent passion on seeing the mischief they had worked in one night. I then saw the particular way in which they are destructive. "Ye see, sir," said my friend, "it is the nasty, nibbling habits of the vermin that make them so mischievous. There! if each would satisfy his appetite with *one* turnip and have done with it, he should be welcome to it; but now look where they have been—they have wandered from one turnip to another, and have nibbled a little rim all round

the crown, so that when the rain comes it lodges there—then the turnip decays, and is fit for nothing." Many bushels of turnips are spoilt in this way. Rabbits are more numerous and more injurious than hares.

L. But why don't the farmers have a boy to sit up all night, and drive them away?

P. Because, in the first place, such a plan would be too expensive; and secondly, one boy would be no match for a troop of these animals. Night is the time when they are full of life and spirits, and come out to enjoy themselves. They'll show you how

"to dance by the light of the moon!"

To sit unobserved and watch an assembly of these animals as they gambol and sport with one another, or gravely sit up on their hind-quarters, is delightful amusement. In a large rabbit-warren, hundreds may be seen, of all sizes, tumbling about and chasing each other with astonishing rapidity, like so many mad people! The least sound causes a general hush amongst them and a prickling of the ears, another startling noise, and, in an instant, the whole company are safely housed in their burrows. Their disappearance is almost magical.

I have mixed up our description of the hare and rabbit, but their habits are very different. The rabbits live in companies.

W. So we call them *gregarious*, papa; they are so called from the Latin word *greges*, flocks.

P. While, on the other hand, the hares live *alone*.

W. So they are called *solitary* animals. In my Latin grammar we have the word *solus*, alone.

P. When you want something to amuse you, you may sit down and think, in what other way the rabbit and the hare differ.

L. They do not *run* exactly in the same way. The rabbit *hops* along so curiously.

W. And their flesh, again, is different. The rabbit's flesh is white, while that of the hare is darker; it tastes very differently, too.

P. Yes. Your mentioning that fact reminds me of something else. The hare was reckoned by the *Jews* as an "unclean" animal, and was not eaten. The *Mahometans* also will not eat it. It seems that the *Ancient Britons*, too, abstained from its flesh, on account of their religion.

The *Romans* were very different in their taste; they considered it a great delicacy.

I have also read concerning the rabbit, that the *Romans* introduced it into Europe. They found it in Africa, and brought it, over the Mediterranean, into Spain.

In the year 1309, the price of a rabbit in England was as great as that of a pig. At a great feast given by an *Abbot*, six hundred rabbits were provided, at the cost of *sixpence each*,—a very large sum in those days.

W. And the six hundred rabbits would thus cost fifteen pounds. Oh, that must have been an enormous sum!

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

EDWARD I.

P. To-day we will finish the history of Edward's reign. Mention the principal events you have heard of.

W. We heard of his justice in governing his kingdom; of his injustice in making war on the Welsh; of his injustice toward the Jews; and—

P. And now we must talk of war again; for having conquered WALES, he unjustly determined to conquer SCOTLAND.

Here are the facts of the case, as they are given in most history books.

At the death of ALEXANDER III., King of Scotland, in 1285, a multitude of his distant relations claimed the crown. The two who seemed to have the best right were named ROBERT BRUCE and JOHN BALIOL. It was not very easy for the Scots to decide; and, indeed, if they had done so, it is most likely that the friends of him who was not chosen would have formed a party, and have raised a civil war. So the people wisely determined to try and settle the question in a peaceful manner; and sent a message to King Edward I., begging him to be *umpire*, that is to say, to decide the question for them, according to his own judgment.

Such an opportunity was just what the crafty Edward wanted. He arrived at the borders of Scotland, and took up his dwelling at Norham Castle, on the banks of the Tweed,

as you have read in one of Mr. Young's letters. There he held a council, and knowing BALIOL to be a man of less courage than BRUCE, he decided in his favour, with this condition,—that he, KING EDWARD, should be acknowledged as the "Lord Paramount" of Scotland; by which is meant, a person superior to the king.

As soon as the weak Baliol was acknowledged as king, Edward proceeded to treat him and the Scots as *his subjects*. Baliol revolted against this treatment, and Edward accordingly invaded his kingdom, took him prisoner, made him yield up his crown to him, as his master, and sent him over to France. Edward then declared himself King of Scotland, and acted towards the Scots as a conquered nation. On his return to England, he left a part of his army in Scotland to keep the people in awe. He then took with him the crown and state jewels and the public records of Scotland, so that nothing might be left to show the independence of the nation.

But a brave people like the Scots could not, in those days, be expected to submit to such treatment tamely. As soon as Edward had departed, the brave Sir WILLIAM WALLACE arose, and in less than a year was at the head of a very large army. He defeated the English at Stirling, and was in his turn overthrown by them at Falkirk. For eight years he kept up an unequal contest with Edward, and

distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of strength and bravery. At last he was betrayed by a treacherous friend, named *Sir John Menteith*, and was put to death in a most barbarous manner by the fierce Edward.

About this time Edward was also engaged in a great war with France. The Scots, taking advantage of this circumstance, revolted once more. A young Earl, named *ROBERT BRUCE*, came forward as the champion of his country; he drove the English forces out of Scotland; and was crowned king, at Scone, in the year 1306.

Edward was much enraged at this; for he found, in the midst of all his engagements with France, that he must return, and again lead a large army into Scotland. This he did in the course of the next year, 1307, swearing, in his anger, that he would never return until he had thoroughly subdued the nation. He kept his word, and never returned; for being worn out with age and fatigue, he died on the borders of the country—at Carlisle, in the same year, 1307. Before he died, while he yet had any breath in his body, he solemnly charged his son Edward never to give up the enterprise.

The PEOPLE made progress in Edward's reign. The parliaments were called regularly, and were greatly improved. Not only did they gain greater liberties, and justice, but made improvements in the peaceful arts. Coal was now brought into use for the first time; but

like all new things it met with opposition. "The nobility and gentry complained to the king that the burning of sea-coal by bakers, dyers, and others, infected the air with a noisome smell, and thick clouds, injurious to the health; upon which the king issued a proclamation to forbid the people of London and the neighbourhood from using coal. Wine was also in use, but it was only sold at the shops of the *apothecaries*, as a cordial. It is said that there were only two clocks in England in Edward's reign,—one in Canterbury Cathedral, and the other over the gateway at Westminster. Windmills are another invention which then came into use."

During this reign certain Italian merchants from Lombardy (called *Lombards*) settled in London. They imported silks, wines, spices, and other luxuries; and *lent money on interest*. The street where they settled is now called Lombard Street, and there the latter business is still most extensively carried on, for the street abounds with *banking-houses*.

Lesson 19. EDWARD I.

1. KING EDWARD I., the son of Henry III., was one of the wisest, the most useful, the bravest, the most warlike, and the most cruel of the English kings.

2. He began his reign by dismissing the unjust judges of his kingdom, and by trying to restore peace, order, and justice. He himself, however, formed the dishonest design of conquering Wales

and Scotland, so that he might rule over all the nations of the island.

3. His scheme of conquering the Welsh he accomplished; but it cost him much money. He was thus led to act with still more injustice towards his unfortunate subjects the Jews. In order to repair his losses, he robbed them of all their property, and banished

them from the kingdom. Edward also entered into a long war with FRANCE.

4. In his design to subdue Scotland, the king failed; he died while engaged in the attempt, in the year 1307. Although he was too warlike in his character, it is said that Edward I. did more for the solid good of his kingdom, than any king before or after him.

HARVEST-FIELD FLOWERS.

COME down into the harvest-fields
This autumn morn with me;
For in the pleasant autumn-fields
There's much to hear and see.
On yellow slopes of waving corn
The autumn sun shines clearly;
And 'tis joy to walk, on days like this,
Among the bearded barley.

Within the sunny harvest-fields
We'll gather flowers now;
The poppy red, the marigold,
The buglos brightly blue:
We'll gather the white convolvulus
That opes in the morning early;
With a cluster of nuts, an ear of wheat,
And an ear of the bearded barley.

Bright o'er the golden fields of corn
Doth shine the autumn sky;
So let's be merry while we may,
For time goes hurrying by.
They took down the sickle from the wall
When morning dews shone pearly;
And the mower whets the ringing scythe
To cut the bearded barley.

Come then into the harvest-fields;
The robin sings his song;
The corn stands yellow on the hills,
And autumn stays not long.
They'll carry the sheaves of corn away;
They carried to-day so early,
Along the lane, with a rustling sound,
Their loads of the bearded barley!

MARY HOWITT.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

ESSEX.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I had often heard of Essex as a particularly flat country, and that in travelling on the river Thames from London to Gravesend it is easy to observe the difference between the Essex and Kent shores; the appearance of the latter county being hilly and romantic, while that of Essex is flat and uninteresting.

"I certainly did not think the county flat or uninteresting at first sight. I journeyed from Sudbury to *Saffron Walden*, and enjoyed a most beautiful ride. I was not less pleased on reaching Saffron Walden itself, which is a truly agreeable place. Its name is derived from two Saxon words—*weald* meaning a wood, and *den* a valley. It was called *Saffron Walden* because, in former times, great quantities of saffron were grown in the neighbourhood. Saffron is a bright yellow dye, consisting of the dried stigma of the crocus. The large district extending from Saffron Walden to Cambridge, a distance of about ten miles, was at one time covered with these crocuses.

"From Saffron Walden I proceeded along the western side of the county to Epping Forest, a place which is well known to the Londoners. The poorer people of London, particularly, make up what they call "Gipsy-parties," and travel thither in vans. In these Gipsy-

parties they generally dine on the grass, under the shade of the tall trees; and, as this plan of dining is different from the manner in which they get dinner at home, it is considered very pleasant. Indeed, the people make up their minds to enjoy themselves; they generally make plenty of jokes and laughter, while they are dining; and afterwards they run in the woods, or make up a dance. There is no doubt that it does them good. All persons should make themselves merry now and then, for a change, provided that they do it at the proper time. It is the custom on the first Friday in July, to hold a fair around a spot once occupied by an enormous oak called *Fairlop Oak*. The fair is therefore called 'Fairlop Fair,' but I am not quite sure that it is now kept up on so large a scale as it used to be. The people find that there are many other places which they can reach by the different railroads, and they go about, here and there, to much greater distances than formerly.

"Epping Forest is so called after the town of Epping, near which it is situated. It was formerly called the Forest of Essex. In extent it is said to be nearly 60,000 acres, of which about 48,000 acres are private property. The remaining 12,000 acres are waste lands, for the use of the poor and the public generally. A part of this 12,000 acres, called *Hainault Forest*, is to be enclosed very shortly, so that the public

will not be able to make use of it. They will not like that!

"While I was sitting under one of the trees in the forest, I met with a poor labouring man who had nothing to do, and therefore, according to my usual custom, made inquiries of him concerning the county, and the *soil* in particular."

"He told me many things which you know, you have read my account of Norfolk and Suffolk, and spoke particularly of the large farms of Essex. He then added some other points which were new to me. 'In this part of Essex, sir,' he continued, 'and indeed in all the parts which are near London, except the forest itself, you will find plenty of garden land. The market gardeners find this a good county for growing vegetables, and you will see great fields of potatoes and cabbages especially: — *lots o' cabbages*, sir! and so you would say if ever you had see'd the wagon-loads a-going off as I have. Why! some of the loads are heaped up as high as the first-floor windows of the houses in London streets!'

"How is it that they should be cultivated in *Essex*, particularly?" I asked. "Well, sir, you see, vegetables are things that must be fresh, so there are two reasons for growing them in these parts: first, because Essex is near London, where they may be taken to Covent Garden market, and sold quickly; and secondly, because plenty of manure can be brought from the London stables by the river Thames.

"In some parts of Essex, sir, there be plenty of *caraway-seeds* grown. Perhaps you don't know, sir, that they are not seeds?"

"What are they, then?"

"They are the half of the fruit of a plant—a wild little plant—which is rather difficult to cultivate. When the farmers sow caraways, they often sow with them some *coriander* seed, and *teazles*, which are used in making cloth, for preparing the nap. Thus they get three crops of the same soil. In Suffolk, too, sir, caraway seeds are grown. I dare say that you have heard of *rape* seed, sir; that, too, is grown in Essex."

"There is another thing, sir. May be you have often heard of the *Essex calves*? Many calves are sent here from different parts, and are fattened on the Essex farms for Smithfield market, in London—not so many as there used to be, though! And again, sir, all along the eastern side of Essex, on the coast, and on the southern side, by the shore of the Thames, there are *salt marshes*. On those marshes you will often see numbers of old horses feeding; for when a horse has been overworked and requires rest, or when he has met with some accident, or is getting old, he is 'sent out to grass' there."

"This is nearly all that the old labourer told me of the *soil* of Essex; and as I have quite filled up my paper I can only add that I am

"Your affectionate friend,
HENRY YOUNG."

THE BARLEY-MOWERS' SONG.

BARLEY-MOWERS, here we stand, •
 One, two, three, a steady band ;
 True of heart, and strong of limb,
 Ready in our harvest trim ;
 All a-row with spirits blithe,
 Now we whet the bended scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink !

Side by side, now bending low,
 Down the swaths of barley go,
 Stroke by stroke, as true's the chime
 Of the bells, we keep in time.
 Then we wet the ringing scythe,
 Standing 'mong the barley lithe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink !

Barley-mowers must be true,
 Keeping still the end in view,
 One with all, and all with one,
 Working on till set of sun,
 Bending all with spirits blithe,
 Whetting all at once the scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink !

Day and night, and night and day,
 Time the mower will not stay ; •
 We may hear him in our path
 By the falling barley swath ;
 While we sing with voices blithe,
 We may hear his ringing scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink !

Time, the mower, cuts down all,
 High and low, and great and small ;
 Learn we then for him to grow
 Ready, like the field we mow,
 Like the bending barley lithe,
 Rendy for the whetted scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink !

MARY HOWITT.

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—AUTUMN SONG.

(From the Training-School Song-Book.)

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves contain the first two lines of the song. The third and fourth staves contain the third and fourth lines. The fifth and sixth staves contain the fifth and sixth lines, ending with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics are:

Shall we go to the wood where the evergreens grow, Whose leaves drink the
 dew and de - cay ne - ver know? We will sportively chat, and we'll mer - ri - ly
 sing, And drink of the water that flows from the spring. Will you, will you,
 sing, And drink of the water that flows from the spring. Will you, will you,
 will you, will you, come to the wood? Will you, &c. Come to the wood?
 will you, will you, come to the wood? Will you, &c. Come to the wood?

We will sit by the rill as it joyously gleams,
 Like jewels that shine in the bright sunny beams;
 No wonder it dances with joy on its way,
 "Twill surely find welcome where'er it may stray.
 Will you, will you, come to the wood? &c.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

10th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

LOOK FORWARD!

"UNCLE," said Prudy, "I have been thinking about that tale on *Look forward*; and I want to know something."

Uncle. What is it, Prudy?

Prudy. I want to know if we are *never* to look forward for pleasure at all. I should begin to feel quite "mopy," if I did not sometimes do so.

Uncle. And so should I, Prudy. I am going out for a walk in the garden, until the breakfast is ready. Let me see if we can't find out when we ought to look forward for pleasures.

Here is your little garden, Prue, and it reminds me of two boys whom I knew. These two boys had pieces of ground for gardens at our school. They both loved their gardens, and worked hard in them; but the garden of the eldest, whom we called "Steady Tom," was very different in appearance from his brother's. Half of Tom's garden was planted with fruit trees, young strawberries, and dry-looking raspberry canes. These things Harold, his younger brother, laughed at, calling them "sticks," and the strawberry plants "vegetables," while he took care to have in his own garden plenty of brilliant and beautiful flowers. "Oh, see!" he would sometimes say to Tom, "how dull your

poor garden looks by the side of mine. My garden is worth looking at!"

"But wait," said Tom, "let us look forward a little; and, in two or three years we shall see whose garden is the more profitable."

"I have no idea," said Harold, "of waiting so long as that; I like, when I have worked, to get something for my trouble at once."

"But if by waiting I could get a *better* reward, is it not better to be patient, and look forward for the pleasure of it?"

"So I think," said another boy, who was standing by. "I think so, too."

"What do you think?" said Harold.

"Why, that there are always pleasures that must be waited for. Look at your ten-weeks stocks; you do not have to wait long for them; they are in flower in ten weeks. And if you look at Tom's garden, his stocks are *Brompton stocks*."

"And he will not have any flowers until next year," said Harold.

"But," said his friend, "they will be much finer than yours, and they will last longer—they will flower nearly all the season."

"And so it is with my raspberry canes," said Tom. "The gardener says I shall not have any fruit on them until next

year. Still you see, I work at them, and keep them in order. I look forward to my pleasures for encouragement."

"And just let me tell you something else, Harold, before we go into school," said his friend—"I said that there are pleasures which we must always wait for, and look forward to."

"Yes!"

"Well, very often the longer we have to wait and look forward, the better are the pleasures which we look for. When I was two years old, my papa planted an acorn in one of our fields, and told me I might look forward to the pleasure of seeing a great tree. He said I should have to look forward *twenty years*."

"That is a very long time," said Harold.

"I know that," replied his friend, "but then at the end of that time I shall have a *splendid tree*—one that will last for hundreds of years."

When Tom and Harold left school, they acted in the world just as they had acted in their gardens.

They were removed many miles from each other, under different masters. Harold was articled to an architect, and Tom was articled to a lawyer. Tom often received letters from Harold, saying how thoroughly he had enjoyed himself, and Harold, in return, received letters from Tom, saying how busy he had been. Once Tom told him how he had been studying one great law-book for three months, and had only just

got through the beginning, and that it would cost him more than a year's study to finish it. "But," said Tom, in the last part of his note, "I am looking forward to next May, when I shall finish the book and understand it; and I have promised myself that if I finish it by then, I shall have a week's holiday. In the meantime," he added, "although I am looking forward, I enjoy myself every day, and have many a pleasant walk with my master in the evening; and on Saturdays I take the children out in the woods."

On Harold's next birthday, Tom sent him a new and very expensive work on Architecture. "I hope," said Tom, "when you have finished the books you are now reading, you will have time to study this, as it is written by a friend of my master, who has made many improvements in architecture. What books are you studying now?"

To this question Tom did not receive any answer. Harold wrote to thank his dear brother for the book, and promised that he would read it "one day."

Now you have heard of these two brothers when they were boys, and when they were lads; I will tell you something of them as *men*.

HAROLD continued his life as he had begun it. He seemed only to work for the sake of the reward he might gain immediately. He never looked forward to be a great man, and he never was one.

Prudy. Did he become an architect, uncle?

Uncle. Yes. But he had a small business, for the people said that he had no *enterprise*—no “spirit,” some said—while others thought he was lazy. He did not often see his brother—he had only met with him three times within ten years, when he one day received a letter from him.

This letter requested that he would come by railway immediately, as his brother wanted him to make some plans and drawings for a public company, to which he had just been appointed “solictor.”

“I am very glad you have come so soon, Harold,” said his brother, “for I want you to go with me to the office of the company immediately.” On their way thither, his brother explained to him that the architect to the company was the celebrated man whose book he had sent to him twelve years ago. “Our friend,” he said, “is too busy to take charge himself of all the work required, and there will be several plans and drawings wanted, according to his improvements in building. You understand them, I dare say; the principal ones are described in the third chapter of his book.”

Harold for a minute or two made no reply, and then he was obliged to confess that he really had not yet read the book. His only excuse was that he did not see, at the time, what use it would be to him.

This reply grieved his elder brother very much; for they found at the office that Harold could only undertake a very

small part of the work required, which would be hardly sufficient to be of service.

Harold, however, did not come to see his elder brother for nothing; he learned a lesson. On his return to his house, he was delighted with the dear children who gathered around him, and called him “uncle.” He remarked that his brother and his wife and children all looked happy; and after he had remained two or three days, he could not help saying to his brother, “How I wish that my house was as comfortable and pleasant as yours!”

“Well, Harold,” said his brother, “and why will you not be thus happy? It is not too late even now. Begin to-day, and learn to *look forward!* This happy home of mine is that which I looked forward to when I was younger. It was the thought of this happy home which encouraged me to work hard.

“Don’t you remember our gardens when we were schoolboys? You must remember why you had no strawberries or raspberries growing in your garden.”

“Yes,” said Harold, “I did not take the trouble to plant them, because I did not look forward to the fruit which would be sure to grow. If I did, I should have been encouraged, and I should have taken the trouble.”

“And for the same reason, I did not read the book you gave me.”

“Yes. If you had looked forward, you might have seen

what good it would do you, and you would have been encouraged to take the trouble. You did not do so, and thus you have lost an engagement by which you might have earned £400!"

Harold from that moment determined to go home, and begin to work hard. He was even taught the same lesson in another way by his eldest niece, about an hour before he departed. "See, uncle," she said, as they sat in the summer-house, "how hard we have been working at our gardens; but we shall soon get some pleasures from our work—here are some plants from which we get pleasures now, because they are in bloom; and the plants on that side will not flower till next year. From this side we get pleasures now, and from that side we have pleasures to wait for."

"And do you really do your duty to those plants as much as to these with the flowers on them?"

"Yes, to be sure we do! be-

cause we know the flowers will be sure to come."

Then, Uncle Harold went home, and thought about it.

Prudy. Why, uncle, that was the very lesson he would not learn from his own garden at school. What a pity he did not learn it when he was young!

Uncle. You are *young*, Prudy.

Prudy. Yes; and now I know when we may look forward for pleasures. Please to let me make the moral lesson. I will do it all by myself.

In the last lesson you said look forward to your *duties*. Now, if we attend to our duties there are pleasures which are sure to grow out of them. Thus, we may work hard at our *duties*, and look forward for encouragement.

Uncle. That is the lesson. Do not look forward to the pleasures which others have, and you *may* have; but look forward to your own pleasures—to those you *will* have, if you are working for them.

SLAVES.

THEY are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they need must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

ANON.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 7. GNAWING ANIMALS.

THE GUINEA-PIG,
CHINCHILLA, AND PORCUPINE.

P. Did you ever see a *Guinea-pig*, Willie?

W. Oh yes, papa, very often! One of the boys in our school keeps guinea-pigs.

P. Did you ever see a *Porcupine*, Ion?

Ion. Yes, papa, at the Zoological Gardens.

P. Then we will next talk of these two animals, and a few others belonging to the order. What did you think was the most noticeable thing in the Guinea-pig of your friend at school?

Ion. That he was very *stupid!*

W. And I noticed that he had no tail; at least if he had one, it was very short.

P. There are no very striking particulars concerning the guinea-pig. It is a very pretty little animal, with pretty black and orange-coloured spots on its fur; but the hair of the fur is so coarse that it is of little value. It is easily tamed, but only on account of its stupidity; for I dare say you found that your friend's guinea-pig did not take much notice of its keeper.

Ion. No, it had not even sense enough to become fond of me! I wonder whether the wild guinea-pigs are sharper!

P. No, they are not. They are scarcely intelligent enough to avoid danger. Being smaller than the hare, they are even less able to defend themselves;

and of course they have less swiftness.

L. Then I wonder that they have not all been destroyed!

P. This would have happened, but on the other hand, they multiply so rapidly! A guinea-pig has sometimes a litter of twelve little ones,—generally six or eight;—this happens several times in the year, and often these little ones, before they are two months old, have little families of their own.

Ion. Then there are two important particulars concerning the guinea-pig. 1st, *It has a stupid disposition*; 2nd, *It multiplies very quickly*. How curious it is that all the *small* animals increase so fast! Guinea-pigs would be as numerous as rats, or the long-tailed field mice which we heard about, if other animals did not destroy them. It is a very good thing that the lions, and bears, and eagles, and other *large* animals are not so numerous.

W. You did not say the *third* particular, Ion. "3rdly, *It is a pretty little animal*, with a white and spotted fur, which is useless because it is so coarse."

L. And because it smells so badly.

P. Yes, you may add, 4thly, *It has an unpleasant smell*—and many people have kept guinea-pigs in their cellars, or stables, or farms, from the idea that this smell is so disgusting to the rats, that they quit the neighbourhood: this, however, is a mistake.

L. I think we may add, 5thly, one of its *habits* for a distinc-

tion. Our guinea-pig was never still, but was continually moving about; so, ethly, *It is a restless little animal.*

P. True, the guinea-pig was formerly called the *restless cavy*. There are several animals besides the guinea-pig forming a family called THE CAVIES. "Guinea-pig" is not a proper name, as the animal was not found in Guinea, or in any part of Africa. It is a *New World* animal, for it was brought from South America. In La Plata and other parts it is as numerous as the field mice of England.

P. I have here a picture of one of the next family.



The Chinchilla.

The CHINCHILLA is also an American animal. In the year 1824, it was noticed by an English traveller, who described it as "a woolly field mouse, which lives under ground, and chiefly feeds upon onions."

Ian. It is something like a mouse in its appearance.

W. And it is something like a rabbit, because of its long ears.

L. Still, it looks like the squirrel; and, like the squirrel, it has fur; so we may say, that it is like most of the gnawing

animals we have heard of before.

P. It has also, you see, the general character of the tribe in sitting upon its hind limbs. It is also like the squirrel in its manner of holding the food to its mouth with its front paws. Its gray fur is valuable, and therefore in Peru, Chili, &c., they are caught in great numbers, by boys with dogs, and are sold to the fur-traders.

The last animal we shall notice is one which you are more familiar with. Here is his picture!



The Porcupine.

Ian. Now, that is *exactly* like the one I saw at the Zoological Gardens!

P. It is called from two French words—*Porc*, a pig, and *epine*, a spine or prickle—so that the word *Porcupine* means "spiny hog." It was honoured by this name because it has a very heavy, pig-like look, and a grunting, pig-like voice. What other animal does it resemble?

L. It is like the hedge-hog, papa, because the hedge-hog has spines. So, the hedge-hog is another "spiny hog."

P. Then, why, think you, are they not both in the same

division? The porcupine eats very similar food.

L. I suppose, papa, that the porcupine differs in its teeth—that it has the gnawing chisel-shaped teeth which we find in the other gnawing animals.

P. That is the case. It is also like the hedgehog, because it is a *solitary* and *nocturnal* animal. Without stopping to talk to you of its spines, or quills, as we call them, I may just add, that it lives in a warmer climate than the hedgehog. It was first found in the North of Africa, round about Barbary; it was then brought over to the warm southern countries of Europe, such as *Spain*, *Italy*, and the island of *Sicily*; it does not thrive so well in our country, which is too far north.

You may now get the slate, and make up the *lesson* on the Gnawing Animals.

Lesson 20. MAMMALS.

ORDER 7. GNAWING ANIMALS (*Rodentia*).

1. The Seventh Order of Mammals may be said to form a link between the six orders already mentioned and the true vegetable feeders; thus we find that, although most of them eat vegetable food, some are fond of flesh. We find, too, that they have not hoofs like the true herbivorous animals, but, that the extremities of their limbs are divided into separate fingers. Like the other animals with claws, they have two bones in the fore-arm, which form

a "wrist," so that the hand or claw may easily move round.

2. They may be distinguished, secondly, by their food, as they live on bark, wood, seeds, nuts, roots, and the hard parts of plants which other herbivorous animals refuse.

3. The third distinction arises from their food.—In order to eat such hard substances, they are compelled to "gnaw," and therefore have peculiar teeth called gnawing teeth, and grinding teeth with peculiar ridges.

4. The fourth distinction is, that they all have the habit of sitting up on their hind limbs, and holding their food to their mouths with their paws.

5. Another important distinction is, that they are very small animals,—they are even smaller than the fourth order, the Insect-eating Animals. One, the harvest mouse, is the smallest mammal known. We find also that these small animals multiply very fast, and thus form food for the larger ones.

6. The order is divided into several families: the first three are distinguished by their tails.

1. THE SQUIRREL FAMILY, with round bushy tails.

AN INTERMEDIATE FAMILY, including the Dormouse, Jerboa, and Marmot.

2. THE RAT FAMILY, with round scaly tails.

3. THE BEAVER FAMILY, with flat scaly tails.

4. THE RABBIT FAMILY.

5. THE GUINEA-PIG FAMILY.

6. THE CHINCHILLA FAMILY.

7. THE PORCUPINE FAMILY.

PLANTAGENET KINGS.

EDWARD II.

P. Edward II. was a very different character from his father. On his death, instead of carrying out his father's plans, he gave up the war with Scotland. His reason for doing so was soon seen; it was not because he thought that war was unjust or wicked, but because he wished to indulge himself in idleness and pleasure. It was found that he had not sufficient mind to rule the kingdom, but that he allowed himself to be directed by another.

In the time of his father he had a companion of the name of *Piers Gaveston*. He was a man of very agreeable manners, and pleasant to talk to but inwardly he was wicked. He was so bad, that during the reign of the old king, he had been banished because he taught his son Edward to form wicked habits. As soon as his father was dead, Edward recalled Gaveston. He spent all his time in his society and, neglecting the war with Scotland, he indulged in the most foolish amusements.

This was not proper conduct for a king! Instead of governing, he was governed by Gaveston, who became the reigning favourite. The barons saw all this with feelings of anger and contempt; but Gaveston did not mind them, and treated them with insolence, and even injustice. The king, on his part, heaped all the high honours and riches upon his unworthy

favourite, instead of dividing them amongst the barons, who deserved them. For two or three years they endured this, until they could endure it no longer; and, having assembled in parliament, they forced the king to banish him.

Gaveston had been banished about a twelvemonth, when the king again recalled him. He only came back to be more overbearing and unjust than before; and the barons then became so indignant that they assembled an army, took him prisoner, and cut off his head.

The weak king was obliged to submit. Now that Gaveston was gone, he began to give attention to his kingdom; and he renewed the war with Scotland. He marched thither with 100,000 men, but was opposed by ROBERT BRUCE, who met him at a place called *Bannockburn*, near the town of Stirling, with 30,000 men. The battle was then fought; and although there were three times as many English as Scots, Edward was defeated. Thousands of Englishmen were slain, and the king had a very narrow escape. The battle of Bannockburn was fought on the 25th June, 1314; it decided the fate of Scotland, which was now a free kingdom again.

The remaining events of Edward's reign are hardly worth remembering. The king chose a new favourite, called *Hugh De Spenser*; he treated this man and his father as he had treated Gaveston, and they became quite as insolent. The nobles conspired against them

as before; but they were defeated this time, and the Earl of Lancaster and others were in their turn put to death.

Soon after, Edward's own wife, the Queen Isabella, became so disgusted with him, that she took the part of the barons, who once more arose in arms. Both the De Spencers were taken, and were hanged with great cruelty. The king fled to Wales, but he also was soon taken. He was insulted and laughed at by the people, was declared unfit to be a king, and, after having been imprisoned for about eight months, he was murdered in a manner too shocking to describe, with even worse cruelty than he had shown to the barons. This shocking deed was done in the year 1327, after he had been king nearly twenty years.

The history of the people during this reign is more worthy of attention. You may suppose, that with such continued wars, the laws and justice were not well attended to. The kingdom was overrun with robbers, who met in troops, almost large

enough to be called armies. A set of *religious reformers* arose about this time. They were called **OLLARDS**, from the German word "ollard," to sing often. This name was afterwards given to the followers of the reformer **WICKLIFFE**. The law court of **LINCOLN'S INN**, which is well known in London, was also established in this reign.

Lesson 20. EDWARD II.

Began to reign . . . 1307
Died 1327

This King was called "Edward Carnarvon," because he was born at Carnarvon, in Wales. In his character he was unlike his father, being weak and worthless.

The history of his reign consists of his adoption of PIERS GAVESTON as a favourite, his war in Scotland with ROBERT BRUCE, and his adoption of another favourite named HUGH DE SPENSER. In all three of these steps he acted foolishly and wrongly, and gave rise to much cruelty and bloodshed. He himself was put to death in a cruel manner; in the year 1327.

I KNOW I should not steal or use
The least thing that is thine;
For sure I should not like to lose
That thing, if it were mine.

I should not give a child a blow,
Or call it a bad name;
For I should feel a pain, I know,
If it serv'd me the same.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

ESSEX.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"Where did I leave off in my last letter? I think that I was obliged to stop in the middle of my history of the old man's conversation.

"If you remember, I told you that Essex is a rather flat country. I spoke of the town *Saffron Walden*; of *Epping Forest* and *Fairlop Fair*; and of the wagon-loads of vegetables grown in the parts around London. I spoke, too, of the rape-seed, and caraway-seed, grown in Essex; of the calves sent there to be fattened; and of the old horses, and oxen, which feed in the marshes by the side of the Thames.

"The 'old labourer' also pointed out to me that the shape of Essex on the eastern side is very irregular, being much *indented* by the sea. If you notice the map, you may see that the rivers, in their course to the sea, have formed several islands in different parts. The last particular he added was, that the marshy districts are very low, like other parts of the eastern shore of England; and that, like the shores of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, the marshes have been drained by deep ditches, while a high sea-wall has been built to keep off the water.

"Before we closed the map, we tried to make something of the *shape* of Essex. The labourer's opinion was that the county 'is of no shape whatever,' and as I could not find

anything to liken it to, I put it down as an 'irregular shape.' At the same time we observed the boundaries and the rivers of the county. It is bounded on the north by Suffolk and Cambridgeshire; on the south, by the river Thames; on the east, by the German Ocean; and on the west, by Middlesex and Hertfordshire.

"The most noted rivers are the *CHELMER*, on which the capital is situated; and the *BLACKWATER*. These two rivers unite, and form a broad channel, which begins near a town called *Maldon*. North of these rivers is the *COLNE*; and in the west of the county is the *LEA*, which flows into the Thames, or is a 'tributary' of the Thames, as we say.

"I cannot say that I was much pleased with the capital, *CHELMSFORD*. The bridge over the Chelmer is certainly a quiet affair; so also is the High Street. The Shire Hall is the only building that attracted my attention; and I did not consider it to be at all remarkable. The town is so called because it is situated near the place of an ancient *ford* over the river Chelmer.

"Whilst stopping at Chelmsford, I obtained some information respecting another town of Essex, which seems to be more important, and which I am sorry I did not visit. It is situated in the north of the county, on the river *COLNE*; and is named *COLCHESTER*. Like the many towns with names ending in *chester*, it is so called from

the Latin word 'castra,' a camp. From this word Castra, the Saxons gave it the name of *Colne-ceaster*, which is now become Colchester.

"The city is very ancient, having been an important place in the time of the Romans; and, there are few places in England where more Roman antiquities have been found. 'Bushels' of coins, vases, urns, lamps, rings, bracelets, and all kinds of pottery, and other Roman things, have been dug up within the walls. The town walls, the castle, and some of the ancient churches are built of Roman brick. Parts of these old walls are still standing. There are the ruins of an old abbey, and a priory called *St. Botolph's Priory*. The castle is a famous place; it is still very strong. I have heard that attempts were once made to destroy it for the sake of its building materials, but the old Roman cement, the flint-stone, and brick have become so hard, that the materials are not worth the labour of separation.

"Many historical events have taken place at Colchester. In the reign of Queen Mary, seventeen Protestants were burnt here. In the year 1571, some of the many Flemings who then arrived in England settled at Colchester, and introduced the woollen manufacture. In the civil war between Charles I. and the Royalists, the town was blockaded by Sir Thomas Fairfax; and the inhabitants, being shut up within the walls for eleven weeks, were compelled to live on horses, dogs, rats,

cats, leather, and other strange diet, according to the usual custom. 'The town was fined £14,000 by the conquerors, half of which was ordered to be paid by the Flemish merchants. £2,000 was afterwards returned; but the poor Flemings were not allowed to have any of it.'

"The woollen manufactures of Colchester, which were chiefly baizes and coarse cloths, are now almost at an end. They have been succeeded by a trade in silk; this, I believe, is not a very large one. Colchester is particularly famous for its oysters, which are found in large beds at the mouth of the river Colne.

"North of Colchester, in the very north-east corner of Essex, is a seaport called HARWICH. Its name is derived from two Saxon words—*here*, an army, and *wic*, a fortification. Ship-building is carried on to some extent in the town, but there is not much trade, although there is a fine harbour and dock. The packets for Holland used formerly to sail from here.

"There are several more good-sized towns at the north of Essex. Coggeshall, and Halstead, and the villages in the neighbourhood — Hedingham, Maplestead, and others, are pretty places. On the way home to London are Braintree, and Bocking, which are well-known towns.

"The towns and villages at the south-west, round about the river Lea, are also of importance, being in the neighbourhood of London. Brentwood, Romford, Ilford, Walthamstow, Woodford, Stratford, and Bow,

are all places well known to the Londoner.

"In the southern part of Essex which is farther from London, and opposite to Gravesend, are many more small villages. They lie close together in a cluster—within two miles of each other—each village having a quaint and ancient church. Orsett, Horndon-on-the-Hill, Mucking, Stifford, Stamford-le-Hope, Grays, and many others, form this group. They are all near to *Tilbury Fort*, a place exactly opposite Gravesend, which is well-known because, when the *Spanish Armada* was sailing to invade England, a camp of 18,000 men was formed here. Queen Elizabeth visited the troops, and, it is said, made a noble speech to encourage them.

Corresponding to Harwich, at the north-east corner of the county, is another town at the south-east corner, called *SOUTH-END*. It is at the widest part of the mouth of the Thames, opposite to Sheerness, and is known as a watering-place. It is famous for its pier, which is, I think, a mile-and-a-quarter long.

"I am, dear children,
"Your affectionate friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

ESSEX.

(Etymology.)—*ESSEX* is so

called because it was part of the kingdom of the East Saxons.

(Shape.)—The county has a very irregular shape. On the east it is much indented by the sea; on the south its shape is varied by the windings of the *THAMES*.

(Boundaries.)—It is bounded on the north by *SUFFOLK* and *CAMBRIDGESHIRE*; on the south by the *THAMES*; on the east by the *GERMAN OCEAN*; and on the west by *HERTFORD-SHIRE* and *MIDDLESEX*.

(Soil.)—*Essex*, like *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, is an agricultural county, with a flat surface, marshy near the sea. It contains many large farms, and is principally occupied by farmers, and market gardeners, who supply the London market with vegetables. *Epping Forest*, with its holiday folks, on the west, and the marshes with the horses and cattle, on the east, are the most striking particulars which relate to the soil.

(Rivers.)—The principal rivers are the *Chelmer*, the *Colne*, the *Blackwater*, and the *Lea*.

(Capital.)—The capital is *Chelmsford*, and the other important towns are *Colchester*, *Harwich*, *Halstead*, *Brentwood*, *Braintree*, *Bocking*, *Romford*, *Ilford*, and *Stratford*, with numerous villages. At the mouth of the *Thames* is a watering place called *Southend*; and opposite to *Gravesend*, is *TILBURY FORT*.

Ill customs, by degrees, to habits rise;
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
Ill customs gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers swell to seas.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

The summer sun is shining
 Upon a world so bright!
 The dew upon each grassy blade:
 The golden light, the depth of shade,
 All seem as they were only shade
 To minister delight.

From giant trees, strong branched,
 And all their veined leaves;
 From little birds that madly sing;
 From insects fluttering on the wing;
 Ay, from the very meanest thing,
 My spirit joy receives.

I think of angel voices
 When the birds' songs I hear;
 Of that celestial city, bright
 With jacinth, gold, and chrysoltite,
 When with its blazing pomp of light,
 The morning doth appear!

I think of that great River
 That from the Throne flows free;
 Of weary pilgrims on its brink,
 Who, thirsting, have come down to drink;
 Of that unsailing Stream I think,
 When earthly streams I see!

I think of pain and dying
 As that which is but nought,
 When glorious morning, warm and bright,
 With all its voices of delight,
 From the chill darkness of the night
 Like a new life, is brought.

I think of human sorrow
 But as of clouds that brood
 Upon the bosom of the day,
 And the next moment pass away;
 And with a trusting heart I say—
 Thank God, *all things are good!*

MARY HOWITT.

MOUNTAINS.

THE APENNINES.—ETNA.

P. At the south of Italy is an island called Sicily. This island was, no doubt, formerly joined to Italy, but it has been separated by the sea. This seems the more likely because we find that the Apennine range is continued in Sicily.

The most remarkable mountain in Sicily is a volcano called ETNA. This volcano was known in very ancient times, and about sixty eruptions have been known to take place.

Ion. Are you going to tell us about one of the eruptions, papa?

P. No; the eruptions of Etna were, I dare say, much like those of Vesuvius. I will therefore only give you a short description of the mountain itself.

In the beautiful island of Sicily, the air is cool and reviving, and the mild breezes are filled with delicious perfumes. The volcano, situated in so favourable a spot, is an interesting sight to look upon. How striking is the difference between its appearance at the top, and its appearance below! The summit is sometimes covered with snow, while the base is clothed with rich foliage. This is because, like the mountains of the Andes, which we talk of,* the climate of each part varies with its height.

Etna is divided into three districts, which resemble the

three zones of the world. Do you know the names of the three zones?

Ion. I know them, papa, because we have said them so often. The hot part of the globe near the equator is called the *Torrid Zone*; the cold part, near the poles, is called the *Frigid Zone*; and the zone between these two, is called the *Temperate Zone*.

P. The three districts of Etna then much resemble these three zones. The southern part, which is warm like the Torrid Zone, is called the *Fertile Region*; the middle part, which is more like the Temperate Zone, is called the *Woody Region*; while the higher snowy part is called the *Desert Region*. The change of climate from one region to another is, however, very gradual. You can scarcely tell where one district ends, or the other begins.

The most interesting part of the mountain is the Woody Region. There grow the pine, the beech, and the oak, and immense forests of chestnut trees. These are the trees which would please you most.

W. Yes, because of the chestnuts!

P. Nay, I think you would be so pleased with the trees themselves that you would quite forget their fruit. One gigantic old fellow in particular would delight you: shall I describe it?

L. Yes, do, papa, please.

P. Very well. It is a very venerable tree. Ask the people of Sicily, and they'll tell you that it is "*the oldest of trees*;"

* Vol. ii. p. 124.

and, they'll add that its name is "*The chestnut tree of a hundred horses*;"—it is so called because under its broad, wide-spreading branches, it is said that a hundred horses can stand. The trunk of the tree would surprise you. It seems at first to consist of five trees planted close together, but on examining it you would find that these five trunks were formerly all in one. Travellers have dug round about the root to see if such is the case, and they have found that there is only one root. This large divided trunk has been measured all round; and it is found that the circumference is 163 feet.

W. How much is that, papa?

P. To give you some idea of 163 feet, I may tell you that the string necessary to go round the tree must be as long as a street containing ten middle-sized houses. The heart of the trunk is much decayed, and a public road is cut through it, which, it is said, is wide enough to allow two coaches to pass each other. There is also a hut in the hollow of the trunk, which is a very convenient place for the people who come to collect the chestnuts. Notwithstanding this, the tree bears much small fruit. It would be a much larger tree than it is now, if it were not that many of the branches have been lopped off to make firewood. In the groves of chestnut trees round about, there are others of very large size. The inhabitants, I believe, cultivate them very carefully, as their wood is very useful in making hoops

for casks; thus the wood becomes very profitable as an article of trade.

After the chestnut trees, the next object of interest on the mountain is the snow. There is what is called a snow-grotto; it consists of a mass of snow, which has drifted down from the mountain's top, and has been stopped by a wall built for the purpose. The greatest curiosity ever seen on the mountain was the immense mass of snow-ice, which was preserved in its frozen state by a stream of red-hot lava!

An account of this was given some years ago by the celebrated geologist, Mr. Lyell. He states that the masses of snow-ice had been preserved for years, and *perhaps for centuries*, by the burning lava which flowed over it.

It was discovered thus. In the year 1828, the summer had been intensely hot, so that the supply of snow and ice from the mountain had failed entirely. As this article is always much used in those parts, the want of it caused much distress. The magistrates of the neighbourhood therefore applied to a gentleman who knew all the parts of the mountain, and asked him to see if any snow could be found in some of the caves, or shady places. He searched accordingly, and found this mass of snow-ice at the foot of the cone.

Ion. But I wonder, papa, as it was covered over with red-hot lava, that it was not melted.

P. Mr. Lyell, who wrote its history, accounts for the fact in

this way. He says, that before an eruption takes place there are frequently heavy showers of fine dust, sand, and cinders. A coating of this dust is a good *non-conductor* of heat, by which is meant that the heat cannot easily pass through it. This is proved by the custom of the neighbouring shepherds; they, when they want to preserve their snow, strew a thick layer of sand over it, and this prevents the heat of the sun from coming through to the ice, and melting it. It is therefore supposed that a thick layer of this dust had settled on the great mass of snow-ice, and had thus protected it from the heat of the burning lava.

Ion. Ah! that is very likely.

P. This snow is of value, and is an article of trade; the lumps are carefully wrapped round with leaves, and are packed in large bags. They are then taken to the islands of Sicily, Malta, and other parts, and are sold for use.

With the account of these two products of ETNA, the chestnut trees and the snow, we will take leave of the subject.

W. And so ends our history of the Apennines.

P. Yes; but before leaving the neighbourhood of Sicily, you may take your map, and look for some islands called the *Lipari Isles*.

Ion. I have found them, part; they are at the north of Sicily, and at the west of Italy.

P. These islands are very little more than rocks. They

may be considered as a part of the mountain system which is only high enough to reach a little distance above the water. One of these isles (or mountain-tops if you like to call them so) is a volcano called *Stromboli*, which is constantly burning. It is a very beautiful object in the midst of the sea.

W. I want, papa, to remember the principal particulars concerning the Apennines; so I have made some notes, like those we made on the Pyrenees.

Notes.—*A chain of mountains called the APENNINES*—

(a.) *Branching from the great mountain system called the ALPS; extending in a southward direction through the middle of Italy—forming the frame-work, or “main rib” of that country.*

(b.) *The chain is divided into four groups, — the Ligurian, Etruscan, Roman, and Neapolitan Apennines. The entire length 650 miles—or, including the windings, about 800 miles.*

(c.) *Distinguished from the Pyrenees and Alps, by having rounded summits instead of sharp peaks, or needles.*

(d.) *Not many mineral products,—Carrara marble—quarries of paving-stone—volcanic district.—Vesuvius—eruption of, year 79.—Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiae—other eruptions.*

Sicily—Etna—three districts—chestnut-trees—snow-grottoes.—Lipari Isles, Stromboli.

(e.) *Rivers generally small—tributaries of the Po, the Tiber, the Arno.*

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

11th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

LOOK FORWARD!

On a lovely afternoon in the month of July, little Edward Rashley went into the country, to spend a half-holiday with his aunt Catherine. The sun shone brightly over the green fields, the birds were singing in full chorus in the woods, and butterflies of all hues were fluttering in the air. Soon after he arrived at his aunts, he went out to have a ramble in the fields by himself, but soon got tired of the solitude; and not being much accustomed to thinking or examining the nature of the objects around him, his mind was as idle as his body, so that very little temptation was needed to lead him into mischief.

While Edward was sauntering along, snipping the heads of dandelions, or plucking handfuls of long grass and scattering them about, a large and brilliant dragon fly came hovering around, and was about to settle down near to where he was walking. Off went his cap in an instant, and the pursuit began. It led him a long and fruitless chase, however. Now, just within his grasp, his cap was about to enclose it; now darting off, it shot away through the fields many hundred yards ahead of its pursuer. But Ned persevered, and again came

up with the gaudy insect, now slowly sailing onwards a few yards before him, and a few feet above the level of his head. Thus eagerly gazing upwards, and running heedlessly onwards, his whole attention engrossed with the object of pursuit, he saw not, lying immediately before him, a deep drain that had been cut across the field to carry off the water; and, just as he was about to strike down the dragon fly, down he himself tumbled into the drain.

He soon got up again, however, at first thinking he had received little harm, but no sooner were his feet placed upon the ground, than a pang shot through one of his legs, and he felt himself unable to stand upright. He had sprained one of his ankles very severely, and there he lay, quite unable to move a single step homewards. He shouted loudly to a man walking at a distance across the fields, who came to his relief and carried him home to the house of his aunt. They had him placed on a sofa, with a doctor to see him, and all the care and attention that his kind aunt could bestow; but there he was, and there he would be, a prisoner and a patient, for perhaps several weeks to come.

Aunt Catherine was an unmarried lady who devoted much

of her time to visiting and relieving the poor of her neighbourhood. She also conducted a Sunday School in the village, and not only taught the children their religious and moral duties, but endeavoured, as much as possible to "train them up in the way they should go."

One day, seating herself on the sofa beside Edward, she kindly drew his attention to the causes that led to the accident from which he was suffering, and showed him that it was an evil out of which might come much good, if he would but reflect upon it when future temptations came in his way. She convinced him he ought to *think* about his pleasures as well as merely *wish* to enjoy them. I cannot indeed tell you all she said to him, but her words made him think, and then he remembered that he had often suffered from not looking before him.

Once, for example, when going to school on a fine morning, a regatta was about to take place not far from where he lived. He had nearly arrived at the school, when he met a band of music, with colours flying, and a number of people, all crowding towards the place. "Ah!" thought he, "how nice it would be to go and see the regatta. Such crowds would be there, and such music, the canons firing, and the flags flying, with the boatmen all dressed in fine liveries, and the boats dashing along through the water." Scarcely was the wish formed when it was confirmed by two of his companions coming up

and urging him along with them. It was indeed a beautiful race, and he much enjoyed the sight; but when it was all over, the thought of what he had done arose and forced itself upon him. Then the looking backward was very unpleasant; and much more so was the looking forward to his reception at school, for the master was a stern man, and would certainly punish him for being absent without leave. He felt, therefore, that had he looked forward to the *consequences* as much as to the *pleasures* of attending the regatta, it would have prevented him from getting into this unpleasant position. But to school he was compelled to go, and also to suffer a very severe punishment for playing truant.

Ned, therefore, began to think about these things in general, and resolved to look forward a little more frequently to the consequences of his pleasures. "Look forward! Why, I think, too, it will enable me to get over many difficulties. And to begin at once, I shall just now look forward to the time when my foot shall have got well again, and bear up against the pain I now feel by thinking on that future pleasure.

"And then again—how often have I wished to possess a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' but instead of looking forward to the time when my pocket-money might amount to the necessary sum, I always spent it on the day it was received, and very often on things that did me more harm than good. Let me see, then; I get threepence a-

MONDAY.

PLEASANT PAGES.

MORAL LESSON.

week, that is one shilling a month; at the end of two months and a half I shall therefore have two shillings and sixpence, which will buy a beautifully bound copy of the book. This is now the 15th of August, so that by the 1st of November I shall be able to get it. I shall therefore look forward steadily to that time, and keep that pleasure ever in view, and this will be a good practical lesson, as am't Catherine would say."

Nor was this only a good intention that he made, but a purpose that he kept until the time came, and the book was bought, which afforded him ten times more pleasure than if he had bought one half of the sweetmeats in the confectioner's shop. I might also tell you about Ned's flower-garden,—how wonderfully he worked and pulled up the weeds, because he looked forward to the fine nosegays which he afterwards gathered;—and how he looked forward to gain a prize at school, worked hard for it, and got it. But all these were the least advantages he derived from this habit. It was the gaining of the habit itself that was the great thing. It made him feel from experience that things obtained by his own exertion had a far higher value to him than if they had merely been given to him. He now took better care of his things than he had formerly done, and thus laid the foundation of another good habit.

Edward grew up to be a man, and the seeds of virtue thus planted in his young mind grew

up along with him, and bore excellent fruit. He obtained a situation in a counting-house, at first with a small salary, but small as it was, even at the beginning he contrived to lay by a part of it for future purposes. When young and healthy and his salary increased, he looked forward to a time when he might be old and infirm, and continued saving up one small sum after another, until he had obtained what he thought would be a reasonable provision for his old age. But he was charitable, too. He gave liberally to the poor and to many useful institutions, and thus lent out his money at a far higher rate of interest than any bank could afford to pay. This is what the wise man called "lending to the Lord," and he had to look keenly forward with the eye of faith into a state of being beyond the present life, to see the reward of this conduct. Ah, it was a bright prospect he saw there! What earthly pleasure could seduce him from that sight! What were all the dim vanities of time compared with the dazzling glories he there saw revealed! What was too hard to bear, too great a sacrifice to be made to gain an entrance into that place where there are pleasures for evermore! And to whom did he look forward to joining in that place as the pattern of his conduct, but the Author and Finisher of his faith, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty on High!

MAMMALS.—ORDER 8. TOOTHLESS ANIMALS.

THE SLOTHS, ARMADILLO, ANT-EATER, &c.



MAMMALS.

ORDER 8. TOOTHLESS ANIMALS.

THE SLOTHS.

L. We have heard of seven orders of mammals now. The two-handed animals—the four-handed animals—the wing-handed animals—the insect-eating animals—the flesh-eating animals—the whale-like animals—and the gnawing animals; and, come and look at the picture, Lucy! Mamma has written over it "toothless animals." I suppose that means that they are without teeth.

L. Here comes mamma!

M. I cannot exactly say that these animals have no teeth; the Latin name for the order (*Edentata*) means "without teeth," but none of them are entirely toothless; you may say, however, that none have teeth in their front jaws.

The first thing I have to tell you of this order is, that there are very few marked distinctions in which they are all alike—they make a very odd irregular looking family.

L. I observe, mamma, that they are not alike in size.

M. No; the great hairy *Sloths* are much larger than the bone-covered *Armadillos*, or the scaly *Pangolins* or the *Ant-eaters*. In fact they differ in other respects than their size.

L. Yes, I noticed, mamma, that you called the armadillo "bone-covered," and the pangolin "scaly," and the sloth "hairy;" so they differ, secondly, in their covering.

M. And here is a third difference. The sloth is found in South America, so also is the armadillo. The ant-eater and the pangolin are found in the Cape of Good Hope and other parts of Africa; they are also found in India, and other parts of Asia.

L. That will make three points in which they are unlike each other. They differ in their size, covering, and place.

Tom. I should think, too, that they might differ in their food. For I suppose that the ant-eaters eat ants, and the sloths seem to live on the trees. I don't suppose that they find ants up there!

M. They *might* find other insects. However, your inference is a correct one. Like the gnawing animals, some eat flesh, some eat vegetables, and some eat both kinds of food.

Thus, you have four points in which they are unlike each other, in their size, place, covering, and food. Now, which animal shall we talk about first?

L. Oh, the Sloth, mamma, if you please!

M. You have noticed that this animal lives on the trees. Do you remember any other animals that live on the trees?

L. Yes, mamma. The Squirrels do; and the Monkeys—and—

Ada. The Dicky-birds!

Tom. A dicky-bird is not a mammal! Besides, there are no such things as *Dicky-birds*; you might as well talk of *Baa-lambs*.

W. And *Billy-goats*, and

Tom-tits, and Jack-daws, and Jenny—

M. I wish you would talk about the sloths; it would be more business-like. Well! I was saying that the sloths live on the trees, and so do other mammals. Now, Willie, you have been learning Latin—what is the Latin for tree?

W. Arbor.

M. Then from this Latin word *Arbor* we form the word “*arboreal*.” We say that all animals that live up in the trees live an *arboreal* life. What is the Latin for the earth?

W. Terra.

M. Thus those animals which live on the earth are said to live a *terrestrial* life. Now, what is the Latin for air?

W. I don't know!

*Ion. I do, for I've got the dictionary. It is *Aër*.*

M. The mammals, and others living in the air, lead an *aerial* life.

W. I shall remember that word by the aerial-machine which people talked about some time ago. That did not live very long, though! Balloons are aerial, and so is Mr. Green who travels in them; he is called an *aeronaut*—he leads an aerial life.

M. But this is not *natural history*. Here is another word for you. What is the Latin for water?

W. Aquæ—water.

M. True; and all that live in the water are said to live an *aquatic* life.

W. And those which live on both land and water live an *amphibious* life. What a number

of lives! *Ion*, count them up, please.

Ion. Yes. Some mammals live a *terrestrial* life; others live an *arboreal* life; others live an *aerial* life; others live an *aquatic* life; and others live an *amphibious* life. Now, the next time we have nothing to do we will amuse ourselves by remembering all the mammals we have heard of, and then we will arrange them into five classes according to their modes of life.

L. You have forgotten something. The *MOLE* lives a subterranean life; he lives *under* the earth.

M. Yes. But to return to our *SLOTH*. Most people who have seen a sloth on the ground have pitied it. Many would say “Poor fellow! see how miserably he walks; how slow and awkward all his movements are! he seems to have great trouble to move at all!” Then perhaps they would notice something, which you may observe in the picture,—that his fore-legs are nearly twice as long as his hind-legs. They would see, too, that in order to move onward, he is obliged to double his fore-legs and walk on his elbows, that they may be of the same length as those behind; thus “stumping along,” and dragging his unwilling hinder pair after his body, he cannot be said to *walk* on the earth at all, but to scuffle or shuffle. Thus the sloth has been considered as an ill-formed, imperfect animal. The great naturalist *Cuvier*, when speaking of it, said, “Nature seems to have amused her-

self in producing something imperfect and grotesque."

L. I think that I, too, should pity a sloth if I saw one.

W. Perhaps you would, if you saw it on the ground, just as you would pity a fish if doomed to live on the land, or a man doomed to live in the air; the truth is, that when the sloth is on the ground it is out of its place. It is not a *terrestrial*, nor an *aquatic*, nor an *arboreal* animal. It is formed to live, not, like the squirrels and the monkeys, *on* the branches of the trees, but *under* them. When it reaches a tree it soon changes its character; it will climb from the bottom to the top of a tall tropical tree in the small space of a minute. Being formed to live, eat, sleep, and die amongst the branches, it shows you at once the activity of an animal that is quite at home; and shows you, too, how wonderfully these parts, which appeared grotesque and imperfect, fit it for rapid and easy motion when it is in its proper place.

W. How does it move, mamma?

M. You may observe (for we have not yet reached the *true* herbivorous animals) that it has not hoofs, but claws. With its short hind legs it hugs the branch of the tree, and extends its long fore limbs to seize some other branch, and drag its body onward. This is all easy work to the sloth, and it may be seen, in the dense forests of South America, gliding along from branch to branch, with swiftness and grace. The for-

ests of South America are, as I said, in the tropics, and there, you know, the vegetation grows luxuriantly. The branches of the rich trees are so entangled with one another, that these animals may pass from one tree to another for a hundred miles without reaching the ground.

• *W.* But suppose that they should reach a *gap*! can they jump? •

• *M.* I believe so; but it is said that they are sagacious enough to wait until the wind happens to blow the boughs nearer to each other, and then they spring onward. The sloth will patiently wait a long time, and take any trouble rather than come down to the ground. It will not descend the tree until it has completely stripped it of its buds, fruits, and leaves. It must be amusing to see it cramming its mouth full of leaves, and enjoying its vegetarian diet.

Ion. But suppose that it wants to drink, mamma? •

M. It does not require water; it finds sufficient fluids in the moisture of the leaves, &c.

• *L.* Does it not come down to sleep?

W. Yes, it *must!* It would "drop off" in more ways than one, if it went to sleep hanging under the branches so!

M. I am not sure of that. It is fitted for its hanging position by having very strong elastic ligaments—by great strength in its clavicles (or collar-bones)—and by a long *enduring* strength throughout the whole of its limbs.

L. Still, it does not sleep

under the branches, mamma, does it?

M. I believe that it can do so; but generally, when it wants a comfortable night's rest, it sits in the fork of a tree (the part of the trunk from which two or three branches spring), and rolls itself up almost in the shape of a ball. This position, too, is far more comfortable than the hanging position, for it can bury its head and face in the long woolly fur of its breast.

W. Does it not do so, mamma, because of the mosquitos and swarms of insects that live in those parts? I have heard dreadful accounts of the insects in the West Indies and the tropics.

M. Yes, Nature has, as usual, provided for its protection. The thick shaggy hair with which it is covered has a peculiar "texture," and effectually keeps off the insects. We find that when it is attacked by man, it has little means of defence; thus it is protected from observation in the same way as the hare. You may remember that the hare makes its "form" in soil of nearly the same colour as its fur.

W. Yes.

M. Thus, also, the colour of the sloth's fur is so much like that of the branches, that you might look up into a tree containing a sloth for a long time without seeing it. *

W. Just as I once looked into the hedge, where there was a bird's nest, and could not see it.

M. Ah, you will truly find in nature, very often, how many animals are protected by similar means!

L. Has it any other means of defence?

M. Not many. Its position in the high branches is a rather safe one, for there are few beasts of prey found living there.

Iou. Only snakes and boa-constrictors.

M. And it has sometimes to meet with a snake unawares; but it is not left entirely without a chance against such an enemy. It seizes the snake at once with the sharp claws of its long fore-limbs. You know I told you that those limbs are not only long but *strong*, therefore the sloth is easily able to grapple with the snake at a good "arm's length."

Thus, too, if attacked when on the ground he defends himself—throws himself on his back, and has been known, when fighting with a dog, to grasp him with enormous power, keep him at arm's length, and strangle him.

I will only add to these particulars that there are two kinds of sloths—the *Unai*, or two-toed sloth, and the *Ai*, or three-toed sloth—of which there are two species, making three species altogether.

You may now sit down and count up, 1st, the distinctions by which the sloth is fitted to live in the trees, and 2ndly, the distinctions which afford it a means of defence.

PLANTAGENET KINGS.

EDWARD III.

P. It was a cruel and wicked act to put Edward II. to death. It is very foolish to be wicked, so, although Edward was foolish, his wife Isabella was more foolish, for it was she who caused him to be killed.

At the time of the king's death, his son, the Prince Edward, was only fourteen or fifteen years old, therefore it was necessary that some one should act as *regent*; that is, should rule for him, as the good Earl of Pembroke did for King Henry III.

Now, Queen Isabella had a friend, a nobleman with whom she lived, and his name was Mortimer. She was very fond of this Mortimer, and treated him as though he were her husband—she and Mortimer acted together for the prince, who had been crowned, and was called the king.

But these two people did not govern properly; they were not only cruel but unjust, and did not treat the people well. The barons, too, did not like either of them; and, as young Edward became older, he determined to govern himself instead. He soon found an opportunity to throw off their authority. Mortimer together with Edward, commanded a large army to the north to fight with the Scots. The expedition failed. Edward had been very brave, and so indeed had Mortimer, but they could not conquer, and they were obliged to make a treaty,

in which the English agreed to give up all right over Scotland for the sum of 30,000 marks. It was Mortimer who formed this treaty, so the people said that he had done so because he was not able to conquer, and they threw all the blame upon him. • •

W. But the Scots, papa, were now *free once more!* How many wars there were with the Scots just about this period! Edward I. tried to conquer them several times, Edward II. took a large army to fight them, and so did Edward III., and yet they were not conquered!

L. And thousands of men had been killed, perhaps.

P. Ah, and *tens* of thousands, perhaps; and yet, when these poor men of each nation had all been destroyed, matters were found to be almost exactly in the same state as they were at the beginning—such has been the result of *most* wars.

But we were talking about MORTIMER. He was now very hateful to the people. Edward and the nobles, therefore, determined to try him, and punish him. They entered secretly into the castle where he was living with the Queen Isabella, and seized him in the chamber which was next to hers. The queen implored mercy for him, begging them to have pity on her gentle Mortimer. But it was of no use; he was taken off to the parliament, tried, and condemned to be hanged on a gibbet. There his body was exposed for several days. The queen was imprisoned for life,

but was allowed a pension of £3,000 a-year.

On the death of Mortimer, Edward began to govern by himself. Like his grandfather, Edward I., he was one of the bravest kings; he was quite as brave as Richard Cœur de Lion, and not so cruel.

The chief events of his reign are great battles. He went again to Scotland, and fought against David Bruce, the son of the famous Robert Bruce, but he did not succeed. He caused an immense sum of money to be spent, which the people had to pay in taxes, and he caused a great deal more bloodshed; for instance, it is said that at Halidown Hill nearly 30,000 Scots were slain; still he did not succeed in conquering the Scottish nation.

Then Edward began other great battles in France. He said that as his mother Isabella was the sister of the French king, who had just died, he ought to be king now. The people said he ought not to be, and took the part of another man, Philip, who said that he was the proper heir. Thus, because Edward and Philip could not agree, the English and French people foolishly began to fight each other. Their first great battle was at sea. Near the coast of Flanders (in Holland), the English beat the French, who lost two hundred and eighty ships, and, it is said, 20,000 seamen. Can you stop a minute, and think how many I mean by *twenty thousand*?—now think of all of these dying just for the sake of deciding whether Ed-

ward or Philip should be their king! Two or three wise men could have decided that point without killing each other at all; while even the 20,000 men, and another 20,000 afterward, and then another 20,000 afterward, were not enough to decide the question by the sword.

W. No: it *was* hundred thousand had been killed, that would not have decided who *ought* to be king!

P. Six years afterwards Edward again invaded France, taking with him his favourite son, Edward, the Black Prince. The war was begun by Edward's cousin, the Earl of Derby, who, it is said, came down among the French like a thunderbolt. Edward soon followed, and marched nearly up to the walls of Paris itself. As, however, he had only 30,000 men, while Philip had 120,000, he retreated to a village called Crescy. Here he fought one of the greatest battles ever fought between French and English. As the battle is so celebrated, I will read you an account of it, and then you will see something of the horrors of war.

About three in the afternoon, the famous battle of Crescy began, by the French king's ordering the Genoese archers to charge. "Order the Genoese forward," he cried out, "and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis!" These Genoese were famous crossbowmen; but having that day marched six leagues they were so fatigued that they cried out for a little rest before they

should engage. The Count Alençon, being informed of their petition, rode up, and reviled them as cowards, commanding them to begin their onset without delay. While these things were passing, a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder: and there was a fearful eclipse of the sun. About five in the afternoon, the weather cleared up and the sun shone forth in full splendour. His rays darted full in the eyes of the French, but the English had the sun at their backs. When the Genoese had made their approach, they set up a terrible shout to strike terror into the English; but the English yeomen remained motionless, not seeming to care for it: they sent up a second shout, and advanced, but still the English moved not; they shouted a third time, and advancing a little, began to discharge their cross-bows. Then the English moved, but it was one step forward, and they shot their arrows with such rapidity and vigour "that it seemed as if it snowed." These well-shot arrows pierced shield and armour; the Genoese could not stand them. On seeing them waver and then fall back, the King of France cried out in a fury, "Kill me those scoundrels, for they stop our way without doing any good!" and at these words the French men-at-arms laid about them, killing and wounding the retreating Genoese. All this wonderfully increased the confusion; and still the English yeomen kept shooting as vigorously as before into

the midst of the crowd: many of their arrows fell among d'Alençon's splendid cavalry, and killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, "so that they could never rally or get up again."

The young Prince of Wales had presence of mind to take advantage of their confusion, and to lead on his line to the charge. The French cavalry, however, commanded by the Count Alençon, wheeling round, sustained the combat, and began to hem the English in. The earls of Arundel and Northampton now came to assist the prince, who appeared foremost in the very shock; and, wherever he appeared, turned the fortune of the day. The thickest of the battle was now gathered around him, and the valour of a boy filled even veterans with astonishment. In their fears for his safety, an officer was dispatched to the king, desiring help. Edward, who had all this time, with great tranquillity, viewed the engagement from a wind-mill, demanded, with seeming deliberation, if his son were dead; but being answered that he still lived, and was giving astonishing instances of his valour, "Then tell my generals," cried the king, "that he shall have no assistance from me; the honour of the day shall be his; let him be indebted to his own merit alone for victory." This speech being reported to the prince and his attendants, inspired them with new courage; they made a fresh attack upon the French cavalry, and Count Alençon, their bravest com-

moulder, was slain. This was the beginning of their total overthrow; the French, being now without a competent leader, were thrown into confusion; the whole army took flight, and were put to the sword by the pursuers without mercy, till night stopped the carnage.

Such was the battle of Cressy—it was fought on a Saturday in August, 1346. I cannot help reading to you the after-events; they will teach you how readily, when people break one of God's commands, they learn to break another. They not only disregarded His law, "Thou shalt not kill," but they neglected His command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

"On the Sunday morning a fog arose, so that the English could scarcely see the length of half an acre before them. The king sent out a detachment of five hundred lances and two thousand archers to reconnoitre. This detachment soon found themselves in the midst of a body of militia, who, wholly ignorant of what had happened, had marched all night to overtake the French army. These men took the English for French, and hastened to join them. Before they found out their mistake, the English fell upon them and slew them without mercy. Soon after, the same party took a different road, and fell in with a fresh force, under the ARCHBISHOP OF ROUEN and the GRAND PRIOR OF FRANCE; they were also ignorant of the defeat of the French, for they had heard th.

the king would not fight till the Sunday. Here began a fresh battle, for those two spiritual lords were well provided with stout men-at-arms. They could not, however, stand against the English: the two lords were killed, and only a few of their men escaped by flight. In the course of the morning the English found many Frenchmen, who had lost their road the preceding evening. All these were put to the sword; and of foot soldiers sent from the cities and good towns of France, *there were slain this Sunday morning more than four times as many as in the great battle of Saturday.*"*

After this victory, Edward proceeded to besiege CALAIS, a town which you may see is on the coast of France, and opposite to Dover. While he was thus engaged, war was also being carried on in England. Edward had left his wife Philippa there to govern for him. David, the king of Scotland, thought that as only a woman was governing, it would be a good opportunity to invade the country, and he therefore crossed the Tweed with a large army. The queen, however, opposed him; and her soldiers took him prisoner at Neville's Cross, a place near Durham. He was carried in triumph to London, and was kept a prisoner there for eleven years. The queen then went over to Calais, to tell her husband what she had done, and next week I will tell you of her interview with the king.

* Cabinet History of England, &c.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

KENT.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“In my last letter, I concluded the history of Essex. You will, I dare say, remember that there is a watering-place in the south-east corner of the county, which is called SOUTH-END. I was stopping here when I finished my letter, at an hotel which faces the sea; and as I looked out of window, I began to consider the question, ‘Where shall I go next?’

“By looking at your map, you will see that Southend is situated just at the mouth of the Thames, where the river is very broad: the water here is not so rough as it is in the open sea; and the little sailing boats, and the large vessels, and the steamers glide over the surface easily. None of the vessels, however, come close up to the land, for the shore is very shallow, so that, in order to land the people and goods at Southend, it has been necessary to build a long pier, stretching from the shore far out into the part where the water is deep. When the men who made this pier began to build, they had to go on building, and building, and making the pier longer, for more than a mile, before they found water which was deep enough for ships to be able to reach it. You can therefore easily imagine how shallow the water must be, and how gradually it becomes deeper. Only think what a large pier it must be! It is a mile and a quarter

long. So, when I left Southend, it cost me about twenty minutes to walk from one end to the other.

“As I was thinking about the long pier, as well as looking at the water, I saw a black-looking steamer coming from the shore on the opposite side of the river, and as it came near enough I saw by the help of my telescope that it was named ‘The Sons of the Thames.’ ‘Now,’ I thought to myself, ‘decide the question quickly—Whither will you go? Will you go by that steamer to the great city of London, and see the Great Exhibition? or, will you go over to Kent and see the hops?’ ‘GREAT EXHIBITION’ was the first answer—‘*The Hop Gardens*’ was the next. Well! which? At that moment there came before my mind my old favourite lines—

“Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture
of fields;
All that the—”

“You’ll have to look sharp, sir, if you are going by that boat!” cried the bathing man who was standing under my window—so I rang the bell immediately that the waiter might bring up the bill, while I packed my carpet-bag. “You’ll not have much chance of catching the London boat, sir,” said the waiter; “she’ll be in in three or four minutes now, and she won’t stop ten minutes at the

pier.' 'Well,' I thought, 'the Exhibition *must* be rather hot in this weather, especially as it is built and covered over with glass. The real truth was, that I saw I could not reach the steamer in time, and the remembrance of Beattie's lines had revived my love for the country,—therefore I thought that the Exhibition *ought* to be a hot place. How soon we may become selfish if we do not mind what we think and say!' When, after this reflection, the waiter told me that the next steamer would be in at a quarter past twelve, and would cross over to Kent, I determined to go there, and accordingly went.

"The steamer from London reached the pier at about twenty minutes past twelve, and as we crossed the mouth of the Thames, I observed that the pier at Sheerness (the town at which we were to land), was almost as long as that of Southend. I therefore supposed that the shore—ah! I had better leave you to imagine what sort of a shore it was."

London. I should suppose that the shore was like that at Southend—that it was not at all steep.

"My stay at SHEERNESS was not longer than a few hours. The High Street is rather narrow, ill-shaped, and irregular. For a long distance, one side of the road is bounded by a high brick-wall, which I found to be the outside of the large dock-yard. In this dock-yard a great number of ships are constantly being built—principally smaller sized ships—and old ones being repaired. The store-house in

the yard is immense, and there are many other large places inside the walls—such as the mast-house, the rigging-house, and the victualling-store. There are hundreds of men to be seen busily at work, with the officers to superintend them.

"On taking a walk in the neighbourhood, I found that the ground was generally very low, and some parts marshy; in former times it was very little better than a *swamp*. The place is defended by a fortress, with a long line of heavy cannon, and barracks containing soldiers, who act as sentinels.

"Why these soldiers marched up and down as sentinels, I could not well understand. The place did not seem to require any sentinels, for nobody wanted to fight. Nobody had attacked Sheerness for a long time. Certainly, in the year 1667, when the Dutch sailed up the Medway they took the fort of Sheerness, and beat down all the strong defences; but there does not seem now to be much fear of that nation. As I was dining at the hotel, I asked the landlady whether I could go on from Sheerness by railway. 'No, sir,' she replied, 'this place is in the Isle of Sheppey; they can't make a bridge across the river to reach the island—at least it wouldn't pay. Here is the map of Kent, sir; you can see that Sheerness is at the mouth of the river Medway. You can easily go up the Medway, for the Medway steamers call here twice a-day.' Accordingly I went.

"As the steamer was convey-

ing me from Sheerness to Chat-ham, I had some thoughts about Kent, and the river Medway. You may see on the map that Kent is the nearest county to the continent of Europe. Accordingly, you read in history that in the early times the people of Kent had much inter-course with foreign tribes, and were more civilised than the inhabitants of many other coun-ties. You read also that, too often, when England has been invaded, Kent has been the first attacked. JULIUS CESAR landed his army at Dover in Kent; so also did other Romans. The SAXONS also landed here; when the two brothers Hengist and Horsa were invited over by the Britons, they landed in *Pegwell Bay*, which is situated in a Kentish island called the *Isle of Thanet*. This is the island which the Britons offered to the Saxons as a reward for their assistance in driving away the Scots."

W. And the Saxons took more than was offered them—they rewarded themselves by taking the whole island.

"The ravages made in Kent by the DANES were, however, the most injurious. They, also, first landed in the Isle of Thanet, and sacked the towns of Rochester and Canterbury.

"When King Alfred the Great fought with the Danes, Kent was a scene of constant war. Hastings, the great North-man, arrived on the coast with a flotilla of two hundred and fifty vessels, the crews of which landed and marched inland to ravage the country. In the

reign of the cowardly King Ethelred, the invasions of the Danes were more frequent than ever. They began to arrive in the year 980, and for twenty years they came almost every year, attacking the large towns; and not retreating until they were bought off by the king. I dare say you have read in his-tory how King Ethelred gave the Danes large sums of money to retire, and that the bribes they thus received only induced them to come again.

"Not only did the Romans, the Saxons, and Danes, first land in Kent, but the county was much visited by the Normans before WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR invaded England. The town of Dover before the conquest was nearly as much like a Norman as a Saxon town; and almost the first step of William after the Battle of Hastings was to secure Dover castle, hang the governor, and burn the town.

"In the reign of WILLIAM THE RUE, when the barons re-belled in favour of his brother, Robert, Kent was the scene of civil war. When, in the reign of JOUR, the French King was coming to invade England, John's army of 60,000 men as-sembed in Kent, and it was at Dover that the king made his submission and surrendered his crown to the Pope.* In fact, in the reign of most of the early kings, Kent was constantly a scene of warfar. In the reign of John's son, HENRY III., when the barons rebelled under

Simon de Montfort, they besieged Rochester Castle. In the reign of RICHARD II. the rebellion of *Wat Tyler* broke out in Kent. In the reign of HENRY VI. the rebellion of Jack Cade broke out in Kent. In the wars of the Roses, in the reign of Queen MARY, and of Queen ELIZABETH; and in the civil wars of CHARLES I., and his Parliament, Kent was the scene of civil wars and rebellions. In the reign of CHARLES II., in the year 1667, the Dutch, as I told you, sailed up the Medway, and burned several of the men-of-war which were stationed in Chatham dock-yard. ‘I wonder when the dock-yard at Chatham was built?’ I thought to myself; ‘I will inquire when we reach the town,’ for I found, as I looked about me, that our steamer was now getting very near to Chatham.

“I was much pleased with the appearance of the Medway. The shores on both sides were very pretty, and the water was broad and smooth. In the middle of the stream was a long line of battle-ships, placed at good distances from each other. They were bold, striking objects, and I wondered how such heavy, massive-looking hulls could float on the water. The long treble rows of windows on each side of the ships were almost as numerous as the windows on each side of a street. Most of the vessels were new, and were stationed there as ‘waiting for service’—some of them had been waiting for many years; and although the

ships looked so beautiful, when I remembered the kind of service for which they were made, I could not help hoping that they might remain longer—even until they were rotten. As our steamer proceeded toward Chatham, and passed *Gillingham Castle*, I was struck with the immense size of the dockyards on shore. There were more large ships ‘on the stocks,’ some of which were nearly finished. There were what were called the dry docks, and the wet docks; and besides the mast-houses and rope-houses, which seemed to me larger than those of Sheerness, there were the very large barracks for soldiers, which we had already passed. We had also passed a castle called *Upnor Castle*, which either is or was used as a powder magazine.

“I was very much struck with the whole place; and was particularly surprised at the large scale on which all the arrangements were carried out. As we came near, I found that Chatham was united to another large town called Rochester, and soon we came in sight of Old Rochester Bridge, with the still more ancient castle towering above it. This is truly a pleasant place; the water is a large open space, forming a harbour for ships, and the land around it is steep—the shores in some places rise suddenly to a very great height, so that the place looks like a large watery amphitheatre. I landed at Chatham pier, and proceeded to examine the town itself.

“Your sincere friend,
“HENRY YOUNG.”

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

12th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

STAND STILL!

W. I think that there must be some good in standing still; I have been so often told to stand still in my lifetime.

Ion. To be sure there is! Did you never hear the proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss"?

W. But did you never see a rolling snow-ball? that could not get bigger by standing still; the proper thing is for it to roll about, and move on. I should like the words "MOVE ON" for a lesson! How often the policemen say "Move on," when they want to keep order!

P. There is good in both injunctions. It is sometimes good to *stand still*, and sometimes good to *move on*. I dare say you have noticed the boys when they make a large snow-ball,—they do not always move on; after they have rolled it for some distance, they stand still and gather round the ball; then, they press with their hands all the new snow that has been gathered in the last rolling, so as to make it very firm and hard.

W. Yes; and then they go on again. If they did not do that it might easily fall in pieces; the particles of snow would hang together loosely.

Ion. And that is the way we do in school. After we have learned two or three chapters

of history, we stop, and the teacher says "*Recapitulate!*" So we do. We do not make any progress onward, but we stand still, and *look back* on all we have learned. Then by looking, and thinking on all we have done, we press our ideas together, and make them firm—that is to say, we *join* them well on to the old ones. Do you understand?—just as you press the new snow on to the old snow of a snow-ball.

W. Yes, I quite understand that; and, you see, if you want to look forward or back, or to look up, or to look about, you must stand still. If you don't, you can't see things exactly as they are, for everything appears to be moving.

P. That's all true. Now, if you will let your tongues stand still, I will tell you a tale.

The prizes which our schoolmaster used to give were very different from those of other schools. In fact we did not call them prizes exactly—*certificates* they were called.

W. And what is a certificate, papa?

P. Our certificates were only pieces of paper with writing on them. They were merely common writing-paper, with common writing to show that any boy who had one was the first boy in such and such a

study. We had two kinds of certificates; certificates of merit, and certificates of excellence. There was a certificate of merit given in each class for Latin, German, French, Algebra, and so on; and the boy who gained the most certificates of merit received the highest certificate —THE CERTIFICATE OF EXCELLENCE.

"What do you think?" said Reginald to me the day before the time for distributing prizes. "Who do you think will gain the certificate of excellence—Ned Rashley or John, Elder?"

"Why John Elder will," said I; "see how much older he is."

"Well, I don't think so. I say that Rashley will have it," replied Reginald.

"And so I say," exclaimed Rashley himself, who happened to overhear us. "I know I shall get it; at least I feel almost sure!"

L. Yes, we heard in Mr. Craig's tale, papa, that Ned "looked forward, worked hard for it, and got it."

P. "I'll tell you why I feel so sure," said Ned. "It is not only because I am looking forward, and working hard, but because I have learned to stand still."

"I don't see how that will get you the prize," I replied.

"Ah then you will see! Wait till to-morrow, when the prizes are given out, and then you will see!" said Ned; for although Ned Rashley was not a boy who boasted much, yet he seemed, when I knew him, to be a *sure* boy; he was "sure and steady"; and, as I once heard the master say, he was a

boy who had a good "standing" in the school.

"Ah, we will wait till to-morrow!" said Reginald; "then we shall see, as Ned says."

"No," I replied, "let us hear at once what Ned means; it is not school-time yet; it wants twenty minutes to nine. Please tell us, Ned, how you imagine that you will gain the prize by standing still?"

Ned. I do not imagine that I shall gain it by standing still. I imagine that I have got it. I am almost as certain that the certificate of excellence is mine as if I had got it in my hand now; for I have tried my plan before."

"Well, go on!" said Reginald.

"Stand still! will you?" said Ned, "and listen. Don't you notice every day how John Elder beats me in every class; and how at the end of each class he is always at the top?"

"Yes," said I, "and John Elder boasts that he is first every day, and that is why we say he will be sure to get the certificate; and yet, because he is always first, you feel sure that he will not; that is what our schoolmaster would call 'paradoxical.'"

"You will see to-morrow how the tables will be turned," repeated Ned; "and now I'll tell you why. If you have noticed our class, you have seen that as long as the master is questioning us on our old lessons, and going over the old rules, to see if we understand them, that I am the first boy."

Reginald. Yes.

Ned. But, directly we come to the *new* lesson, down I go! John seems to know every corner of it, and to have given his whole attention to it.

Reginald. And have not you given it your whole attention?

Ned. No; I do not give much more than half my time to the *new* lesson. I have a plan of my own. Before ever I begin any new lesson, I read over all the old ones, and think of all our master has said. You know that we are allowed an hour to prepare our Latin. Well! for nearly half an hour I seem to make no progress whatever. I am standing still, studying thoroughly all we have learned, and the rest of the time I give to my new work. So, you see, when we make use of any old rules in class, I know them as firmly and as certainly as possible, although I do not get on so well with the new ones."

"Ah," said I, "John Elder does not do that; he says it is dry work to be poking over his back lessons—he likes to learn something new."

"And he makes a great mistake," said Ned. "He should not be in such a hurry to make progress; if he would stand still he would gain strength. You know that we have powers of mind which we use to *gain* new thoughts, and powers which we use to *remember* old ones."

"Yes," said Reginald, "getting powers, and *keeping* powers."

"Now," said Ned; "here is

the secret! When I stand still, the powers with which I *get* knowledge are rested, and then, by studying my old thoughts over again, my powers of *remembering* are exercised and improved."

"And of course all the old knowledge is *worn* into your mind more; only," I said, "I think, too, that it is a very dull plan to be keeping so long to one thing, and going over and over the same ground."

Just at that moment the school-bell rang, so that our conversation was stopped. In the evening, however, all the boys were thinking of the next day—the breaking-up day, when the prizes were to be distributed,—and Reginald said to me, "You see now what Ned Rashley means by standing still;—he keeps *to one thing at a time*."

"Yes, I understand that," I said; "but John Elder *seems* to be first in the German, the Latin, the French, the Geography, the Algebra, and the Drawing classes—*six* classes! If he gets those six prizes, he will be sure to have the certificate of excellence. Do you know how many certificates Ned Rashley has tried for?"

"Only for three," said Reginald,—"for the Latin, French, and Algebra; but he is *very* sure of gaining them all."

"And Elder is *sure* of gaining six," I repeated.

"Well, wait till to-morrow, and see."

MAMMALS.

ORDER 8. TOOTHLESS ANIMALS.

THE ARMADILLO, ANT-EATER, &c.

M. We talked of the *Sloths* last week.

W. Yes, mamma.

M. Before passing to the remaining animals of this order, I should remind you of your old friend the *Megatherium*, introduced to you by your papa in his Physical Geography lessons. You may remember the drawing of its skeleton.* We will not draw him again, but by way of a memorial I will introduce to you his foot.



It is supposed that this great animal was too heavy to get up any tree, but made the tree come down to him. It is

thought that such enormous claws were used to dig away the soil from the roots of the tree, and that the animal hugged the thick trunk with his massive limbs, shaking it to and fro until he had brought it to the ground. It is supposed, too, that besides the *Megatherium*, there was an animal of equally enormous dimensions, called the *Megalonyx* (or animal with a large claw). Another of the same family is named the *Mylodon*. In a description of this animal it is said,—“Conceive of a sloth of the size of a rhinoceros or hippopotamus, but with bones infinitely more massive, and muscles infinitely more powerful, with a thick tail, acting as a support.”

W. Like the kangaroo's tail.

M. Yes, but much larger; “and forming with the hind limbs a firm *tripod*, while the animal, thus raised upright, and exerting its enormous strength, sways the tree to and fro, and, at last, lays it prostrate; and the reader will have a good idea of what this mighty devastator of the South American forests must have been.”†

Such were the ancient Sloth tribe. Let us now talk of the other animals, which eat animal as well as vegetable food.

The **ARMADILLO** lives in the plains of South America, and eats insects. You also heard in your Object Lessons that it does not object to putrid flesh, and that when the carcases of the wild cattle have been stripped

* PLEASANT PAGES, vol. i. . 397.
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† Pictorial Museum, vol. i. p. 178.

of their skins and left on the plain, it comes with a vast crowd of other animals to assist in clearing away.

W. You said also, mamma, that some of the armadillos are roasted whole in their shells; and, that when they are fat, they are said to be a dainty.

M. Yes; notwithstanding the filthy nature of their food. Perhaps they are roasted whole because they cannot easily be killed; for the armadillo protects itself by drawing its head and limbs under its armour—just as the hedgehog rolls itself into a ball.

W. Can it escape by running fast, mamma?

M. Sometimes. It makes haste to its hole, for it is a burrowing animal, and it runs with surprising swiftness. It only adopts the plan I have just mentioned when it is overtaken. If it reaches its burrow it clings to the walls with such force that it sometimes leaves its tail in the hands of the hunter who has tried to seize it.

The Ant-eater is one of the true toothless animals. It has sharp cutting claws, with which it tears open the ant-hills of the large termites, or white ants; it then sends its long slimy tongue into the nest. The ants, which crowd upon its surface, cannot get off again, and when the tongue is well covered it is drawn back. The thick rough hair of the ant-eater is worthy of notice, and perhaps you can see why it has such fur.

Ion. I suppose that it affords protection from the little ants.

M. Yes, it is so. The PANGOLIN is an animal which I have not drawn; it is covered with scales, which overlap each other, something like the slates on the roof of a house. It is said that "when attacked it rolls itself up into a ball, wraps its tail over its head, and raises its pointed, sharp-edged scales in such array as to defy any enemy."

L. Now we will make up the lesson on the order.

Lesson 21. MAMMALS.

ORDER 8. TOOTHLESS ANIMALS (Edentata).

These animals form another "intermediate" order between the carnivorous and the herbivorous animals. The first group are arboreal in their habits, and are called the "Leaf-eaters," but the second group, which are terrestrial and live in burrows, are "Insect and Flesh eaters."

2. The "Leaf-eaters," or SLOTHS, include the two-toed Sloths, and the three-toed Sloths, together with the ancient *Megatherium* and other giant brutes. They are adapted for living under the trees by certain peculiarities in their muscles, limbs, claws, and covering, &c.

3. The "Insect and Flesh eaters" include the ARMADILLO, the ANT-EATER, the PANGOLIN, and others, which are smaller animals than those of the first group.

4. These animals are found chiefly in warm climates, such as the plains of South America, Africa, and India.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

EDWARD III.

QUEEN PHILIPPA, Edward's wife, was a good queen; indeed, it is said she was "one of the best, the cleverest, and 'most beautiful women in the world."

I think you will like the story which I am going to tell you about her. When she went over to France to see her husband she found that he was still besieging Calais, although he had begun to do so nearly eleven months before. He had found that the city was a place of such wonderful strength that if he tried to take it by fighting, he would only throw away the lives of his soldiers, so he resolved to blockade it—that is, he would so surround it by soldiers that no one could go in or out without being killed. Then of course the people could not come out to buy food, and as soon as those inside the town had eaten all their meat, and bread, and vegetables, they must either starve or surrender. So, Edward dug a great intrenchment all round the walls, and "with so many wooden houses for his troops, that his encampment looked like a second town, growing round the first." The French people called it *La Ville de bois*—the wooden town. He next blockaded the harbour of Calais with his ships, and then sat down to wait until the folks inside the town had eaten up all their victuals.

Edward waited a long time. The Governor of Calais saw

what he was about; so to make the food last longer, he turned out all the people who could not fight, or whom he did not want. Seventeen hundred poor people, the old and weak, females and little children, were sent out of the gate to the English, to be killed, if the soldiers chose. But Edward could not be so cowardly as to kill the helpless; he gave to each a good dinner, and even a little money. The Calais people managed to exist as long as there was anything like food to eat. When it was nearly all gone, they sent a letter to King Philip to know what they were to eat next; they said that they had devoured their horses, dogs, and all the unclean animals they could find, and now they could only eat one another. But their letter fell into the hands of the English, and when King Edward read it, he thought, "Ah, the obstinate fellows! they must give up soon!" So he still waited. At last Philip made an attempt to help them, but he was obliged to retreat, and when the citizens saw his departure they hung out the flag of England to surrender.

It was about this time that Queen Philippa came over from England. Edward was just then in a great rage with the people of Calais for having kept him waiting eleven months; he might, instead, have admired them for being so faithful to their king and country. But no! he was very angry; he at first said that he would have them all hanged, and after-

wards he sent them this message: "Either you must all be hanged, or you must send six of your best and richest citizens, to come barefooted and bareheaded, with nothing but their shirts on, and with ropes round their necks, so that they may be hanged in your stead."

When the poor people heard this, they were in very great trouble, and they thought, "Oh, we wish we had died, rather than have to send our brave companions to die!" They did not know what to do or say. Then one rich burgess (or citizen) rose up and said, that he would rather die than see all the others perish; then another said that he also would rather die; then another said that he would; and so on until six had come forward. When they were ready, and perhaps had bid goodbye to their wives and little ones, and had prayed to God for themselves and families, they took the keys of the gates, walked out of the city in their shirts, came with sorrowful looks into Edward's presence, and knelt before him. It is said that all the brave barons and knights shed tears of pity, but the king eyed the men very spitefully, and commanded that their heads should be struck off. Every Englishman entreated him to be more merciful, but he would not hear them. Then Sir Walter Manny said, "Ha! gentle sire, let me beseech you to restrain your wrath! These worthy men have, of their own free will, nobly put themselves at your mercy, in order to save their fellow-citizens." Upon

this the king made a grimace, and said, "Let the headsman be summoned." But the Queen of England fell on her knees, and, with tears, said, "Oh! gentle sire! since I have crossed the sea with great danger, I have never asked you anything: now I humbly pray, for the sake of the Son of the Holy Mary and your love of me, that you will have mercy on these six men." The king looked at her, and was silent awhile; then he said, "Dame, I wish you had been somewhere else; but I cannot refuse you—I put them at your disposal." Philippa caused the halters to be taken from their necks, gave them proper clothes and a good dinner, and dismissed them with a present of six nobles each. Calais then was taken possession of by Edward, and it became the property of the English nation.

L. Does Calais belong to England now, papa?

P. No; it remained in the hands of the English for about 200 years. It was lost in the reign of Queen Mary. After Calais had been taken, Edward was obliged to ask the advice of his parliament as to whether he should continue the war. The parliament would not give him any answer, for they knew very well that he had spent all his money, and if they said "yes," he would be sure to ask for supplies. He was therefore obliged to make a truce with his enemies.

During the period of the truce, the French king Philip died, and was succeeded by his

son John, the Duke of Normandy. Edward and John renewed the truce; not because they did not like war, but because they were not able to pay the enormous expenses which attended it.

In the year 1556, however, the Prince of Wales, who had so distinguished himself in the battle of Crescy, and was called Edward the Black Prince, fought another great battle with the French. In this battle, which was called the battle of Poictiers, the French king, John, was defeated even more easily than his father, Philip, had been.

The battle happened in this way:—The Black Prince found himself suddenly surrounded by the French army, and he had no hope of escape by fighting, for it is said that he had not 12,000 men, while the French army numbered 60,000. But at last he was compelled to fight, and the French, as before, were slaughtered in immense numbers; many of their nobles were killed, and the king John, and his son Philip, were taken prisoners. When conducted to the camp of Prince Edward, the French king was treated by him with the greatest modesty and respect, as being superior to himself in age and dignity. The prince invited him to supper, waited on him at table, soothed his grief, and praised his valour. This treatment was according to the laws of chivalry; for there is one good thing to be said of "chivalry," that although it taught men to be cruel and to fight, it also

taught men to be gentle and kind, and to be truly gentlemen.

The French king was soon taken to England as prisoner, and was led in triumph through London by the Black Prince. King John, it is said, rode upon a handsome white horse, while the prince rode by the side of him upon a black pony, and waited upon him. He was conducted to the king's palace, called the Savoy, a house in the Strand. Edward afterwards made arrangements with the French to set their king at liberty, on the condition of their paying a ransom just as the English had done for King Richard Cœur de Lion. The ransom was a very heavy one—no less than 3,000,000 of gold crowns. The French agreed to pay it, and John was allowed to return to his country. He found, however, that his people were too poor to fulfil their promise, and therefore, like an honourable man, he came back again as a prisoner to England, and remained there till his death.

The King of Scotland was a prisoner in England at the same time as the King of France. Having been captured ten years ago in his battle with Philippa, he had been kept in prison ever since. The fact of two kings being prisoners in England at the same time was considered a great glory, but this so-called "glory" was all that England gained in return for all the expenses and bloodshed of Edward's battles.

It may almost be said, that while Edward was king war never ceased. As the conse-

quences of the former wars, new wars sprang up. Like two children who keep on quarrelling as long as they can, to see who shall have "the last word," so, both nations could not bear to think of being beaten. The French, therefore, did not rest until they had retaken nearly all the towns which the English had captured, and until matters were almost the same as they were at first—except that both parties were nearly ruined.

The Scots agreed to pay *one hundred thousand marks* as King David's ransom. After that the restless King Edward could not give up his grandfather's idea of reigning over their country, and the wars were renewed and stopped several times. Thus Edward lived a truly troublesome life, and, as he grew older, troubles still came upon him.

In the year 1367 his good Queen Philippa died, and in the year 1376, the brave, generous, and gentle Black Prince also died, of consumption, in his forty-sixth year. This misfortune filled the nation with grief. Nothing could lighten the heavy sorrow they felt, and they mourned long and deeply for him whom they had looked forward to honour as their noble king.

The distress was felt most deeply by the old king, who had long loved and felt proud of his son. In his hopelessness he lost his strength and energy; and, leaving the government in the hands of his courtiers, he retired into private life, and died the very next year, on the 21st June, 1377. He had reigned fifty years, and was nearly sixty-five years old.

THE INVITATION.

My wealth is in a little cot,
Which stands upon a meadow floor
Close by a brook: the brook is small,
But cannot clearer be, I'm sure.

A tree stands near the little cot,
Which for its boughs is scarcely seen;
And aginst sun, and cold, and wind,
It shelters those that dwell therein.

And there a pretty nightingale
Sings on the tree so sweet a song,
That every passing traveller stands
To listen, ere he speeds along.

Thou little one, with sunny hair,
Who long hath blest my humble lot—
I go—rough blows the stormy wind—
Wilt thou with me into my cot?

GLEIM.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

KENT.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“Well! this is a strange place!” I thought, as I landed at the Sun Pier, Chatham. So, I went direct to the hotel, and told the waiter to let me have my tea at once, for I meant to go out for a walk before dark.

“And a very long walk I had. As I wandered on, I met with all sorts of people: there were market-women; soldiers; now and then, a man or woman with fish; then two or three more soldiers, or perhaps a sailor; sometimes three or four sailor boys; then some man who seemed from his black face to be in the coal trade; then would come a lady, perhaps, or a nurse-girl with some children. There seemed to be plenty of soldiers of all kinds; there were, in fact, as I said before, all sorts of people. So also the street seemed to be made up of all sorts of houses. There were old, wooden houses, with strange carving on them, such I had seen in other country towns; and then, sometimes I came to a new house, built with red or yellow brick, and stucco. There were all kinds of shops, too, especially ‘cook-shops,’ where every kind of eatable seemed to be sold. In many of the little cook-shops were sold hot joints, puddings, penny pies, tarts, coffee, beer, fruit, and oysters, sweet-stuff, bacon, eggs, and, indeed, every kind of eatable. I was struck with the number of these cook-shops, and the little

shops for fish, and green-grocery. There were a great number of low small public-houses, too; and the street, altogether, was very much like the High Street in Sheerness, and other seaport towns which I had seen.

“The *length* of the street, however, pleased me most. I wandered on in a straight line, with houses on each side of me nearly all the way, until I reached a part which seemed more clean and respectable than the other parts. There, I found a turning which led to a very ancient cathedral and a castle.

“What street am I in?” I asked a man who seemed to be an omnibus driver.

“This, sir, is High Street, Rochester.” I suppose, I replied, ‘the High Streets of Rochester and Chatham are joined together, for I have not made any turning.’ So I went on until I came to an old bridge over the river Medway, which I found was the Rochester Bridge that I had seen from the steam-boat. The battered, massive, square tower of the castle was the first object which struck me. I was pleased and refreshed by the sight of the old yellowish-grey stones. They seemed to impart a cooling feeling as they stood up amidst the dark green foliage, with the blue sky, and the black and white clouds behind them. The dark holes in the walls, too, where the windows had formerly been, seemed like so many sorrowful eyes, with which the venerable pile looked down on the modern folks. There is

a railway beyond, which must have been a strange sight for the old castle. If it had only a spirit within it, so that it might remember, think, and compare, how would it wonder at the difference between the present days and the times of its Saxon and Norman masters! It is really a good thing that it cannot see and feel, or it would soon be very much shocked, for I found that its ancient friend and neighbour—the fine old bridge on which I stood—is shortly to be pulled down. This is how I discovered the fact. I had been admiring the beautiful view of the Medway, and the hills beyond—and had been watching the wreaths of white smoke which rose from several large brick-kilns on the opposite shore—when I crossed the road of the bridge to see the view the other way. There I found a little knot of soldiers and workmen looking at some works which were being carried on in the middle of the river. ‘What are they doing there?’ I asked, pointing to the works.

“‘Why, sir,’ said one of the men, ‘they are driving the piles for a new bridge. We are to have a new iron bridge over the river, and this old one is to be pulled down. The iron one is a-being built by Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the parties as built the Crystal Palace—everything is new now-a-days.’

“‘But why do they not build it in the situation of the present bridge?’ I asked.

“‘Because, sir, the other place is more convenient; it faces the end of the High Street.

That was the place of the *first*, the old wooden bridge, which was built before this stone one.’

“‘It seems,’ I said, ‘a great pity to have a new bridge. This stone bridge is a very good one; I think it is one of the finest bridges I have seen in any country town.’

“‘Yes, sir, he is a beautiful bridge, but he must come down; the fact is, sir, he is too rich.’

“‘Who! the bridge?’

“‘Yes, sir. He has property. There are estates belonging to him, and the rents of these estates are worth—ah, more than a thousand a-year! Well, sir, he (the bridge, I mean) does not spend much of it in having his road mended, for it does not wear out, so that every year his rents have been laid by, and now he has saved up £70,000!’

“‘Which,’ I said, ‘is to be used for the purpose of building a rival. It is a very good thing that the old bridge *cannot* see any better than the castle.’

“‘It is, sir; he would see that he had saved up riches to his own destruction. How vexed he would be to see the new iron bridge built with his own money, and then to know that as soon as it was put up, he was to be pulled to pieces!—it’s a cruel shame, sir!’

“Well! having heard the news, and talked enough nonsense, and rested myself, I proceeded across the river; and—but I see that my paper is filled up, so you must hear the conclusion next week from

“Your affectionate friend,
HENRY YOUNG.”

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

A GREECE (*Continued*).

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—"

Knowest thou the land where the
citron blows,
Where, midst its dark foliage, the
gold orange glows?"

GOETHE.

"Do you know that land? GREECE is the beautiful land, where not only citrons and oranges grow, but would grow much more abundantly, with many other rich and splendid fruits, if they were properly attended to. As I promised you, you shall now hear more of the present appearance of Greece.

"If you notice, on your map, the position of Greece, you will see that it is one of the southern temperate countries. Its climate is therefore warmer than that of the countries in the middle of Europe, and yet milder than the burning heat of Egypt. There is little snow in winter, and at the end of February the spring-flowers cover the mountain side. The rich colours of the wild anemone are everywhere seen, and the silver blossoms of the almond, which, together with the odours of a large tribe of fruit-trees, are scattered abroad by the wind. In March the peasant sows cotton and cuts his vines. In April the myrtle, laurel, and oleander flourish; and by the end of the month the wheat sown in autumn, and the barley, are in full blossom. From May to October the heat

is great, while the most delicious fruits refresh the inhabitants. In October is 'the vintage'; and in November the winter begins again.

"During the year, crops are gathered not only of wheat and barley, but of maize, a plant you have lately read of in your 'Object Lessons.' The cotton plant, too, is productive, while the valuable olive tree (which, according to the ancient fable, was presented to the Greeks by Minerva) yields 'a rich and never-ceasing supply.' The very best honey is also abundant, and rice, while oranges and lemons, and, as I said, every description of fruits, are found in profusion. Some parts of Greece are richly wooded with the pine, the oak, the plane-tree, the chestnut, and the walnut.

"You will, I dare say, after hearing this account, wonder why I should have spoken of Greece as solitary and 'death-like.' It is thus desolate because, with so fruitful a climate, little attention has, until lately, been given to the cultivation of the soil. Here is an account which was given some time ago by a gentleman who travelled in Greece, and paid much attention to the agriculture of the country:—

"The plough differs in no respect from that described by Herodotus; it has not been improved for three thousand years. The earth is furrowed to the depth of about three inches, and the seed is sown so far as well. A harrow to cover the grain evenly, and carry off the

roots and weeds dug up by the plough, rollers, &c., is unknown; on this account, a large portion of the scattered seed falls a prey to birds, especially to a species of wood-pigeon which is common in the country. My pioneers made the peasants a small model of a harrow; they at once perceived its value, and prepared to adopt it, but many complained that they had no cattle, and must still, as before, use the hand-rake. October is the month for sowing; the field is so full of stones that they generally predominate over earth. The rains of winter come on; the plant appears above ground. In June is the harvest; the produce generally ten-fold. The corn is cut down with sickles, bound in small sheaves, and carried home upon horses, much being lost on the road among the bushes, &c. It is next thrown on a round and even place which is solid and sometimes plastered; here it is trodden by horses, less frequently oxen, driven in a circle. Only in a few places in the Morea the corn is threshed; then, however, only by very clumsy instruments.

"Greece was certainly improving at the period of my visit, for many people from England, and other parts of Europe, have settled there since the time of her independence. The then bad state of the agriculture, however, reminds me of another cause of the present poverty of Greece, and which, as children, you may understand and consider.

"If a people wish to become wealthy, they should remember that a very great part of their riches may be procured from the soil on which they live. Indeed, in some countries, they depend on little else. You

know how the soil gives wealth. If you drop a seed—a grain of corn—into the earth, in the course of a year you may have a hundred grains produced therefrom. The seed you dropped in becomes a plant, and by means of its organs the ninety-nine more seeds are created.⁶ These ninety-nine seeds we call riches—real or created riches—because they are so much 'increase' gathered from the gases in the air, and from fluids in the earth. So, too, when a man has a great number of silk-worms' eggs, they may not be of much worth, and if he has a grove of mulberry trees, the leaves may not be worth much; but if he puts the silkworms' eggs on the mulberry trees, where the warmth from the sun may reach them, they will become young silkworms. In time, these become very large, and weave beautiful cocoons of silk. You know all about silkworms, I dare say—how inside the cocoon of silk the silkworm is found, changed into a chrysalis, which in time becomes a moth, and lays more eggs. Thus, the man who owned the eggs finds that by cultivating them, like the farmer who cultivated the seeds, he has a hundred times as many eggs as before. There has, however, been a still greater increase than that of the eggs: from the eggs, the mulberry leaves, and the sun's heat, have been formed an enormous quantity of beautiful silk-web. This is another good instance of the 'increase' by which real riches are formed.

"But riches may not only be created by 'increase' of material, they may also be formed by *change* of the material. For instance, the silk just as it is spun by the silkworm (or *raw* silk, as it is called) is not in itself of much value, but men can change its appearance altogether. By spinning and weaving, for which they employ fine machines, they *change* it into the silk which ladies wear for their dresses. The silk is now *useful*. Its value is again increased a hundred-fold, and it thus becomes 'riches.' You may see another instance of riches thus formed, when men take the wool of the cotton plant, which is of little value, and change it into beautiful calico, which is of great value; or, when they take the wool of the sheep, which has not much value, and change it into cloth, which has more value.

"Thus, there are two ways of creating riches: first, by *increasing* the materials, as men do when they grow corn &c.,—this method is called **AGRICULTURE**; secondly, by *changing* the materials, as men do when they form calico and cloth,—this method we call **MANUFACTURE**."

W. I will say that over again, and remember it. There are two ways of making riches—by *increase* of material, and by *change* of material.

"If you will sit down and think, you will find out many different sorts of agriculture and manufacture. In the hot countries of the world, the people increase their riches by

growing sugar, rice, &c., which increases so plentifully as often to yield more than is wanted for use. The people of the West Indies cannot use half the sugar grown there; therefore all that they cannot use is in itself of no value. 'That is because it must be wasted,' you will say. True! it must be wasted, if it *cannot* be used, but you will find that this need not be. In England there are millions of people who cannot grow any sugar in their colder climate. They will gladly give 4d. a pound for it! It is therefore brought to England; and thus merely by *changing its place*, not only sugar, but rice, coffee, and tea, and many other things which were of little value become of great value, and form 'riches.'

"I will give you one more instance. The English people manufacture much more calico, cloth, and other goods than they can possibly use. Now, if these goods cannot be used, they are of no value to the English; but by *changing their place*, and taking them over to countries where such articles are not made, they become of great value, and thus, again, form 'riches.'

IV. Now, stop, Lucy! Don't read any more! Let me say the three ways of making riches; 1st, by *increasing* the raw material; 2ndly, by *changing* the material; and 3rdly, by *changing its place*. That is how people get rich, but I wonder what that has to do with Greece!

L. I will read—

"This plan of making riches

by buying goods in one country and selling them to another, or of *changing their place*, as I said, is called 'commerce.' So, you see, there are three sources of riches to a country—AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, and COMMERCE.

"These three sources of wealth are good ones, but there is another source by which nations have become immensely rich—yes, immensely rich—without taking any trouble about agriculture, manufactures, or commerce. I will mention it to you, and you may say whether or not you think it a good way to be rich. Listen! The people of a nation take great pains to improve their bodily strength; and exercise themselves in methods of attacking others, and defending themselves. Then, they take what seems to them the shortest way to wealth. They march upon the other people around them, who have been industrious, and have gained riches by agriculture, manufacture, or commerce. They then make use of their strength to attack and kill these people, and to take away the riches they have earned; and they are thus said to get rich by CONQUEST."

W. Then that makes *four* ways to be rich. I will say them again:—

1. *Agriculture.*
2. *Manufactures.*
3. *Commerce.*
4. *Conquest.*

L. Yes. Listen!

"Greece, and Rome after her, became rich in this way; their

business was not to make riches, but to *take* them. They lived upon and enjoyed the luxuries sent to them by the peoples they had conquered.

"I need not ask you what you think of such a course. I need not ask whether you think it honest or useful. A nation whose riches are thus derived, instead of causing 'increase' on the earth, is a cause of destruction and decrease.

"And now see what all this long history has to do with Greece! Greece at first rose by her industry and activity, but when, by her bravery, she conquered other provinces, she depended on them for support. When these failed to yield riches, Greece unavoidably suffered; or, when the Greeks' bravery failed to force them to do so, then, also, they suffered. They had little else to depend upon than the sword; and when at last their bravery did fail, and they were conquered, they became poorer than an agricultural or a manufacturing nation would have been.

"But perhaps you will say—'Greece did create riches by the changing of materials, when they took the pieces of rough marble and formed them into beautiful columns and temples.' This is true; but you must remember that not *all* men would call these beautiful works of theirs 'riches.' An uncivilized man who had not been taught their beauty, would have told you that he could not eat them—that he could not wear them—and, that they were not very suitable even to dwell

in; he would have said that they were not 'riches,' because they were not of use. This was the opinion of the rude conquerors of Greece, who destroyed her beautiful temples. Their beauties could not be valued by them until a taste which beauties was given to them. Such a value in things which are rather ornamental than useful, is called (as I think you have heard before), not a 'real,' but an *'artificial'* value. When therefore, you think of Greece, you can understand some of the reasons why she fell. The main source of her riches was the *sword*; and when that failed, the people had little else to depend upon—they knew little of *agriculture*, for they had depended much on the nations they had conquered; they had little *commerce*, except in importing the riches of conquered nations; they had few *manufactures* except those of the ornamental kind, for architecture, painting, and things of artificial value.

"How much better would it have been for Greece if she had gained her power by means of useful manufactures and the arts of peace! Even when conquered, such arts would have enabled her to retain her importance among the ^{W.} ~~other~~ nations.

"Such importance we call 'political' importance (a word which I cannot stop to explain

to you now), but notwithstanding the loss of her political importance, Greece was long a celebrated country on account of her great learning. Athens became the head-quarters for all who delighted in the wisdom of the philosophers, or the skill of the sculptors and painters. There were found the best models of all that was beautiful to the eye or to the mind. The learning of Greece saved her from falling. Had it not been for their learning, Athens, and many other cities of Greece, would soon have been objects of contempt to the very nations they had conquered. Unable to fight, they would at once have become useless and poor.

"I had intended, dear children, to complete my account of Greece in this letter; but you see I have been led away into a long subject, which I had no intention of discoursing upon. Still, I would like you to remember, that the peaceful occupations of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce, are the most lasting source of riches, and that an empire depending upon the destruction of others for its subsistence, cannot, and *should* not, long endure. In my next letter I will proceed with the account of my travels.

"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

WHILE seasons fly,
And health and strength are given,
Set thine bright eye
And ardent heart on heaven.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

13th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

STAND STILL!

P. Now, hear the rest of Ned Rashley's history.

The breaking-up day came, and we all thought of the certificates. We waited patiently till twelve o'clock; then, leaving our games, we hastened to the large tent on the grass plat, where the masters were waiting for us. Our old French master—the stout man, with white head and spectacles—was there; the tall German master; the lady who taught the drawing; the drilling master, too; the head master of the school, who taught the mathematics and Latin; and the two assistants,—they were all sitting there, and were waiting for us.

You would have liked to see our eager, lively looks, and the quiet looks of the boys who were going to try for the certificates. Ned Rashley, the hearty-looking fellow—with his round, cheerful face, and his blue eyes and brown hair—he had not the tired look of a studious boy; for his eye twinkled a little, and he could hardly help giving a wicked smile now and then, to show how comfortable he felt. He seemed, as he looked at us, to say, "I know I shall beat you all."

But John Elder, who was a true friend of Ned's, looked

very anxious; he looked at Ned's countenance, and wondered at his careless and confident manner. He himself seemed to be half afraid, now that the day of trial had come. Sometimes he rested his head on his hand, as though he were trying to remember something; and all the time we were waiting, he seemed to be looking back, into his memory, for something which he had lost.

There were five or six other boys who were trying for single and double certificates, but none of them looked so anxious as John.

The examination was long and tedious, for it occupied four hours. Four certificates were gained in the younger division, and two in the elder one, when we reached the classes in which John and Ned stood. Their examination was a very close one, and we were quite uncertain as to who would be first, until the last questions in each course were given. Then, as the teachers seemed to go back to the old and forgotten rules—when they talked about lessons we had received twelve months ago, and tried whether each was well grounded in his course, when Ned showed how thoroughly he had mastered his tasks; he only "stood" for three

classes, but in these he stood firm. When the old course of Latin Syntax was brought forth, they were tried with difficult questions, which John Elder could not meet. But it was not so with Ned; a perfect storm of questions seemed to rise against him, but they never moved him. All the irregular verbs; all the verbs governing the dative; the verbs followed by the genitive; all the deponent verbs; all the "compounds of esse"—he spoke of them as old friends which he had known long, and knew by heart. Hard questions on the *prepositions* sprung up and fought against him, but it was all the same; the prepositions which governed the ablative, and those which governed the accusative, Ned seemed to govern them all! The ablative absolute, the participle in *dus*, and the gerunds, he explained their properties, and distinguished them from each other. He invented examples which showed the interrogative particles, and the rules for "space, measure, time, and place;" and he seemed to have no more trouble in doing so than an oak has in keeping its place when attacked by the strong north wind.

John Elder had no chance against such questions; and especially when, in *each course*, equally hard questions were brought forth by the masters. Then we all saw that Ned's words would come true, and that John would lose.

So we waited anxiously until the evening came. Then the list was brought forth, and

the order of the names stood thus:

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Rashley . . . | 8 Certificates. |
| Elder . . . | 2 " |
| Knightley . . . | 2 " |
| Burgess . . . | 2 " |
| Jameson . . . | 2 " |
| Boyd . . . | 1 " |
| Edwards . . . | 1 " |
| Smith . . . | 1 " |

CERTIFICATE OF EXCELLENCE.

EDWARD RASHLEY.

"Never mind, John," said Ned in his good-humoured way, when he saw poor John looking sorry. "Now, what does it matter, after all? The certificate won't make either of us any the better, or any the worse; and I'm sure you deserved to gain. But you see you had no chance against me: I told you I was certain to be first."

"How did you know that?" we all cried.

"Why," said Ned, laughing, "I'll tell you once more that I had a secret. I know a rule by which you may always get strength, and that rule is—STAND STILL! But mind!" he said, "that plan will not do always. You see, if a man wanted to climb up a mountain, just as we boys are climbing up the hill of learning, and that man were *always* to stand still, he would always be at the bottom. The time to stand still is when you want to gain strength; then you go on again upward, with a firm step.

Yes! stand *still*, and then you will stand *firm*."

"I see now," said Elder; "your rule is, 'Keep to one thing at a time.'"

"Yes; like a slow-growing forest tree, which keeps to one place in the earth, and holds to it firmly. But if, like the climbing plant, you seek to be always growing taller, without having a strong root—a very gentle wind will send you down. You, John!—you grow in your studies much faster than I do, but not so firmly. Here is the motto once more, *Stand still, and stand firm*."

L. And did Ned stand still when he was a man?

P. Yes; it was by standing still that he gained a place in your grandpapa's office. There came a time when all surveyors were busy with railway work. Your grandpapa then had six new hands in his office—and he had to show many of them how to work. When the busy time was over, it was necessary

to send the new hands away again. But he could not part with Ned, for there was no one in the office who could draw like him. The other five young men had learned how to draw a little, how to "plot" a little—how to use the theodolite, a little; but Ned had stood still at the drawing until he could draw plans more beautifully and more easily than any one in the office. He was "*strong in drawing*," therefore your grandfather employed him. Very gradually he became strong in one or two other things—and now your grandfather would not part with him on any account.

W. Now I will make a moral lesson from that—"Stand still at one thing, until you become strong in it—then go on with something else!"

Ion. Yes, then *move on*. Please, papa, let us have the words "*Move on*" for our next lesson.

THE STREAMS.

SING beside the cheerful streams!
They are singing as they flow—
Through green shades and golden gleams,
Downward to the sea they go.
From the hill-top blue and high,
While day and night go round the sky,
Through the vales they roll along—
All their life is merry song!

Rippling, rolling, gliding, winding,
Round the hills their courses finding,
Caring not to lose their name
In the sea from which they came;
Bringing blessings where they may,
They laugh and sing along the way,
Through the vales they roll along—
All their life is merry song!

MAMMALS.—ORDÉR 9. RUMINATING ANIMALS.



MAMMALS.

ORDER 9. RUMINATING
ANIMALS.

M. The order of animals which we shall talk about today are those which eat grass, and live entirely on vegetable substances. Do you know of any such animals?

W. I know of several—the Horse, the Cow, the Sheep, the Ass, the Pig, the Cat.

Ian. But mamma said “live entirely on vegetables,”—the cat and the pig do not—the Goat does, and the Deer; so do the Reindeer, the Buffalo, the Cameleon, the Elephant, the Bison, the Antelope, and others. Ah! these are all old friends. I wish that we could have them all here, and get them to stand around us, and be talked about.

M. You have mentioned two or three which live entirely on vegetables, but they do not belong to this order. Let us talk of one first—as a sample of the rest. Which shall we take?

Ian. Please take the Sheep, mamma, it is so very quiet.

W. And I say the sheep.

Ada. And so do I.

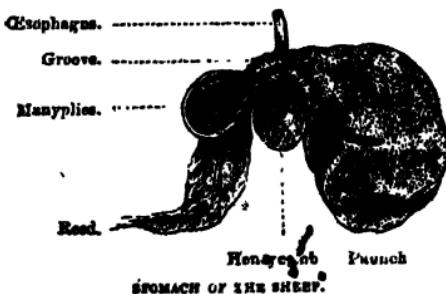
M. Then here is the sheep, to begin. Remember that it lives entirely on vegetables. In all of the preceding orders we have found some animals which will eat flesh, but we cannot say this of the sheep. From morning till night, the sheep and the cow will inhabit the same field, and quietly eat grass. Then, they not only eat it, but afterwards—

Ian. They have to digest it.

M. Yes. I once told you that vegetable food is much harder to digest than flesh. Therefore, as we find this difference in the food, what differences shall we find in the animal itself?

L. The teeth with which it eats its food will differ from the teeth of the flesh-eaters; and I suppose that if vegetable food is so hard to digest, it will require a different kind of stomach.

M. Yes. And the peculiar stomach of the Ruminating Animals is their chief distinction. The stomach of the flesh-eating animals is merely a simple bag, but the sheep's stomach is divided into four parts—so that we may almost say it has four stomachs. You may see this in the drawing.



This drawing is what we call a *section*—that is to say, we suppose the stomach to be cut in half, so that you may see the inside.

Now imagine that you see this sheep of ours cropping the grass on the field. This grass is only cropped, it is not chewed, but is at once passed down through a pipe called the *oesophagus*, into its first stomach:—this stomach is like a large bag, and is called the *paunch*. So the sheep goes on, cropping and swallowing, until this paunch is filled with un-chewed grass. Now you know that when you are eating meat at dinner, you are often told “to chew it well;” but as vegetables are harder to digest, it is more necessary to chew them perfectly.

W. Yes, the object of chewing our food is to make the pieces smaller,—to chop it up into very little pieces. I often think when I eat *my* food that it must be brought into very small pieces before it can become part of my body. Think how very, very small, the food must be chopped, for it to be spread through all parts of one's body!—indeed, now I think about it, even its particles must be separated so as to form a fluid. I do not see how anybody's teeth could chew the food fine enough for it to spread all through the body.

M. The truth is, that the food must be dissolved. Therefore, when the teeth have partly chewed it, the stomach chews it over again, as it were; that is to say, it divides the particles

and divides them again until the solid food really becomes fluid. But we must not get into the subject of digestion in general—we were talking of the particular digestion of the sheep.

In the course of the morning the sheep's paunch is generally well filled, and when the sultry noon, or the afternoon, comes, it sits quietly down under some shady tree, to bring all this grass back again to its mouth, and chew it. The process is performed thus:—The grass while in the paunch is well soaked and softened by a certain fluid, and it is then passed through a passage which leads to the second stomach. This second stomach you may observe has markings upon it, something like those of a honeycomb; it is therefore called the *honeycomb stomach*. Here the softened grass is pressed together or rolled up, as it were, into little balls, which, as they are wanted, are forced through the oesophagus into the mouth, to be chewed. The process of chewing this softened grass is called *chewing the cud*, or *ruminating*, whichever you please.

L. And when the cud has been chewed, I suppose, mainly, that it is swallowed again. Into which stomach does it pass?

M. It now passes into the third stomach, which, from the many folds it contains, is called the *manyplies*. The certainty with which it passes down into the manyplies is interesting. The pipe called the *oesophagus* down

which it descends opens both into the paunch and into the manyplies; and it was a question long asked with wonder, "How, with the two openings, can the food tell into which stomach it ought to pass?" And some perhaps asked "Does it never make mistakes and go back again into the paunch?"

The question was at last answered. The food always goes into its proper place, and this is the reason why. The opening into the *paunch* is not a very easy one; the food has to force its way through a kind of slit or open fold in the side of the oesophagus. Now, when the grass is swallowed the first time, it is in a solid state, so that it is hard enough to force its way through this inlet to the paunch; but when it descends the second time, the case is very different; the food has been chewed into a fluid state, like cream, and now it is not *strong* enough to force its way into the paunch. Therefore—

Ion. Therefore it must pass through the other opening into the *manyplies*, I suppose. That is very curious!

M. Such is the case. What office the *manyplies* performs I cannot exactly say; but, after a time, the food passes on from there into the fourth stomach, which is called the *reed*. This is where the real process of digestion is carried on; for this stomach contains the gastric juice.

The largest stomach in a sheep or a cow is the paunch—as you may see; but it is not so

in a young lamb, or calf. They feed on milk which need not be passed up again to be chewed; therefore, as the milk passes at once into the fourth stomach, the paunch is not used, and it is very small; it is even smaller than the *reed*. When a calf has been killed, its *reed* is hung up and dried for the dairyman, as the gastric juice it contains is useful to curdle milk; it is called *rennet*.

Do you now understand this process of ruminating?

W. I think I do. I will make an account of it. The unchewed grass passes down the oesophagus, and forces its way through an opening into the *paunch*; it is next passed into the *honeycomb*. After it has been sent up from the *honeycomb* it is chewed into a fluid creamy state, and passes through the *manyplies*, and the *reed*.

Ion. I think it is a very interesting process.

M. Yes; and the sheep also would say so, if he could speak—he would tell you that it is both pleasant and profitable. Any one may see how pleasant it is, by watching a ruminating animal. The sheep and the ox, as they sit still and chew the cud, are pictures of the most perfect enjoyment. Their calm and placid countenances tell you that all angry excitement has passed away, and that they are at peace with all the world—no animal could quarrel while chewing the cud.

W. But how is the process *profitable*, mamma?

M. In this way: the food

which is digested slowly is digested perfectly; and any grasier can tell you that an ox requires less food than a horse, which does not chew the cud.

But there is another reason for calling this curious process profitable—it is profitable because it *saves time*. We have only been speaking of the tame ruminating animals; but let us think of those which are wild. Many of these (as you have before heard) live in the tropical regions, where large beasts of prey abound. Now, the sheep, the goat, and others, come down every day from the

high rocky places, to graze in the fertile valleys; and if, when there, they were obliged to masticate every mouthful as they cropped it, they would have to remain the whole day in the open fields, exposed to the attack of their enemies; but, having these four stomachs, they quickly fill the paunch, and retreat to some quiet shady place, where they can perform all the business of chewing in ease and safety.

Thus, then, the process of chewing the cud is not only perfect, but it is pleasant and profitable.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

"It has been said that the three most beautiful words in the English language are Mother, Home, and Heaven."

Yes, there lies hid a magic spell
Within each sacred name,
The first our infant lips can tell,
The last they love to frame;
And holy thoughts come winging back,
Of three bright visions given,
To gild and cheer life's weary track,—
Mother, Home, and Heaven!

Yes, though affection clingeth still
Through life to many another,
And fondly though the heart-strings thrill
At name of friend or brother;
Yet when o'er sorrow's troubled seas
Our shattered barks are driven,
What sounds can still the storm like these,—
Mother, Home, and Heaven!

The friends of youth, the first and nearest,
The silent tomb may hold,
And those we loved the best and dearest,
Grow strangely changed and cold;
Yet still three blessed thoughts remain
Unmixed with sorrow's leaven,
And the lone heart flies for peace again
To Mother, Home, and Heaven!

Canada.

R. A. P.

THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.

EDWARD III.

P. We have not yet written the lesson on Edward III.'s reign. Before we do so let us talk of the social events and the people of those days.

One great event was the building of the magnificent castle at WINDSOR. The manner in which it was built will show you something of the spirit of the times. No "contract" was made, as people do now, but Edward compelled the people of each county to send him so many masons, tilers, and carpenters, just as if he were levying an army.

Another social event was the establishment of TOLLS for mending the public roads. The first toll was made for repairing the road betwixt St. Giles's and Temple-bar.

One of the greatest alterations made in Edward's reign, was the alteration of the MONEY; for it was by him that the first gold coins were made. Edward caused a new coin to be made, in honour of the great victory of the English over the French. This coin was worth 6s. 8d., so that three of them were equal to a pound—they were called nobles. He also commanded groats and half-groats to be made,—and other coins. He also made a coin called the florin, but it did not circulate much; the people would not have them, because Edward wished to make too much profit by them:—he wanted them to

pass for six shillings each, which was more than they were worth.

The WAGES paid to the workmen of these times are worth noticing. They were mostly regulated by act of parliament, which was not proper; and there were no workmen paid so well as those worst of workmen, the soldiers. A master carpenter, for instance, was only allowed threepence a day, all through the year; a common carpenter had only twopence. On the other hand, a soldier's pay was sixpence per day, which is equal to about five shillings of our money. Many a soldier made his fortune by the pay and plunder he received in a successful war.

In this reign the FIRST SPEAKER of the House of Commons was appointed, and the division of the Parliament into the two "houses" of *Lords* and *Commons* was made. The chapel of St. Stephen's, Westminster, was also built, and in this place the House of Commons has always held its sittings until the present time; it is now going to sit in the famous *New Houses of Parliament*.

The LAWYERS of these times were not much esteemed. We read that "they were considered a mean people, and declared by law not fit to sit in Parliament." An important change was made by an act that in all trials "the counsellors should plead in the English language, instead of the French; this shows that the attempt of William I. to introduce the Norman tongue had not succeeded."

The PLAGUE visited England

two years after the siege of Calais, and is said to have carried off nearly *one half the nation*. It is also said that in the church-yard of the Charterhouse 50,000 persons were buried in one year.

In the year 1331, the *ART OF WEAVING CLOTH* was brought to England from Flanders, and the king invited over dyers, and other workmen. One of these workmen has been, and will be, long remembered. This man, called "Thomas Blanket," set up looms in his house, and invented the loose woollen cloth still used for beds. The people soon understood the use of these comfortable articles. They liked the cloths of Thomas Blanket, which were called after him, and used in all houses; and his name became "familiar in their mouths as household words."

The various *DRESS* of the people was very singular and very extravagant. Edward was at last obliged to restrain such taste by act of parliament, and it was ordered that no one should wear silver or silk in his clothes if his income were under *a hundred pounds* a-year.

The *FOOD* of the people was also a subject of attention. It was necessary to forbid servants from eating flesh or fish more than once a-day; and it was also ordered by law that no one should have more than two courses for dinner or supper, and not more than three dishes in each course. The government had really no right to interfere with people's meals, but it appears that the nation, like the ancient Romans, were giving too much attention to

such matters. The law was first made by Edward II., who said that "the health and property of his subjects was being ruined by the multitude of dishes served up at dinner time;" for instance, at the marriage feast of King Henry III.'s brother, there were 30,000 dishes brought to table. Even at every-day meals, "everything was made to look as showy and grand as possible. The roast pig was ornamented with gold and silver leaf—the jellies and pies were made into quaint figures resembling saints, angels, &c. The grandest dish was that of a roasted peacock, which was brought to table with all his finest feathers stuck on."

In the winter time, the people ate only *salt meat*. Just before the beginning of the winter, there was a general slaying of all the fat cattle, and enough meat was salted to last until spring. This was because the farmers did not know how to fatten cattle in the winter, as they do now.

It appears that fires were not used in private houses in Edward III.'s reign, except for cooking. Few of the houses had chimneys, so that a fire in the parlour or sitting-room would have been disagreeable. The students of Oxford and Cambridge were not allowed fires in the winter time until the reign of Henry VIII.; before then, the students had to *run* to warm themselves when cold.

There were in these times other social events worth noticing. We will talk of them in the next lesson.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

KENT.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I dare say you remember that I did not finish my last letter. I stopped in the middle of my walk through Rochester."

W. Yes, just as he was crossing the bridge. Well, read on, Lucy.

"Leaving Rochester and Chatham, I found that the town on the other side of the bridge was not called Rochester, but *Strood*. Thus there were three towns joined together almost in a straight line—CHATHAM, ROCHESTER, and STROOD.

"After walking through Strood, I turned my steps back again, through Rochester and Chatham, and arrived at another place beyond, called *Brompton*. Here the large and famous barracks for the soldiers are situated. Thus I found four places in one connected line—STROOD, CHATHAM, ROCHESTER, and BROMPTON.

"The most remarkable places in Rochester are the Castle and the Cathedral; which are both very ancient. The Cathedral is a good specimen of Norman architecture, and is noted for its highly ornamented doorway. As I passed through the High Street, I observed a quaint-looking house, with a stone tablet upon it, on which an inscription was engraved. I found on reading it, that the house was an Almshouse for poor travellers, in which they might obtain a night's lodging and their supper, and fourpence to help them

on their way. It was founded by Mr. Richard Watts.

"*Chatham* is noted principally for its dockyard. On inquiry about the large men-of-war I had seen in the Medway, I was told that Chatham is one of the principal storehouses for the navy—that although the ships I had seen had no masts on them, their masts and rigging were kept in readiness for them; and that if they were wanted in a hurry, each ship would be masted and rigged in a few minutes. It appears that the Medway is a convenient river for the ships to be kept in, as it is near the Thames, and has much less traffic than that river. Chatham, too, is easily reached from London. *Brompton* is noted, not for its shipping and sailors, but for its barracks and soldiers.

"On leaving the ancient towns of Rochester and Chatham, I proceeded by omnibus to Maidstone. The ride outside the omnibus was, perhaps, the most beautiful of any I had yet enjoyed: neither in the western riding of Yorkshire, nor in the wild Peak of Derbyshire, had I seen anything so delightful as the scenery on the hills of Kent. The two strong omnibus horses dragged us up high hills which seemed impossible to climb, and on reaching the top they descended the other side with the heavy omnibus behind them. So steep was the road sometimes, that I feared that the horses, omnibus, coachman, passengers and all, would be tipped over into the

valley below. The large broad panorama which we passed was a true country sight. The pasture land, and corn-fields, the hop-gardens, the trees, and the hills beyond were beautiful to look upon, while the sunshine and shadow from the moving clouds continually changed the appearance.

"As we were descending the steep hill, near the Lower Bell Inn, I observed, in one of the fields below, three or four large gray stones which looked like a 'cromlech' put up in remembrance of some important event.

"You are looking at those stones," said a fellow-traveller. "I can tell you something about them."

"I was going to ask you to do so," I replied.

"Well, sir, it is said that any carpenter may put his hand inside, and pull out nails all day long."

"Yes; you mean, I suppose, that he could draw out his finger-nails? I could have told you that. I would rather have some more important information."

"Well, I can tell you, sir," said the driver; "nobody knows exactly what they were put there for. It is supposed that it was in remembrance of one of the great battles between the Saxons and the Danes. Some people say that it is the tomb of the British King Vortigern, who was killed in single combat with the Saxon Chief Hengist; but really no one knows exactly. We call it Kit's Coty House."

"That's a rather ragged company!" said a neighbouring

passenger, pointing to a group of seven or eight people, who were tramping along the road. There were a man and his wife, with another female, and a family of young children. Each individual carried a bundle, and the father had the largest, which was slung upon a stick. Just at that moment the eldest son looked back, gave his bundle to his brother, and ran by the side of the omnibus, begging for money. He kept up with us for a long distance, until we threw him some pence, which I dare say he *would* have caught in his hat, but he hadn't one.

"They look just like Irish people," said my neighbour.

"Yes," I replied; "I wonder what they are doing ~~here~~;" but we did not ask the coachman, for we were ascending another hill, which was short and very steep. Then, having passed through the turnpike gate, along another pleasant road, and past some large barracks, we found ourselves in the broad clean High Street of Maidstone.

MAIDSTONE is a great contrast to Chatham; the open streets have a pleasant and cheerful appearance, and so also has the Medway, which is not so broad here as at Chatham. The town seems very quiet, and yet it is in a busy, thriving state. There is a good trade from the traffic on the river, but it is not so extensive as it was, as many goods are brought and carried away by railway. The only remarkable places I saw were the paper mills, the corn exchange, and the county jail, which is said to

have cost £200,000. There was a young farmer stopping at the same inn with myself, and after I had seen the town, I went with him for a country walk, to see the hops.

"This is just the hopping season," he said, as we started; "you will see hundreds at work in some of the hop gardens, for we have had very fine weather lately."

"Yes," I replied, "look at that great fellow sprawling on the grass! He seems quite at ease, stretching out his limbs, and snoring; he seems fast asleep." And so he was; and, as I looked at him lying on his back with his face turned up to the sun, I saw that it was the Irishman whom our omnibus had overtaken on the road. He had made a sort of tent on the grass, by the roadside, for the children, who seemed very happy. They were looking on while the elder boy and the women attended to a pot, which they were boiling on a fire made with sticks from the hedge. 'Are they Irish *gipsies*?' I asked. 'No, sir. They are only some of the swarms of Irish who come over to England every year for the harvest. They come through Liverpool, and wander all over the country, working at the hay harvest, the corn harvest, and lastly, the hop picking; then they leave us and return home until next year. Most of the Irish you see about these parts are those from London; Kent is very far both from Liverpool and Bristol. I dare say, if you go to the hop gardens to-morrow, you will see that man at

work; he and his family are tired now, for they seem to have had a long walk.'

"And do they lie about the roads at night in this way?"

"Yes; some of them. And we farmers let them sleep in the barns; nearly all the barns in the neighbourhood are full at night."

"How do you pay them for their labour?" I said.

"Why, we pay them so much a bushel. Here we are at the hop grounds! and now you may see them at work." The scene was a very lively one; the whole company were as busy as bees, for the women and children, as well as the men, were hard at work. The hops, as I dare say you know, twine around high poles, and, with their bright green leaves and flowers, are a delightful sight. 'When a pole is taken down, it is laid across a wooden frame, on each side of which stand seven or eight pickers, consisting of women, boys, and girls, who pick off the blossoms, and throw them into a large cloth beside them.'

"How much can they earn a-day at this work?" I said.

"Why, generally, about ten-pence or a shilling is considered a good day's earning. A good picker can pick nearly a hundredweight of hops per day—or about nine bushels."

"It seems very little," I said, "for the poor Irish to come so far for; but a great many of the pickers seem to be Welsh. I can tell by their peculiar glistening eyes. What do you do with the hops after they are dried?"

"They are taken," he replied, "to the hop-kilns, or hop-oasts, as we call them. I dare say you noticed several of the little round buildings, as you came along. The hops are placed on a floor inside, which is made of red brick or perforated tiles, and are dried by the fire underneath. It is important that they should be dried directly; so that, during the picking time, the men keep the fires alight all night as well as day. When a batch of hops are dried, they are shovelled away, and left in another room for five or six days. All the moisture is thus evaporated, so that we are not afraid to press them down tightly in the bag. The large hops are placed in large bags, called *pockets*. The packages of smaller hops are only called *bags*. They are pressed together very tightly; one man fills,

and another, standing in the bag itself, presses them down with his feet."

W. Ah, that must be *good fun!* for you see—at first—(if it is a good large sack)—the man inside is like the Jack in the green—he works hard without being seen; but, as he fills up the bag, he rises in the world.

Ion. (By reading others beneath his feet.)

W. True. First, his head is seen; then his shoulders; then his body; part of his legs come next; and, making his *pedestal* larger all the time, he rises until—until—What does Mr. Young say?

L. Why, he says nothing about it; he only says,

"I remain,
Your affectionate friend,
HENRY YOUNG."

ALL THINGS ARE CHANGING.

All things are changing—look on the child!
Like the forest's young fawn he is bounding wild;
With his ruddy cheek and eye of mirth,
The fairest and happiest thing on earth.
A few short years, and a furrowed brow
Will mar the beauty that decks him now!

All things are changing—look on the friend,
Whose love we once thought could never end!—
Ne'er didst thou dream of the altered look,
Of that heart to thee a "sealed book"—
Ah no! it vowed to be true to thee,
But, like all else, it oft' changeful be!

All things are changing—yet murmur not;
We should grow too fond of our earthly lot,
If the ties of earth were never riven,
To fix our thoughts on a home in heaven—
But now, with pleasure we contemplate
The future bliss of a changeless state!

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beautiful, how beautiful,
 The little dancing stream,
 With its tiny waves all sparkling
 In the glorious moonlight beam,
 And its tones of silvery laughter,
 Like the voices of a dream.

Beautiful, how beautiful,
 The forest tall and old,
 With its noble trees that ne'er have felt
 The axe of woodman bold,
 But wear in peace their crowns of green,
 Or fading autumn gold.

Beautiful, how beautiful,
 The little woodland flower,
 That lifteth up its crimson lips
 To drink the summer shower,
 And telleth by its deepening tints
 Of its ever grateful power.

Beautiful, how beautiful,
 The little cottage child,
 As he plays by the laughing streamlet's banks,
 Or wreathes the blossoms wild;
 Or folds his little arms to sleep,
 As yet all undefiled.

And beautiful, *most* beautiful,
 The sound of his evening hymn,
 As it swelleth from his rosy lips,
 At hour of twilight dim;
 Who knoweth but it blendeth with
 The chant of a seraphim?

Beautiful, how beautiful,
 Is all that God hath made!
 Oh! if earthly things can look so fair,
 That vanish like a shade,
 Then glorious that land must be
 Whose beauty cannot fade.

13th Week.

SATURDAY.

Music.

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—AUTUMN SONG.

(From the Training-School Song-Book.)

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, featuring a soprano vocal line. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves contain identical lyrics: "With sickles gleaming brightly, Go forth the scyphers lightly, The waving grain to shear, The". The third staff contains: "waving grain to shear The morning birds are waking The yellow ears are shaking, The". The fourth staff contains: "waving grain to shear The morning birds are waking, The yellow ears are shaking The". The fifth staff contains: "harvest-time is here, The harvest time is here The harvest time, the harvest time, the". The sixth staff contains: "harvest time is here, The harvest time is here The harvest-time, the harvest time, the". The seventh staff contains: "harvest time is here The harvest time, the harvest time the harvest time is here". The eighth staff contains: "harvest time is here The harvest time the harvest time, the harvest time is here".

Now all the landscape pleases,
While early morning breezes
So freshly round them blow.
The lark is upward springing,
And song-birds' notes are ringing,
As to the fields they go
The harvest-time is here.

From morn till eve they labour,
Each sharing with his neighbour
The burden of the day.
And when their toils are ending
The moon's bright beams descending
Will light their homeward way.
The harvest-time is here.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

14th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

MOVE ON!

W See! Move on! Well, if to stand still is a good thing to move on must be very bad

I On Now, you are always in such a great hurry, Willie, to say that any thing is good or bad, I rather think that there must be some good in both things.

P Yes, the real advantage of standing still is, that you may be better able to move on

Oh it is a delightful thing to move on! You stand still that you may look back—you look forward that you may move on

W Ah, I did not think of that! It's of no use looking forward, I suppose, unless you mean to move on

P I know a tale which will teach you that. It will also show that it is good to look forward to something a long way off, and slowly and steadily to move onward to it

There was a sailor once, who had been out on two or three voyages, and had seen much of the sea, he had gone out and had come back again—but he seemed to have no particular purpose in doing so, except to get money, and live. He had sailed through the Mediterranean Sea and had seen

Genoa, Malta, Gibraltar, and other places. Perhaps he had gone northward in some of the merchant vessels—indeed, he had once travelled as the master of a vessel, but he had no fun in doing so, except to get money, and live. When the voyage was done, it was done—and that was all. Perhaps he would take another voyage—but then, it would be only the same thing done over again

I On Well! and there would be a pleasure in doing that, if he knew that he was doing some good, and was doing it rightly, as it ought to be done

P True—that was a great good, but the man wanted a greater good. He often thought like this—"It is good—it is very good—to find something great to do, to say to yourself, 'There! I'll do that.' Before I die, I will do it, if God spares me, and all my lifetime, I'll move on, and move on, and still keep moving on, until I have done it."

I On And did the man find something to do?

P Yes, you shall hear his history. When he was about thirty years old he got married; then instead of going to sea he took a house, and set up in business as a map-maker.

I should like to have seen him in his house at Liébde.

He was "a middle-sized man, but very muscular and strong, like a true and noble working-man. And he had a noble countenance, too; it was a thoughtful visage, rather long, with a nose long and aquiline, with blueish grey eyes which seemed to have thoughts in them, with fair complexion, and white hair." Yes, I should like to have seen this thoughtful man bending over his charts as he drew them. It was said to be a very respectable occupation, the drawing of maps. Sometimes more than a hundred pounds was paid for a map, yet he felt he was not a respectable man if he only lived to earn money—he wanted something better to live for.

At last an idea came to him, and he began to live for it, and to move on to it. As he looked at the maps he was drawing, he began to think, "We do not know very much of the surface of the earth—I think there is much more land to be found yet." He thought over his map again—"This earth has the shape of a globe; now, all the land which I am drawing is situated in the EAST. I have an impression—just an 'impression'—that there is more land in the WEST." And he looked at his maps again—and he thought again—then his impression deepened. He listened to the various rumours of strange lands, which had been supposed to be there—of pieces of wood picked up which seemed to have come across from the West—of canes, and

reeds, and huge pine-trees, which also seemed to have floated from the West—of a piece of carved wood, and two bodies of strange men which had been blown on the shores of the Azores; and these and many other signs which only a mariner understands, gave a shape to his impression. His impression became AN IDEA, and that idea was—"There is more land in the West."

"Now, the sailor had 'something to do.' "Yes," he thought to himself, "it would be a very great thing to discover the other side of the world;" and he thought about it more and more; he diligently noted down all new facts, until he became convinced that his idea was the truth. He felt now that God had destined him to prove its truth, and to show the world the land in the West. Not a doubt was in his mind; he did not hesitate; he had his idea to work out; he would discover that land!

So now the old sailor began to move on. Poor fellow, he had to make the first step, and that step was to get a ship! Can't you imagine him, sitting down to think about it? "Ah," he would think, "a ship costs a great deal of money, and I have not any. Well! I must have a ship."

So he kept on thinking—he thought, and thought, and his thoughts moved on, for he would not give up. "Come!" he said to himself, "thou must have a ship—go and ask the king!"

It was a hard thing for him

to do, but he must move on, so he did it. He went to the palace of JOHN II., the King of Portugal, and stood before the king. Then the king listened to him; he was held fast by the earnest looks and noble face of the old sailor, and told him to tell all his plans, and show his maps to the counsellors of the state. But, alas! success is not so easily gained. The counsellors of the state treated the old sailor unfairly; they received his plans and charts, then they secretly fitted up a vessel and sent it out, that they themselves might have the honour of discovering the Land of the West. This was a bad enterprise, and it failed. The ship was driven back by a storm; the counsellors were disappointed, the plans of the old sailor were declared to be foolish, and he was sent away without help.

Do you think that the old sailor gave up his plan, then? Not he! Oh no, he had been treated most unjustly, and he was very angry; but he only stood still that he might gain more strength, and then he moved on again.

Yes, he turned his back on Lisbon, and went to Genoa, his own country; there he offered his schemes to the Government, but they refused them with contempt. It is said that he next went to Venice, and there also he was driven back.

But what is the use of driving back a man who has determined to move on? Sit down again, old sailor, and think once

more! If he had once thought that his idea was not true, he might have given it up; but no, he *had* thought very much before; he *knew* that his idea was truth, so he determined to move on again.

Move on! where to next? "Let us try two kings at once," thought the sailor. "I will go to Spain, and my brother shall cross the seas, and speak to the King of England."

Spain at that time was a rich and powerful kingdom. It was governed by a king called FERDINAND and a queen called ISABELLA, and they were both working together, doing daring deeds. They were fighting great battles in Granada, to drive out the last of the Moors from the kingdom of Spain; and they were only eager to raise the glory of Spain, and to render it the greatest kingdom of Christendom. Why should such great and mighty sovereigns listen to a poor sailor; why trouble their heads about a wild scheme of discovering a new world?

"Nonsense! old man," his *judgment* whispered to him, "it's of no use trying in Spain."—"No! no! no!" his *prudence* whispered to him,— "They'll not attend to your story; they have something else to do. Don't waste your time with the sovereigns of Spain; they'll neither listen to you, nor lend you a ship." But he had a *will* within him, and that will rose up and spoke again. It said to him, "Where there's a will, there's a way."—"Go!" it said to him; "you *must* have

a ship. Go! you must discover | obeyed his will. He went to
that land."

So the difficulties were all | move on.
forgotten, and the old man | (Continued on page 225.)

OLD HORSE TO HIS MASTER,

WHO HAD SENTENCED HIM TO DIE AT THE END OF SUMMER.

AND hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say?

And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?

A little longer let me live, I pray;

A little longer hobble round thy door!

For much it grieves me to behold this place,

And house me in this hospitable shed:

It glads me more to see my master's face,

And linger on the spot where I was bred.

For oh! to think of what we have enjoyed,

In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!

Then from the jocund morn to eve employed,

My gracious master on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danced on down along.

Since first to thee these wayworn limbs I gave;

Sweet smiling years! when both of us were young—

The kindest master, and the happiest slave!

Ah, years sweet smiling, now for ever flown!

Ten years, thrice told, alas! are as a day!

Yet as together we are aged grown,

Together let us wear that age away.

And hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say?

And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?

A little longer let me live, I pray;

A little longer hobble round thy door!

But oh, kind Nature! take thy victim's life!

End thou a servant, feeble, old, and poor!

So shalt thou save me from the uplifted knife,

And gently stretch me at my master's door.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 9. RUMINATING ANIMALS.

M. The great distinction between these vegetable feeders and the carnivorous animals we observed last week. In which part is this great distinction found?

W. It is found in the stomach—the part with which they digest their food. I know where to look for the other distinctions. You said, that as their food is different, there will be a difference in the parts with which they *eat* their food, and the parts with which they *catch* it, and so on.

M. Well, let us see. The carnivorous animals have, as you know, long *canine* (or tearing) teeth, with which they rip up and kill their prey. Let us see if this is the case with the others. Here are the bones of a sheep's head—Examine them!

L. I can see, mamma, that the sheep has no canine teeth—it has *grinding* teeth.

M. Suppose, then, that you notice their grinding teeth.

Ion. Their grinding teeth seem to have *ridges* on the top which are made of enamel, and are curve-shaped; the teeth are alike in both the upper and the lower jaws. They must be very good teeth for grinding grass—they would so easily tear it in pieces!

M. True, and the action of their teeth is helped by a peculiar motion of the jaws, which I cannot now explain to

you. Look, now, at the front cutting teeth—or *incisors*, as we call them!

L. There seem to be eight cutting teeth, but they are all in the lower jaw—there are none above.

W. I remember now that that is the case. Uncle once showed me one of his cows; it only had a *pad* at the roof of its mouth. I noticed that when the cow was eating the grass, it cut through each mouthful with these cutting teeth. They acted against that pad, just as a knife will cut upon a board.

Ion. I will make out an account of the teeth.

"THE RUMINATING ANIMALS have six *grinding* teeth (molars) on each side of both jaws; these molars have ridges of enamel, which serve to grind the herbage into shreds; while they are assisted by a peculiar circular motion of the jaws.

"The *canine* teeth of these animals are wanting, while they have eight *incisors* in the lower jaw, with a hard pad in the roof of the mouth."

L. And I think we may add, that it has not canine teeth, because it does not want them; it has not to hold its food very fast, while it struggles for life; neither has it to rip it up, or kill it.

W. Yes. Now, we have seen how the sheep *digests* and *eats* its food; let us next look at those parts with which it *finds* its food, and *catches* it.

L. It, does not need much trouble to *find* its food; it can find it by smelling, and by tasting whether or not it is fit

to eat; and then, it does not need to *catch* its food—it need not seize it with its claws. I have never seen a cow running after the grass to catch it; nor does it sit down to pull it up with its feet.

W. No; that is all very well; but what I mean by "catch" is—to *convey* the food into its mouth; some part of the animal must be used for that purpose, I suppose!

Ion. Yes, Willie; the cow's tongue is—

W. Oh, yes! When I was watching uncle's cow, I saw her twisting the long grass into her mouth with her tongue. I should think that nearly all animals manage their food with their tongues a little. The tongue is the mouth's hand.

M. We will talk of that subject another day. You observed that the cow and sheep do not eat food which has life; therefore they have not to pursue or catch such food, and therefore they need not use their limbs for any such purpose. *I dare say, then, that if we examine them we, shall find that they are not fitted for such a purpose. Look at the sheep.

L. Ah, yes. I have noticed that before. It has not five separate fingers, like the Carnivorous animals; it only has two toes, and each toe you see is covered by a horny case—a hoof.

M. True; and these two hoofs look like one which has been cut in half, or cloven, as we should say; therefore we call the two together a *cloven hoof*. This hoof, you can see,

is by no means fitted for seizing another animal.

Ion. No; it is more suitable for *walking* on the ground.

M. Or for *locomotion*, as we say; which word means moving from place to place. Thus we may say of the *limbs* of the ruminating animals, that they are only employed for supporting and carrying the body—not for grasping.

**I.* And as they have not the five fingers for grasping, they do not need the two bones in the forearm to give variety of motion to their hands.* And if you look at this little drawing you will see that the *Radius* and *Ulna* are joined, and form one bone.

M. That is correct; and such is the case with all the cud-chewings animals.

W. Then I will make a sentence about their limbs:—

"As the RUMINATING ANIMALS eat grass, they have not to *seize* their prey. As they have not to hunt and seize their prey, the extremities of their limbs are not divided into five fingers, but are *hoofs*, which are better fitted for *locomotion*. As they need not move their hoofs in various directions, the two bones of the forearm are not separate to give freedom of motion, but the bones are united."

Now, we have not noticed their *senses*, with which they would find their food.

M. The senses of these animals are very acute; their



principal object is to enable them to escape. These almost defenceless creatures, like the *Hare*, are always on the look out for danger. With their scoop-shaped ears turned backward, they are ever listening to sounds from behind. With the horizontally oval eye, placed on the side of the head, they have a wide range of sight—while some, such as the Chamois, can sniff the slightest odour—even faint odours which have been scattered abroad, and diluted, and carried by the wind from a distance of many miles.

But you must not suppose these creatures are *quite* defenceless.

W. No, their size is some protection.

L. And more than that, some have curious weapons growing from their foreheads, which we call *horns*.

Ion. And those which cannot defend themselves with their heads make use of their heels. I have read that if the Giraffe be attacked, he will sometimes vanquish his enemy by his hard kicks. Even a *Lion* has been conquered by a Giraffe.

M. There is just one more general distinction belonging to this order. Nearly all of them, when attacked, try to save themselves by flight. As they have scarcely any other means of escape, what, therefore, would you expect to find?

Ion. I should think that they would have great *swiftness* given to them.

A. And such is the case with most of the *wild* ruminants, especially the Antelopes, Goats, and Sheep, CAMELEOPARDS, and

even the BUFFALOES. Generally, they have *long* legs, and a very flexible spine; and both of these points are necessary for active motion.

Ion. We found the same distinctions in the flesh-eating animals,—they have swiftness; so it is but fair that their *prey* should have these things, or else they would have no chance.

M. Yes; thus you see that there is “some balance of power” between these two principal orders. The *tame* cud-chewing animals are not so active, because they have such a weight of fat and flesh upon their bones.

You may now sum up the “general distinctions” of this order.

MANnALS. *

There are certain Mammals which

(1.) Eat only vegetable Food.
(2.) Therefore they have peculiar STOMACHS for perfect digestion.
(3.) Teeth fitted for cropping, and peculiar molars for grinding grass, but no canine (or tearing) teeth, for killing other animals.

(4.) LIMBS not with claws, but hoofs, because not wanted for grasping or holding food, but only for locomotion.

(5.) SENSES very acute—eyes placed at side of head,—ears inclining backward, affording a means of warning. They have

(6.) MEANS OF DEFENCE in their horns and hoofs, and

(7.) MEANS OF ESCAPE—some in their size and strength, others in swiftness.

(8.) These Mammals, from their principal distinction of chewing the cud, are called CUD-CHEWING, or RUMINATING ANIMALS.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

KENT.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"MAIDSTONE is the capital of Kent; and before leaving there, I found that it is so called from the Medway—'Maidstone' being a 'corruption' of 'Med-way's town.'

"Another important town of Kent is CANTERBURY. It was formerly the capital of the county, and even now it is sometimes so called; so that Kent is thus said to have *two* capitals—Maidstone and Canterbury.

"You must go to the Pad-dock-wood Junction, sir, and then you will meet the down-train, which will take you to Canterbury," said the porter at the railway station, as I was preparing to leave Maidstone. It seemed an odd thing, to go such a round-about way, but he seemed to know more about it than I did, so I went, and reached Canterbury accordingly.

"The entrance to the town is a fine massive old gateway, built of stone. This is the only gate remaining, and is called the WESTGATE; there were at one time five others, for Canterbury was a large walled city, and required six gates. Just in the front of the gate is a small bridge over a branch of the river Stour.

"I looked up to this gate with many thoughts of the ancient warlike times which it represented, and then passed on down the old-fashioned street

(which is something like that of Rochester), until I reached the Cathedral.

"Here I was rather disappointed. It *has been* a most magnificent structure; but it is in so bad a state of preservation, that all the fine tracery of the architecture is destroyed. It certainly was *picturesque*, but it was more like an ancient ruin than a cathedral in use. I did not see or feel what its beauty had been, until I viewed it from outside the city. Then, as the two tall western towers, and the taller and more elegant central tower rose above the houses, then I felt pleasure at the sight, and exclaimed '*Splendid cathedral!*'

"Some parts of the interior are very fine. The different chapels and tombs were very interesting, but there was one tomb which I sought for before looking at any others."

W. I dare say that that was Thomas à-Becket's.

"You have no doubt heard of Thomas à-Becket, who was the Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry II. You have heard, I dare say, that he was a proud and arrogant man; and that, because he behaved so badly to the king, some knights were wicked enough to murder him at the altar. This all belongs to the history of England, but the events after his death belong to the history of Canterbury.

"When Becket was alive, many people called him a wicked man; but when he was dead, they called him a saint;

and then, all manner of strange things happened. Then the great King Henry II. came to Saint Thomas's tomb to be whipped, and there he knelt while eighty monks and five bishops thrashed him with knotted cords. You see that a great many priests were required for the important work of thrashing a king—not even eighty had dignity enough, without the help of five bishops. They thought, however, that he ought to be punished to show his sorrow for his sins. Poor people, not to know better than that!—They might have learned that sorrow can only be shown by trying not to sin; and that if the king wanted punishment, God would give it him.

“But there were other pilgrims to this cathedral, besides the king. Becket became the most popular of all saints, and large crowds of people came from all parts of England to worship at his tomb, and bring offerings of money—even the kings of England, and mighty foreign kings sent large sums. You have, I dare say, heard of the *Canterbury pilgrims*:—often the city was not large enough to contain them, for many *miracles* were said to have been wrought at the shrine, and the wonderful tales that were told brought fresh crowds of deluded people.

“The shrine of Thomas à Becket was in the part of the cathedral called the Trinity Chapel. It has been described by Lassus as a ‘glorious’ shrine: ‘a coffin of wood which covered a coffin of gold, was drawn up by ropes and pulleys,

and then an invaluable treasure was discovered; *gold was the meanest thing to be seen there*—all shined and glittered with the most precious jewels, of an extraordinary bigness—some were larger than the egg of a goose.’

“But all these treasures have long been removed: they were carried away and the altar was destroyed; for at the time of the REFORMATION, when the rough King HENRY VIII. ruled, the Protestants robbed the Catholics of their cathedrals, abbeys, and other riches. This was certainly a bad way of reforming. The cathedral, too, as well as the tomb of à-Becket, has suffered from these ‘reformations.’ As time rolled on, it was said that even the reformed church was corrupt, and needed reforming again; and men who supposed themselves more pure than others, and were called Puritans, said they would do it! In the seventeenth century, a Puritan named Oliver Cromwell ruled in England, and thus the Puritans had the power to do what they willed. Whether they improved the religious worship of the cathedral I cannot say, but they certainly did not improve the cathedral itself. There is a manuscript in the cathedral library which describes the mischief which, in their ignorance and rage, the people did to the building:

“‘The church looked more like a ruined monastery than a church, so little had the fury of the late reformers left remaining, except the bare walls and roof. The windows (famous for strength and

beauty) were generally battered and broken down; the whole roof extremely impaired and ruined, both in timber work and lead; water tables, pipes, and much other lead cut off; the choir stripped and robbed of her fair and goodly hangings: the organ and organ-loft, communion table, and the best and chiefest of her furniture, with the rail before it, and the screen of tabernacle-work, richly overlaid with gold behind it; goodly monuments shamefully abused, defaced and rifled of brasses, iron grates and bars; the Dean's private Chapel and fair library above it, quite demolished; books, &c., sold,—houses ruined,—stables pulled down,—common seal, registers, and other books, records and evidences, seized—many irrecoverably lost—others purchased at great price; generally what was money-worth made prize of and embezzled; the goodly cathedral made a den of thieves.

"When I had read this, I could easily account for the present battered state of the fine old building.

"There were many other tombs worth noticing, among which were those of EDWARD the Black Prince, and of HENRY IV.; but the place with which I was most pleased, was a small chapel in the crypt. This little place was given by Queen Elizabeth to the persecuted people of Flanders and France who settled here, and whom you have so often heard of. It was used by them that they might hear the Protestant service in French; and this French chapel was attended for a long, long time. I am not sure that the service is not kept up, even now.

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"The next interesting place is called the *Dane-john*; it is a very high circular mound, and is so called because it was thrown up by the Danes as a protection in time of war. It is now in a very ornamental state, with smooth turf, and a winding path, and a monument at the top for the gentleman who ornamented it.

"Another place worth noticing is the new *College* of St. AUGUSTINE, which has been built on the spot where the magnificent Abbey of St. Augustine stood.

"St. Augustine was, as you know, the monk sent from Rome to spread Christianity in Britain. You may remember that he landed in Kent, and that Ethelbert, the king of Kent, embraced the religion of Jesus. The Abbey of St. Augustine is said to have been built on the very spot where he first met the king; it was richly supported by the Saxon kings, by Canute, by Edward the Confessor, and others. The fine old gateway of the abbey still stands; it has been repaired, and now serves as the entrance to the new college. This college has been erected on the ruins of the old building, for the purpose of training clergymen as missionaries to the colonies, &c."

W. And that is a very good purpose for *St. Augustine's College*, because he was so celebrated a missionary himself.

"The thoughts of this old gateway, and of Saint Augustine, brought to my mind the history of Canterbury, which is indeed a very ancient place.

You know that Julius Cesar invaded England about fifty years before Christ; but long before then, Canterbury existed. It is said to have been known even in the year 900 B.C. The importance of the town was much increased by the coming of St. Augustine. When King Ethelbert became a Christian, he enabled the monks to establish *St. Augustine's Monastery*, and to begin the *Cathedral of Canterbury* to the honour of Jesus Christ.

"I told you before that the Danes often attacked Canterbury, for, unfortunately, it was too near to the Isles of Thanet and Sheppey. Thus, in the year 1011, after the wicked Saxon king *Ethelred* had massacred all his Danish subjects, fresh Danes came over to revenge such cruelty by burning and destroying England. They took Canterbury, notwithstanding all its strong gates and thick walls; they burned the fine cathedral, with all the houses of the city, except the Abbey of St. Augustine; they killed all the monks there, except four, and destroyed all the 8,000 inhabitants, except 800. Notwithstanding this calamity, it is said that the buildings of Canterbury 'exceeded those of London, at the time of the Roman Conquest in 1066.' In 1070, the cathedral was burnt again; and again the city was burnt in 1161. Another fire broke out in 1174, and another in 1220.

"These accidents would no doubt have almost ruined the city, but for the great riches

acquired from the pilgrims of all ranks to Becket's tomb.

"At the beginning of the Reformation, Canterbury suffered once more, from the storm of persecution by *Henry VIII.*, so that it is said 'multitudes of inhabitants, and beautiful buildings, suddenly fell into extreme poverty, nakedness, and decay.'

"In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the prosperity of the city was revived by the settlement there of the persecuted Protestant workmen from Flanders and France. They were called *Walloons*, and, selecting Canterbury from its nearness to London, and its waters, they followed the art of weaving silks and stuffs. They multiplied very quickly, and in 1634, the number of communicants in the little French church in the crypt of the cathedral amounted to 900. In the year 1685, when the *Edict of Nantes* was revoked, 50,000 French Protestants settled in all parts of England and Ireland, as well as in Canterbury—thus the manufactures of the city were brought to perfection; silk, lustre, brocades, satins, watered silks, and black and coloured velvets were made, and the wealth of the city was greatly increased.

"But the times have changed once more. I walked through Canterbury, and looked in vain for any silk or woollen manufactures; all have long since been removed—so, on my way home through the High Street, I stopped to take some lunch, and to make inquiries.

"Well, this is rather a dull place," I said to the old fishmonger, who opened for me some oysters.

"Yes, sir; but it warn't so allus. The truth is, sir, these railways are the ruin of our place. People never stop here now; they just come up by rail from London, attend to their business, and then they are off again. Why, before the railway was, Canterbury used to be filled with horses and carriages—sometimes twelve or more carriages would be seen at once—for this was part of the highroad to the Continent, and was the principal resting-place. Then the people used to stop, and see the cathedral, and spend their money."

"Like the Canterbury pilgrims of old," I said.

"Yes, sir. Why I have seen no less than *sir* travelling carriages drawn up at yonder hotel. Them was the times, sir, when I was a boy. But Canterbury is a poor place now—very poor."

"But," I said, "Canterbury

is the principal cathedral-city, and an *archbishopric*. I have long heard of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Do not he and all the other clergy of the cathedral support the city?"

"No, sir, the archbishop do'ent live here. We do'ent see 'im so often as once a-year. But we have a good many clergy living around the cathedral—in the 'precincts'; for there be a *dean*, and twelve *prebendaries*, six *minor canons*, and others. But then, again, you see, sir, they do'ent all deal with we. A great many things are brought up from London by rail. It's the farmers that we depends upon for custom—mainly. They come from all parts on the market-day, and bring things to sell, and they buy the goods from our shops. —No, sir; Canterbury is a very poor place."

"Such was what I heard and saw at Canterbury.

"I remain, dear children,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

WHAT CAN I DO?

"What! if the little rain should say,

"So small a thing as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty field—
I'll tarry in the sky."

What! if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its single light alone
Cannot create a day.

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Band of Hope Review.

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

GREECE.

“ MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“ I trust that my long story about ancient Greece has not made you forget the part of modern Greece in which I was stopping.

“ You may remember that ATHENS is in the eastern part of the country, and that CORINTH is in the great western peninsula, called the Morea; you may also remember that between the two places is a station called *Kalamachi*, to which my friend the German doctor and I sailed in a boat, across the Bay of Salamis.

“ After I had viewed Corinth, and written my last letter, we made haste homeward, and directed our driver to urge his skeleton steeds to Kalamachi. We had to stop on our way to mend a rope which formed part of the harness, and then we proceeded as fast as our poor horses could go, hoping to get a fair wind and start immediately across the bay.

“ But again our hopes were vain! the wind was contrary, and therefore, to while away our time, we called with our letter of introduction upon the Austrian agent, and remained with him a part of the evening. After supper, the captain of our little boat came in to say that the winds were still contrary, and that he advised us to take up our quarters at the inn. He promised us, too, that if the wind changed during the night, he would awake us. We were

both very tired; the jolting of that hard carriage had made sundry bruises in all parts of me, and the prospect of a bed was rather tempting, so we did what the captain told us.

“ Directly we reached the inn, I begged mine host to show me my sleeping-room. He led me through a long damp passage—the shrieking key turned in the rusty lock, two stubborn bolts were drawn back with difficulty, and as the door grated on its hinge, it displayed to us a mouldy, desolate apartment without ceiling. The windows had no glass, and were closed with shutters which did not fit. I made no remark, but felt that all my visions of comfort had fled, and that I had something else to look forward to.

“ I need hardly give you the history of that night. The wind, as usual, began it; he gave the cranky shutters a gentle hint, and away they went like huge castanets—and they kept it up, too, with considerable energy and spirit, all the night. There I lay on a hard mattress, studying astronomy through the chinks in the roof, and at last I fell asleep, as I suppose, for a knocking at the door suddenly awoke me. Turning round, I heard a few strange sounds in Greek, the door was slowly opened, and a dim oil-lamp was placed inside. Naturally enough, I thought of the boat, and that the Greek words, which I did not understand, were to tell me that the wind had changed. I therefore jumped up hastily, and awoke the doc-

tor. We both dressed with all speed, and gathering up all we had, we rushed through the darkness of the night to the sea-shore, where we found the captain and crew fast asleep, and not even dreaming of sailing. Oh, if you could have seen the angry looks of my friend! his expression was more bitter than an enemy's, and more black than the night itself. It was useless reasoning with him; he fell into a great rage, and said that I had been playing him a trick, and had dragged him out of bed for my own amusement. It was useless to say that I had dragged myself out also, or to explain about the lamp, and to say that I had been 'called.' He seemed to think that I had called myself, and that the lamp had walked to the door of its own accord.

"It was now not worth while to go to bed again, so we took a walk in the dark damp air until the grey morning dawned. On consulting with the captain, he said that there was little chance that the wind would shift, and that we might perhaps beat about in the open sea for four or five days before reaching Athens. We therefore left him to consult our Austrian friend, who advised us to travel by land. This we were most unwilling to do, for we knew that we should have a troublesome journey; but we at last decided to make the venture.

"I should not like the trouble of describing to you the rest of our journey:—all the troubles we had anticipated, and a great many more, came upon us. We

had to 'haggle' and argue long and loudly, before we could strike a bargain for a pair of horses. We had to ride on steeds which were rough, rugged, and lean, and not much larger than Newfoundland dogs; our huge pack-saddles, made of wood, were almost as large as the horses themselves; and our bridles of rope.

The doctor had to experience a fall; for, the first time he mounted, his saddle turned round and brought him to the ground. The doctor also grumbled about his hard seat, especially when we reached the mountain range, and he found himself bumping up and down. The doctor also grumbled more;—for the further we went the more the bumping up and down increased. One part of the road, indeed, is so steep, that it is called the 'Cachi Scala,' which may be rendered in English 'the shocking bad staircase,' it is a narrow rugged track winding up the face of the rock to the height of a hundred feet or more, and then descending like a precipice until it literally dips into the sea, so that we had sometimes to splash on in the midst of the waves. Our little steeds now proved what mettle they possessed; they clambered up the steepest hill with the greatest activity and nimbleness, picking their way with wondrous exactness amongst the sharp loose stones. With marvellous sureness of foot, they stepped over slippery paths, and round projecting corners of rocks, in places so narrow that one of my legs hung over

the precipice, while the other chafed against the rock. As we descended the other side, they half slid and half scrambled, cleverly keeping their feet far apart, for one false step would have sent us into eternity, but not a stumble did they make. I was truly thankful when we reached the level plain again; and more so, when, as we rested, I happened to observe how our steeds were shod. They had actually carried us over the mountains with smooth flat plates of iron for shoes, which seemed to have been made on purpose to prevent their obtaining a firm hold.

"We went on for some hours through scenery bold and beautiful, and halted that evening at MEGARA, a town well situated, and superior to Corinth. Most of the houses are in the Turkish style, but have not the whitewash generally found in the houses of Eastern cities. Of our night's lodging and sup-

per, of the style of the blankets and sheets, and the dirtiness of the cookery, the less said the better. We started again the next morning long before the sun had risen; indeed the moon shone brightly for a long time, and by the middle of the day we found ourselves again at ATHENS. Very comfortable indeed was our hotel, and very pleasant to look at was our French landlady, after the kind of company we had met with, and the privations we had undergone.

"Tired as I was, I managed to make another round of the antiquities, and to make some notes, which you are to receive in my next letter. The very thought of a clean, comfortable, bona-fide bed, served to cheer me up; and, when bedtime did condescend to come at last, I slept—and perhaps snored—as sound as a (humming) top.

"Believe me, dear children,
"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

HONESTY.

A HYMN TO CHILDREN.

WITH honest heart go on your way
Down on your burial sod,
And never for a moment stray
Beyond the path of God.
Then like a happy pilgrim here,
O'er pleasant meadows going,
You'll reach the bank without a tear,
Where death's chill stream is flowing.
And everything along your way
In colours bright shall shine;
The water from the jug of clay
Shall taste like costly wine!
Then cherish faith and honesty
Down to your burial glod,
And never for a moment stray
Beyond the path of God.

HOLTY.

A HAND TO TAKE.

I.

You're rich, and yet you are not proud;
 You are not selfish, hard, or vain ;
 You look upon the common crowd
 With sympathy, and not disdain ,
 You'd travel far to share your gold
 With' humble sorrow unconsol'd ;
 You'd raise the orphan from the dust.
 And help the sad and lowed mother :
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
 I love you as a brother.

II.

You're poor, and yet you do not scorn
 Or hate the wealthy for their wealth ;
 You toil contented night and morn,
 And prize the gifts of strength and health ;
 You'd share your little with a friend,
 And what you cannot give, you'd lend ;
 You take humanity on trust,
 And see some merit in another :
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
 I love you as a brother.

III.

And what care I how rich you be?
 I love you if your thoughts are pure :—
 What signifies your poverty,
 If you can struggle and endure ?
 'Tis not the birds that make the spring,
 'Tis not the crown that makes the king :—
 If you are wise, and good, and just,
 You've riches better than all other.
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
 I love you as a brother.

CHARLES MACKAY.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

15th Week.

MONDAY.

• Moral Lesson.

• MOVE ON!

LET us think again about that sailor moving on to Spain.

In a certain small village in the South of Spain, there once stood a small Franciscan convent—I believe it stands there now. On a certain autumn evening in the year 1485, if you could have been there, and have stood outside that convent gate, you would have seen some "weary travellers" coming. "Poor weary travellers!" you might have said, for they were very poor, and only managed to get along by begging on their way. As they came nearer, you would have liked to watch them. The step of the man was very faltering, and his look was very anxious. As he stopped sometimes to carry the other traveller, he seemed ready to drop him, for that other traveller was his little son. They were both faint with hunger and fatigue, and at a slow, snail pace, the two came on together, and stopped at the convent door; then the man earnestly asked if the good people there would give him some bread and water for his child!

The porter thought that he didn't look like a beggar, for he had a noble aspect, and "venerable white hair"; his foreign accent, too, was a little

interesting, for he spoke like a Portuguese. So, the porter made haste to get him some food; and just at that time, as he was waiting outside, the Prior himself happened to pass by. This prior was named Juan Perez: he knew when he saw a thoughtful or a learned man, so he was at once struck by the appearance of the beggars. "Ah!" he thought, "they are not common beggars; that is a noble-looking man,—and, ah! poor child! how tired he looks!" So the prior went up to the beggar, and talked to him, and very soon he asked him in.

You may soon tell who these travellers were. Hear what the elder one said to the prior. "Holy Father," he would say, "I will tell you a great idea. Do you know that there is a *land in the West?* There is—indeed there is!—and I want a ship that I may sail over the ocean and find it." At first, the prior would shake his head and smile; but the traveller would go on with his tale—he would untie his bundle, and would take out his charts and plans, and show them. "Look here," he would say; "look at this! and here is another chart which will show you the way I mean to go." And then, he told him all the different signs by which he knew that

there was land in the West. So, when the prior saw that the traveller had *thought* over his plans, he looked more grave, and listened with a more believing mind.

At last, the prior was very much pleased. He became delighted with the traveller's story; but when he saw that he was a beggar, he asked him, "How will you be able to procure a ship?" The traveller replied, "I have come to Spain to tell my tale to the king—he will lend me a ship." Then the prior smiled, and shook his head once more: "No," he would say, "Ferdinand is too busy now—he will not listen to your tale." "But," the traveller would answer again, "don't say such things to me; I have thought of all that before. Do you not know that I *must* have a ship? I have made up my mind to discover that land, and I shall move on—and move on—until I have found it."

W. You need not tell me who, the traveller was, he was the sailor we heard about last week.

P. True; and the sailor stopped in that convent for a long time. There he rested, and told his tale to many people, who encouraged him—and in the following year he set out for Cordova, the town where Ferdinand and Isabella lived.

He reached Cordova, and tried to see the king, but here he was stopped once more. Ferdinand was busy beginning a new war with the Moors, and could not attend to him then.

Never mind, he would wait! and so he did, living at Cordova and drawing maps, until at last the king had time to hear him.

Ferdinand listened. He also was pleased, for he thought to himself, "If I lend the poor man a ship, and he should discover that land, it would increase the riches of Spain;" but he answered the sailor that he could not attend to such business himself, and he ordered a great meeting of learned men to be held.

Then there came together the most learned men of Spain, men who understood geography, with professors of astronomy and mathematics. Most of these were monks, or churchmen of high dignity; many were even more haughty and proud than the king himself. When they were all assembled, they sat together, some of them in great pomp, full dressed in their splendid robes. Thus prepared, they listened to the sailor's story, and asked him questions, so that they might consider and tell the king whether *they* thought there was land in the west. But here the sailor was stopped once more.

The proud men were prejudiced against him; they felt that if they themselves had never thought of that land, that simple-looking sailor had no right to do so. They acted towards him like enemies; they were too proud to consider his words, but they tried, instead, to prove from the Scriptures, and from the words of old Greek and Latin saints, that it was wrong to look for more land. In this way they made all man-

ner of strange arguments against him, but the plain humble sailor answered them with TRUTH, and would not give up his thoughts. Very few would believe him, but that mattered not—he knew that he had the truth! so he still determined to move on.

W. Ah, he was like old Martin Luther, when he stood before that great council—he had the truth, you know, and it made him move on.

P. The meeting of learned men did not help the poor sailor. Many declared, with very wise looks, that there could not be land in the west—and so they told the king. Thus it happened as I said, that here the old sailor was stopped once more.

It was very easy for the sailor to say he would move on! but it was very hard to do—there were many stopping places for him yet. Yes; to get a ship is very hard for a poor sailor to do—but, when a man has made up his mind to move on, then he delights in hard things.

Fight on, move on, struggling on, old man, for now it is very hard work! Now he had to “hold fast,” for his patience was sorely tried; already he had waited some years, and still he had to wait, for the king had not yet said no—he was to receive an answer soon. But the “wise men” had said no, and now, as he walked up and down the streets, the people of Cordova thought him mad. The little children would pass him and point to their foreheads, and they would say to one

another, “Look at the poor mad Italian sailor!” Still the sailor held fast to his ideas. He next sent his brother over to the King of England, as he had intended to do, while he himself continued to wait on the King of Spain. He had been nearly refused already, but still he followed the king. On he went, through all the king’s battles with the Moors, waiting in his camps, and wandering from one siege to another. This he did for one year, two years, three years more—still the king did not attend to him. He also waited for his brother, but he did not come back from England; and now nearly all people called him mad, and so scoffed at him that he almost began to feel himself mad, but still he waited and watched, and with hopes still rising and sinking, he held fast for five long years.

The year 1491 came. Now, how long had he been in Spain?

Ion. He came in 1485. He had been waiting six years!

P. And now, after six years, his answer arrived. Listen to the answer of Ferdinand, the king! “*The court have considered the frequent applications of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (for that was the old sailor’s name), and they find that the expenses of the war with the Moors prevent them from engaging in any new enterprise at present. When the war is over his scheme shall be again considered.*”

There is an answer for a man who has been waiting to move on for six years! Poor Christopher Columbus! Poor old wandering sailor!

How would he move on now?
Suppose that a heavy hill falls
on a traveller to crush his body,
how can he move on? So all
the mountain of hope that he
had built up for six years, fell
upon his spirit. How would
his crushed and wounded spirit
move on now?

Poor disheartened man! He
was now advanced in years.
Fears came round about him,
and made him tremble, lest
death should overtake him
before he reached that Western
land. Six years ago he had
walked into Spain, with a hasty,

trembling step, and now with a
look of despair, with a slower
and heavier step, he turned his
back to walk out.

But, even now, he resolved
that before leaving he would
try once more; he spoke to two
rich Spanish nobles, offering
his plans to them; but they
also refused. Then Columbus
went to the convent to see his
old friend, Juan Perez the
prior, to call for his son Diego,
who had been living there all
this time, and to work his way
on to FRANCE.

(Continued on page 241.)

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.*

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forsfairn?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lone bed,
None covers his gauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee buckit heeches are hard as the airm,
A' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his euclid brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his softly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammy is biid;
While the father toils sair his weo bannock to earn,
Au' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wanderings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha coulthe deal wi' the m' erless bairn!

Oh! speak him m' harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

WILLIAM THOM.

Motherless child.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 9. RUMINATING ANIMALS.

M. Last week we finished our *general* account of the Ruminating Animals. Suppose you look again at the pictures. Now try if you can find any particulars which are not general.

W. The Sheep, mamma, has wool; and the wool is not ~~general~~, for the Cow and Deer are covered with hair.

M. True. That difference, however, is not very important, for wool is only a kind of hair: it is composed of long, fine, and curly hairs twisted together. Sheep have been removed from temperate countries to the tropics, where they do not require a thick wool to keep them warm; and their wool has there changed to short hair, like that of some goats.

L. And I have heard of goats having long hair like wool.

M. Yes. The Syrian goat, and the Angora goat, have woolly hair. Thus you see that the wool of these animals is not important enough to be noticed when classifying them, for it is a feature which you cannot depend upon.

W. I observe a difference in the *horns* of the ruminating animals. The Stag has horns with branches: that is not a general feature, for the Cow's horns are not branched, and the Camel has no horns at all.

L. And the Cameleopard. Willie. If you noticed, it has

little tufted horns,—they are the shape of a drumstick.

Ion. Here, too, is a picture of a *Musk Deer*, and here is a picture of a *Llama*. Neither has horns:—so that there are four sorts:—

1. The end-chewers with *branched* horns.
2. Those with *plain* horns.
3. Those with *tufted* horns, and,
4. Those with no horns at all—hornless animals, I should call them.

M. That is correct; the ruminant animals are arranged into four tribes, according to these differences in their horns.

L. Please let us begin with the *branched-horned* animals, mamma—with all these different kinds of deer.

M. Very well. Begin by describing their horns more minutely. What else do you observe?

W. The deer's horns are not *hollow* like the cow's—they are solid: and then again they are not made of the same material; the horns of the deer are a bony substance—

M. And the substance of the cow's horns is softer; it is more like that of your finger-nails; it is composed of hairs or fibres agglutinated together.

L. And I know that the stag's horns fall off every year, but I do not think that the cow's do.

M. No; the horns of the cow remain during the whole of her life. Such horns we call "persistent" horns (from the Latin word *persistere*, to continue or

hold on); while the horns of the deer are called "deciduous" (from the Latin *decidere*, to fall down).

Thus you have four differences between the two kinds of horns.

Ion. Yes; I have written them on my slate:

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| The DEER's horns are | The Cow's horns are |
| <i>branched,</i> | <i>plain,</i> |
| <i>solid,</i> | <i>tallow,</i> |
| <i>bony,</i> | <i>"horny,"</i> |
| <i>deciduous.</i> | <i>persistent.</i> |

M. The history of the Stag's horns is rather interesting. You do not see any horns on the head of a very young stag. For the first year its head has only two swellings covered with a smooth velvet-like skin. In the second year the horns appear, surrounded by the same smooth velvet; but when they have grown to their proper size, this outer skin shrivels and dies; it peels off in shreds, and the stag helps to get rid of it by rubbing his horns against the trees. These second-year horns, however, consist only of one antler. In the third year each horn has two antlers; in the fourth year, three antlers are seen; in the fifth and sixth years, there are four and five large antlers. In the spring, every year, the horns of the stag fall off by their own weight, or with the slightest touch. Thus, for a short time, the stag is without horns; then a new pair branch forth, finer than before.

The Deer tribe may be arranged in two divisions, accord-

ing to the difference of form in their antlers. You may observe a difference in the two horns which I have drawn.



W. Yes, I see that one horn has flattened antlers, and the antlers of the other horn are round.

M. We will first talk of the division which have flattened antlers to their horns.

The largest animal in this division is the ELK. It is found in North America, and in the colder parts of Europe, such as Norway, Russia, &c. When it is fourteen years old, it is full-grown, and it then often reaches the height of seven or eight feet. It will fly from a man, but if it be provoked to fight, it is a very dangerous animal. Having great strength and size of horns, it often kills its enemy. It has been known to kill a wolf and other large animals even with a single blow of its hoof. When it runs away it takes immense strides. It is said to run with a "tremendous g.lop," making a clattering like the rein-deer, and carrying its horns horizontally so that they may not be entangled in the branches of any trees it may pass. It is sometimes

hunted by men who travel on snow-skates.

The AMERICAN ELK is not very different from the European. Its habits and manners are almost the same; it is sometimes called the *Moose Deer*.

Another deer with flattened, or *palmated* horns, as they are called, is the REIN-DEER. This animal you have, I dare say, heard of. Almost every one knows how useful it is to the Laplander. It is not only a beast of burden, but it supplies food and clothing; its flesh, milk, skin, horns, and entrails, are all of service in those countries. In the winter, the rein-deer lives in the woods, where it feeds on long lichens, or mosses, which hang in bunches from the trees, or cover the ground. When the lichen is scarce, the rein-deer roots for it under the snow, digging up the snow with its flat, spade-like horns. Sometimes it eats the twigs of the birch or willow. In the summer, the rein-deer is seen on the mountains, feeding on the green pastures. It leaves the forest as early in the spring as possible, that it may avoid the attacks of the gnat and gadfly, which sting it, and deposit their eggs in its skin.

The Laplanders keep large herds of rein-deer, which they drive up the mountains, and which, during the summer, are milked every day like the cow. Some of the wealthier men have large herds, containing many thousand animals. How the rein-deer draws the Laplander in his sledge is well known. A

rein-deer will draw a load of from 240 to 300 pounds at the rate of about ten miles an hour, and it has been known to take the wonderful journey of 150 miles in nineteen hours. In one of the palaces of Sweden there is a picture of a rein-deer which it is said travelled the astonishing distance of eight hundred miles (English) in forty-eight hours. This is said to have happened in the year 1669, but such an account is very hard to believe.

The FALLOW DEER has palmated horns, and is well known in this country. It is a beautiful creature, and is kept as an ornament in gentlemen's and noblemen's parks.

The IRISH ELK is a species which formerly existed, but it is now only found in a fossil state; it is only known from the magnificent skeleton which has been found.

These are all the deer with palmated antlers that I know of. Have you ever seen any with rounded antlers?

W. I have, mamma. First, there is the great RED DEER,—the STAG, as the huntsmen call him; he is a noble and courageous animal.

M. Yes; its courage is such that it will attack its hunter and their dog. The stags also fight with each other in a most desperate style. The stag-hunt is a very exciting sport.

Another species of round-antlered deer, well known in England, is the ROEBUCK. This is a very beautiful animal, and is much smaller than the Red Deer.

There are many other deer with rounded antlers; such as the *Wapiti*, an American animal, the *Sambur*, and the *Axis Deer*, from India; and with their names we will finish our history of the Deer tribe.

Ion. And I have finished my notes. Here they are! We have heard of some

RUMINATING ANIMALS.

1st Division,

(*Solid-horned Animals.*)

DEER TRIBE, including the Deer with *flattened* antlers, such as the Elk, Rein-Deer, Fallow Deer, and Irish Elk; the Deer with *rounded* antlers, such as the Red Deer, Roe-buck, Wapiti, Sambur, Axis Deer, &c.

THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home at light is come,
And deep is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round.
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his fine wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the hatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay:
Alone and warming his fine wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG.

TO THE SAME.

THY tuwhats are lull'd, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which upon the dark afloat,
So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice untunely grown,
Wears all day a fainter song.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whig of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthen'd loud bulloo,
Tuwhee, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

**THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.**

EDWARD III.

P. Let us conclude the social history of Edward III.'s reign.

In the reigns of Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., the spirit of chivalry and war was at its height. Tournaments and single combats were very common. Much attention was also paid by kings, knights, and soldiers to their costume, their armour, and standards. At the battle of Cressy, where the King of Bohemia was slain, his helmet was found ornamented with three ostrich feathers, beneath which was written "Ich dien," I serve. The Black Prince adopted this motto, and it has continued to be the motto of the Princes of Wales ever since.

In this reign, too, the order of the garter was established. The knights belonging to this order wore on their left leg a blue ribbon, with the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" (Evil be to him who evil thinks).

Another motto, "Dieu et mon droit" (God and my right), was also adopted in this reign. It was used by the king when he laid claim to the crown of France, and it was intended to show, or rather to declare to the people that he had God and the truth (or right) on his side.

*I*t. Yes; he said he had a *right* to the crown because his mother, Isabella, was the sister of the French king who had died.

P. This motto, "God and

my right," has since been kept, as it is a very suitable one for kings. Every king is supposed to become so by the will of God; therefore he is said to have a *right* to be king. Thus, when a king is asked for the foundation of his authority, he may point to "his arms," and say, "God and my right."

All matters relating to coats of arms, crests, and mottoes, are called *Heraldry*. In consequence of the attention paid to this subject, the *Herald's College* was established in this reign. Indeed, the number of public buildings and institutions begun at this time are worthy of notice. Besides *Windsor Castle*, *St. Stephen's Chapel*, and the *Herald's College* (which have been already mentioned), the *Doctors' Commons*, the *Charterhouse School* (at first a priory of Carthusian Friars), the *Admiralty Court* (having power over the shipping and navy), the *Exchequer Chamber Court*, two new colleges at Cambridge, and three at Oxford, were all established in Edward III.'s reign. *Rochester Bridge*, of which you have lately heard in Mr. Young's letter, was built at this time.

There were also many inventions and discoveries. Besides the appointment of "*The Speaker*" in the House of Commons, the *Separation of the two Houses*, the *Establishment of Tolls*, and the many *new Coins*, *Oil Painting* was invented, and *Cannon* were first used in consequence of the invention of *Gunpowder* by Roger Bacon.

One of the most remarkable laws in this reign was the statute of *high treason*. This statute decided which acts of rebellion against the government were to be punished with death. The *Madeira Isles* were discovered in Edward III.'s reign.

You may now write the lesson, and commit it to memory.

Lesson 21. EDWARD III.

Began to reign . . . 1327
Died 1377

1. EDWARD III., unlike Edward II., was a powerful and courageous king. As he was not fifteen years old when his father died, his mother ISABELLA, and the nobleman MORTIMER, acted as regents.

2. The principal events of Edward's reign are the great battles which were fought with the Scots and the French. The most remarkable contests were those of Halidon Hill, and Crecy, the siege of Calais, and the battle of Poictiers. The

imprisonment and ransom of DAVID, King of Scotland, and JOHN, King of France, are also worthy of notice.

3. Much of the military success of the English during this reign was owing, not only to the character of the king, but to the wonderful courage and daring of his son EDWARD, the BLACK PRINCE. This prince was much beloved by the people, but he died before his father.

4. The reign of Edward is also remarkable for its social events—such as the erection of Windsor Castle, St. Stephen's Chapel, Doctors' Commons, the Charterhouse School, the Admiralty Court, Exchequer Chamber Court, New Colleges at Cambridge and Oxford, the College of Heraldry, Rochester Bridge.—The appointment of a Speaker in the House of Commons; the separation of the two Houses of Parliament; the inventions of Oil Painting, Gunpowder, Cannon, New Coins, Tolls, &c., were other events of interest.

THE FOWLER.

Now mark

The fowler, as he stands and meditates
The cruel deed! See how, with steady grasp,
He holds the thundering messenger of death,—
His eye fix'd, levell'd on the fatal tube,—
His forward leg. Amidst the bristling corn
His dog, as if by skilful Flaxman cut
In Parian stone, or cast in lasting bronze
By far-fam'd Westmacott, stan' forth unmov'd,
Ready to give the fatal signal.—Hark!
'Tis done!—shot through the heart, she reels, she falls
Far from her nest; whilst th' unsuspecting mate
Still leads the fluttering covey through the field.

BURNS.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

KENT.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“I have not yet told you of half the places I saw in Kent.

“From CANTERBURY I went to DOVER, another very ancient town, and one of the *Cinque Ports*.

“What is meant by *cinq* ports?” I imagine you will say.

“*Cinque* is the French for five, therefore *Cinque Ports* means the five ports. If you get your map of England, you may see the names of five sea-ports, namely, *Sandwich*, *Dover*, *Romney*, and *Hythe*, in Kent; and *Hastings*, in Sussex. These towns formerly associated together for the defence of all England. They were strongly fortified, and supplied with cannon; for as they are the nearest ports to France, it was thought that if the French ever invaded England, they would be likely to attack these places first. It is supposed that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR made this arrangement, for he himself had first attacked the neighbourhood of these places; but some people say that they were established as war stations before William's time.

“The duties of these ports were to supply shipping for England, in time of war, for it appears that once the nation had a navy of its own. In the time of Edward I. they were bound to send fifty-seven ships, fully equipped with fighting-men; these were to do service for the state, without

payment, for fifteen days. Of course, if they were wanted after that time, the nation had to pay for the use of the ships, and the men's wages.

“In return for their services, the *Cinque Ports* had charters granted to them, by which they had great *privileges*—such as no other town in England had. I should also tell you that each port had several smaller towns connected with it, and these bore a part of the expense. Thus these *Cinque Ports* were very important places; but now their importance is nearly all gone.

“In the first instance, their services were not wanted, for about the time of King HENRY VII. the nation became very fond of sea-fights, and built their own navy. The coast of England, too, has changed, as it has done in many other parts. Romney was once on the seashore, but the sea has gone back, and now Romney is at a great distance inland; on the other hand, the former place of Folkestone (a town once belonging to Dover) has been nearly washed away. Indeed none of the ports are now very suitable for shipping. Beside this, the trade and manufactures of England have removed to other parts of the country, and shipping is not now so much required there. Again, the *railways* are now conveying many of the goods which used to be sent in vessels and barges. More than all, people are learning that there is no sense or reason in fighting with the

French, because they are *neighbours*, and when we all try to love our neighbours as ourselves, we shall not require *any* vessels at the Cinque Ports for such a purpose.

" You may once more look at the Cinque Ports on the map. Here they are! DOVER, SANDWICH, ROMNEY, HYTHE, and HASTINGS.

" To begin, then, with Dover. ' Why do you spell the name of this town differently? ' I said to a person at Dover. ' Sometimes you spell it D-o-v-o-r, and sometimes D-o-v-e-r.'

" ' Can't say, sir, I'm sure,' was the answer. ' The first is the most ancient way; that is the way it is spelt in the ancient records and documents belonging to the town. The name Dover is, I think, Saxon. The Saxons called it *Dwyr*, from 'dwyrriah,' a steep place, and 'dwr,' water. Then the Romans called it *Dulcis*; and now, if you read the name at the railway-station, you will see that this place is called Dover.'

" ' There is no question that Dover is a *steep* place, or that there is plenty of water,' I said; ' for look at those fine old cliffs, and look at this rolling sea. Here it comes--mind your feet!'

" ' Yes, sir; come a little way back in this direction, and then you will see a very large cliff.'

" ' Ah! ' I replied, ' that is an enormous cliff. What a singular shape it has! It is very beautiful, and is covered with nice green turf at the top. Look, too, at that great *hole* in the middle! Why, there is some

smoke and here is a railway-engine coming out!'

" ' To be sure,' said my acquaintance. ' They have made a long *tunnel* through the cliff; the tunnel is a part of the *South-eastern railway*. That cliff, sir, is a well-known place, and is called Shakespeare's Cliff, because it is mentioned in his celebrated play of *King Lear*. It is not so large now as it was; for, you see, being made of chalk it crumbles away; the atmosphere acts upon it, and I think that fragments are sometimes blown off by the wind. There! look at the people walking up to the top. How very small they seem in the distance! They are like the flies on the ceiling!'

" After admiring the Shakespeare Cliff very much, I proceeded to the other side of the town. Here I found other cliffs much more extensive. They were a noble sight: some were quite perpendicular, and they presented all the beautiful shapes which chalk cliffs form when they are broken. While I gazed upon them the sun suddenly shone forth through the dark clouds; and the cliffs, being thus lit up, had a brilliant white appearance. These cliffs may be seen from a great distance. They are the first part of England observed by strangers coming from France; and because of their whiteness, England has received the name of ALBION. This name is made from *albus*, the Latin word for white.

" The old castle on the top of the hill next engaged my

attention; it now forms a barrack for soldiers. I went to see it, and found it in most excellent condition. Another place, called the Fortress, having a deep moat all round it, surprised me very much; it is said to be large enough to hold the whole town if used as a place of shelter. Indeed, Dover Castle and Fortress are well known in English history. I mentioned the castle in my notice of the county of Kent (page 175).

"The town of Dover is a very nice place, with one or two wonderfully long streets. From Dover pier the steamers start for France; for the town is so near to Calais, the opposite town in France, that the Calais cliffs may be seen by the naked eye on any fine day. Lately, however, it has been found that *Folkestone* is even a more convenient place to start from than Dover; on this account, much of the old bustle of Dover has been removed there, and the town is now rather dull. Some parts of the town are rather warm, as it is built in a hollow, between the tall cliffs.

"To describe to you the other towns of Kent would take a long time. I will only say that *FOLKESTONE* is becoming a very fashionable watering-place. Splendid hotels have been built on the parade. In another part of Kent is a fashionable town called *FUNBRIDGE WELLS*. Deal, Sandwich, Hythe, and Romney, are becoming *old-fashioned*.

"After seeing several small towns, I came to the large and

populous watering-place called *Ramsgate*. Populous, indeed, it is! and popular. Ask any of the children there, and they will tell you, I never saw such swarms of children before. The tide was out when I came down to the beach for a walk, and the long, broad, smooth sand was positively covered with the young rogues, their mamas, and their nursemaids. These folks, and the bathing-machines, and the bathing men and women, and the bathing-horses, which dragged the machines into the sea—altogether they formed a mighty and busy company. As I stood and watched the constantly moving crowd, it seemed to me to be greater than the numbers I expected to see at the Great Exhibition.

"The sea, too, was in motion as actively as the crowd. Yes, the great ocean seemed quite delighted at the fun; he moved on to meet his friends the children in great waves, which made a hearty roar as they came to the land, as much is to say, "Here I am again;" and, when the little ones came too near to him, one of his waves would curl up and rush down upon them before they had time to run away. But it was all done in fun—even when the little folks had built great towers of sand, and had strengthened them with large stones, saying to the waves, "There! you can't hurt that;" the old sea would roar again and say, "Can't I?" then he would rush upon the tower and scatter it all abroad. But really, it was only fun! and

when the great mass of sand and stones fell silently, the victorious voice of the wild wave, and the shouts of astonishment from the wild builders, was like the confusion of tongues when the old Tower of Babel fell.

"What else were the wild waves saying? Ah! a great many things—and sometimes the children listened, but often they would pay no heed whatever. Every child knew what he had come to Ramsgate for—he had come to build great towers and temples of sand, or to dig deep trenches—and with that work they, and their wooden spades, were all intensely busy, while there were any sands left to dig. Sometimes a little fellow, who was not two years old, would take a fancy to a stone almost as big as himself; he would find it was too heavy to lift, but never mind, he would dig all round, and tug at it, and shake it, and work harder than if he were paid for his work, until the rebellious stone was wrench'd out of his bed; then it was rolled off in triumph, as the foundation-stone of another sand-tower.

"And when the tide was up, and the waves covered the sands, what else had the children to do? Ah! a great many things; they had to walk on the parade of the East Cliff; they had to listen to the German band; or to go home and arrange their seaweeds, and their stock of pectens, cowries, and silver shells; or, if it were morning time, they would go to the pier and 'see the boat off,' as

they say when the steamer starts for London. Others, perhaps, would go in a sailing-boat to *Shelness*, where they would gather thousands of cockles, and bring them home to be boiled for supper."

W. And I know what their mamma would say when they came home. She would say that they were "indigestible," and would give them some shrimps instead.

"Ramsgate is certainly a very delightful place. It is divided into two parts, the East Cliff and the West Cliff, and both are generally thronged with visitors during the summer time. The 'season' for visitors begins and ends with the warm weather. When the winter comes, all is quiet and at rest; everything seems *torpid*—I beg pardon! all except the wild waves, which now make a mournful dismal noise, crying for the children to come back; and when in the winter nights the uncivil winds whistle and laugh at their grief, they are 'lashed' into a dreadful state of rage. And, when the children will not come to see them, they are not only *wild*, but *raving mad*. They leap up high, and foam with frantic fury, and take vengeance on all the small boats and ships. Indeed the ocean is in a very unsettled state until the summer and the children come back.

"But we must bid Ramsgate good-bye. In my next letter, I will try and wind up my long account of Kent.

"Your affectionate friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

GREECE (*Concluded*).

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“I did not, in my last letter, send you my notes on Greece, for which I am rather glad, as I find that you have not received those on Malta.

“You have now heard something of four countries, PORTUGAL, SPAIN, MALTA, and GREECE, so I have sent you with the notes, a series of questions for recapitulation. But let me advise you, before answering the questions, to commit the notes to memory. Unless you do so, you will not remember much of my letters. And if you want to remember them, and to answer all the questions which I send, you should refer back to the first notes,* which I suppose you learned long ago. If you will make the exertion to repeat them with the present notes, you will thus make up a good long lesson, such as any boy or girl may be pleased to say by heart.

Notes—EUROPE.

MALTA—GREECE.

(Gibraltar and Tangiers.)

1. *Besides the large towns of Spain, MADRID, SEVILLE, CORDOVA, GRANADA, and MALAOA, there is, in the extreme southern point, a small town called GIBRALTAR. This town, belonging to the English, is of great importance as it is the key to the Mediterranean. It is situated on the S. W. coast, and is strongly fortified—therefore, as the Straits*

of Gibraltar are very narrow and the ships that pass through are within the reach of a cannon-ball, the British can prevent all ships from passing in or out of the Mediterranean, without their permission.

Gibraltar has belonged to the British for 150 years. On the opposite coast of Africa, is a town called TANGIER. This place is just as defenceless as Gibraltar is strong; and, at the time of my visit, it had been attacked by the French, under the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

After passing through one of the sudden and violent storms of the Mediterranean, we reached Malta and Gozo.

2. *MALTA and GOZO are two isles at the south of Sicily. They are both noted for their hot climate, which is owing partly to their position, and partly to the nature of the soil. The soil is very scarce, but, by the great exertions of the people, the island has been rendered very fertile, and now produces figs, olives, and oranges, abundantly. The principal town is named Valetta, and is situated within the harbour of Malta, which is very large and beautiful. The island has belonged to the English since the year 1800.*

3. *In the eastern district of the Mediterranean, is a well-known country called GREECE. One part is joined to Turkey, and the other is a large peninsula called THE MOREA. The Greeks were formerly the most civilized nation in the world, and were famed for their learning, their bravery, and their refined taste. Thus their country abounded in beautiful temples, and cities, the principal of which were Athens and Corinth.*

The country has now lost its

importance. The people, who had been enslaved for many centuries, are now free from their last masters, the Turks; and they form an independent nation, but they have little of the bravery, learning, or taste of their ancestors.

Both Athens and Corinth are noted principally for their magnificent ruins. On the great hill of Athens, which is called the Acropolis, are the remains of many heathen temples. The hill of Corinth, called the Acro-Corinth, has also many ancient ruins, and the remains of a garrison. These hills, like others in ancient cities, were used as citadels, or strongholds, in which the inhabitants took refuge when attacked.

The climate of Greece is truly delightful, while the soil yields abundance of rich fruits and grain; but, owing to the depressed state of the people, and the disorder occasioned by war, it has not been properly cultivated, until lately.

"Underneath I have written the questions for recapitulation, which you may amuse yourself by answering, but before doing so, do not fail to learn the lesson by heart.

"Your affectionate friend,
"UNCLE RICHARD."

RECAPITULATION.

"I am going to describe Gibraltar. If there should be any mistakes in my account, please say how many there are, and correct them.

1. Gibraltar is a large town situated at the North of Spain, and belonging to the French.

It is situated on a high rock called the Sugar-loaf rock, and is called the key of the Mediterranean.

2. What sort of a population did I find at Gibraltar?

3. What animals are said to live in troops on the summit of the rock?

4. What would you call the Gibraltar rock—a peninsula, or an island?

5. What is the name of the remarkable cave at Gibraltar?

6. Here is a description of another place, please tell me its name. It is situated exactly opposite to Gibraltar, on the coast of Africa. It is so situated that it may easily be attacked by an enemy; the inhabitants are called Moors.

7. In what country do the Moors live?

8. What town had lately been much injured by the French when I was at Tangiers?

9. On which part of the African coast is it situated; on the North, East, South, or West?

10. What religion do the Moors profess?

11. What strange religious festival were they observing when I saw them? How do they generally observe it, and how long?

12. For what is the Mediterranean Sea particularly noted?

13. Why is the island of Malta something like Gibraltar?

14. Where is it situated?

15. What is the name of the smaller island adjoining Malta?

(Continued on page 256.)

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

16th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

MOVE ON !

WHEN Christopher Columbus went to the Franciscan convent, to bid good-bye to his friend Juan Perez, he had been moving on for six years. Now his chance of procuring a ship seemed less than it was six years before.

But it was not to quit Spain so hastily as he had intended, for the good old prior would not let him. Perez heard of his misfortunes with real sorrow, but he begged him by all means to remain in the country. He said that he had once been father confessor to the queen, and that if he went himself to see the queen he thought he could show her that the plans of Columbus were good, and could persuade her to give him a ship.

Accordingly Columbus waited, and Perez went to the king and queen, who were busy besieging the city of Granada. There he spoke to Queen Isabella of the grandeur of the scheme with such earnestness and eloquence, that her mind was moved. Now, for the first time, the queen saw the importance of discovering this Western land. She promised to support the undertaking; Columbus was sent for; and orders were given that he should be provided with three ships.

Thus success came when it

was little expected, and Columbus prepared in earnest for his long voyage over the ocean. But here he was stopped once more. Yes, once more! "Across the ocean!" was the general cry; "who has ever been across the ocean?" The sailors of Spain declared they would not go. They said that they should never come back alive; and when the royal orders were sent to force the sailors to go, the town from which the ships were to start was in an uproar. The owners of vessels refused to lend them, and the boldest seamen ran away. Columbus came himself, and made the greatest exertions, but none would be persuaded. Neither vessels nor crews could be got either to please Columbus or the king.

But Columbus was not to be stopped now; he still persuaded and still moved on, until at last a rich owner of vessels came forward, and said that he also would go. This man was named Alonzo Pinzon; he owned many vessels, and had many seamen in his employ. When the sailors heard their master say that he would go, and when his brother, Vicente Pinzon, also engaged to go, they felt more confidence in them than in "the mad foreigner"; and at last a company of one hundred and twenty men was made up.

In about a month the vessels were ready, but it is said that "after all, they were miserably small when compared with the length of the voyage." The vessels, too, were old, and almost worn out. Two were little better than open boats, but Columbus was now accustomed to difficulties. He would not let such matters stop him; he was determined to move on; and accordingly on Friday, 3rd of August, 1492, the three vessels set sail.

Before starting, Columbus and his companions marched in solemn procession to a monastery, to confess their sins, to obtain "absolution" from the priests, and to implore the blessing of God on their expedition. Columbus then hoisted his flag on board the largest vessel, called the *Santa Maria*; Alonzo Pinzon commanded in the second ship, called the *Pinta*; and the third, called the *Nina*, was commanded by Vicente Pinzon. And now, when he was nearly fifty-six years old, after "moving on" for eighteen years, Columbus really had a ship, and he departed with his companions in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators — some sighing, some scoffing, and some praying to Heaven for his success.

But still there were difficulties; it was as difficult to make the leaky vessels move on across the ocean, as it had been to make the king and the queen move on. The second day of their voyage the rudder of the *Pinta* broke loose, and when Columbus reached the Canary Islands he had to stop and refit his vessels.

On leaving the Canaries, Columbus held his course due west, and stretched into the unknown seas; and now he had to move on against difficulties greater than ever. The winds favoured him, the ships obeyed, but not the men whom he was supposed to command. Many of the sailors were dejected, and dismayed. It is said that they beat their breasts, and shed tears as if they were never more to behold land; and many cried aloud, "Why did we come with ~~a~~ mad sailor? We shall be drowned in the great ocean. Oh, foolish men that we were!"

But, fortunately, Columbus knew how to command, and he cheered his men with bright visions of wealth in the rich countries they would find. He set them a good example by the calm, patient, persevering spirit with which he moved on. It is said that "he regulated everything by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and he was nearly always upon deck. The sounding-line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of seaweeds, and of everything that floated on the waves."

"By the fourteenth of September, the fleet was above two hundred leagues west of the Canary Islands, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had ever been before.

There they were struck with an astonishing appearance. They observed that the magnetic needle in their compasses did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west. This appearance filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. But Columbus, with quickness and ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which dispelled their fears, and silenced their murmurings."

He still continued to steer due west, and, when he came within the sphere of the trade wind, which blows from east to west, he advanced with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail.

At length, he found the sea so covered with weeds that it resembled a vast meadow. In some places these weeds were so thick that they hindered the progress of the ships: and at this strange sight the sailors again began to feel frightened. But Columbus persuaded them that this was only a sign of land; a brisk gale sprung up, several birds hovered round the ship, and soon both sailors and ship again moved briskly on.

But the further Columbus went, the harder he found it to move on. Three weeks had passed away since they left the Canaries, and the patience of the men was almost tired out. Several times they had seen land—they had shouted toge-

ther, "Land! land!" with great joy—then they had found that it was only some distant cloud, and had sat down again with doleful disheartened looks. More sea-weed had been picked up, and *land* plants; and one sailor had discovered a live crab, which was a sure sign of land, for crabs are generally found near the sea-shore. But, alas! no land came in view; there were clouds enough, and water too much, and disappointments too much, for the sailors were at last quite disheartened. They secretly whispered, and grumbled together, and at last broke out into open complaint. Columbus heard this, but still he kept up a cheerful face; he would not notice their angry looks, and did all he could to urge them on. They could not, however, be encouraged by words; the further they went, the less hope they felt; they all began to agree that if Columbus would not return they should force him to do so; and Columbus even heard them saying, "Let us throw him into the sea!"

How do you think he would feel when he heard that? Would he not feel afraid, and agree to go back? No! he felt his danger, but he still tried to persuade and encourage—still he said "Move on!"

Just then, they happened to be cheered by more flocks of birds, which flew over the ship, but after several days their success was no better than before. The patience of the sailors now gave way; even the officers combined with the

common men, and all the company rose against Columbus. They all assembled on the deck of his vessel, most of them wearing looks of rage and disappointment. They spoke with disorder, in a violent manner, and they insisted, with threats, that he should tack about, and return to Europe.

Was this to be the end of all the good man's efforts? No! he could not bear the thought; he would not give up now, after having moved on these many years! So he calmly looked at the angry men before him. "Come!" he thought to himself, "it is of no use trying to encourage you slow. I must give way to you a little. I will promise to go back in three days." So he promised them solemnly, "If you will continue sailing for three days longer, and we do not discover any land, I will give up the enterprise."

The men thought that this was reasonable. "Let us give him three days longer," they said; and they all agreed. Oh! how anxious a time must these days have been to Columbus! Can you not imagine the brave old man sitting at the prow of his ship? What fearful thoughts must have worked in his mind! With what eager eyes must he have looked into the distance before him! "I have been moving on for eighteen years, and now I have only three days more." He would pray to the crazy ship—"Move on!" and when the winds whistled by he would pray them, "Move on!"

He would watch for every sign. And soon the good signs came; the sounding-line reached the bottom of the sea, and the water became more shallow, which is generally a sign of land. Very large flocks of birds were now seen; not only sea-fowl, but small land birds, that could not fly very far. Some came and settled on the ship, and chirped, and sung notes which cheered the sailors' ears. Leaves of trees were also seen, a bunch of *fresh* red berries, and a piece of stick, which had been curiously carved; the air, too, became warmer and milder, which was another sure sign of land.

Columbus still sat at the prow of his ship, and his last hopes rose within him. These days were his last chance, but that chance was a very strong one.

Thus he persevered, until one night he seemed to see a light before him. He called to two other men, and they also perceived it; all three noticed that it moved about from place to place, as though it were carried in some person's hand. Very soon the booming sound of a gun firing was heard from the Pinta, the ship of Alouzo Pinzon, which was a little way a-head. This was followed by loud shouts; and, when Columbus and his companions listened, they soon distinguished the joyful cry of "Land! land!"

How did the heart of Columbus beat now! And the worn-out sailors who all stood around him—they were very slow of

belief; but, as the morning dawned, all their doubts and fears were removed. Gradually the light revealed a certain misty shape, which was seen more and more clearly until it showed them a beautiful sight. They all saw distinctly before them a large island, with broad green fields, well stored with wood, and with many rivulets, —seemingly a most delightful country. Now the heart of Columbus beat with joy, and with thanksgiving to God; for here was the land which, eighteen years ago, had been only an idea. He had been “moving on” to this land for eighteen years—he had reached it at last—he saw it now, not with the eye of his mind, but really—it was now a reality! A good account has been written of the landing of the sailors, and you shall hear how Columbus took possession of the Land of the West.

“The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation and reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much disquiet, and had so often obstructed his well-concerted plan; and they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity more than human, to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas of all former ages.

“As soon as the sun arose, all

their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whose gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects presented to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe.

“The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed upon them in silent admiration. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with terror—they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children from the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

“The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, the climate felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of

nature—entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour; their aspect gentle and timid. Their faces, and several parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards; and with transports of joy, received from them hawks' bells, glass beads, or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could produce."

W. Well, I am glad that Columbus discovered the country at last. He really deserved to have the glory of finding it after moving on so long.

Ion. Did he not go back to Spain in great glory, papa?"

P. Yes; but the history of his return, and of the remainder of his days, is too long for me to tell you now. I might tell you how he sailed on, past that island to another, and then to another; how he lost one of his ships, and left some of the crew to settle in one of the islands. I might describe to you how he and his men nearly perished in a storm, when returning across the ocean.

I might tell how excited were the people of Portugal and Spain when they saw again the adventurous little bark—how, when the news spread that the New World was discovered, that Columbus had returned with gold, and, above all, with live natives on board his ship, "the joy was indescribable:—how

the bells were rung, the shops shut, all business suspended, and the whole population hurried to the shore to receive the admiral, with shouts and acclamations, as though he were a king;—and, better still, how Columbus's first act on landing was to march with his people to church, to return thanks for the success of his voyage.

After these expressions of joy and admiration, Columbus departed for Seville. From this place he sent a message to Barcelona, where the king and queen at that time resided, to lay before them a brief account of his voyage, and to receive from them an indication of their royal will. You may one day read of his reception at Barcelona;—of his triumphal entry, surrounded by knights and nobles, who vied with each other in swelling his praises;—how he was publicly received by the sovereigns of Spain, and loaded with every mark of favour and distinction;—how men of the highest rank were proud of his company;—and how the name of Columbus was known all over the civilized world.

L. But, papa, that is not the end of his history. I want to know what he did afterwards, whether he became a king, whether he built a splendid palace, and whether he was not a very rich man when he died.

P. Indeed his history ends very differently. He made three more voyages to America and back, and during this time he was shamefully treated. He

was so slandered by his enemies, that he was thrown into prison, with chains on his hands and feet; and after the death of Isabella, who was his principal friend, Ferdinand was jealous and ungrateful towards him.

You think that perhaps he died a rich man. Listen to the account of his death. "Columbus sank into obscurity, and was reduced to such straitened circumstances, that he had no place to repair to except an inn, and very frequently had not the money to pay his reckoning. Disgusted and mortified, exhausted with the hardships which he had suffered, and oppressed with infirmities, Columbus closed his life on the 20th of May, 1506. About ten years after his decease the real character of America and its islands became known to European navigators; and by chance one of these adventurers, Amerigo Vespucci, had the honour of conferring the name *America* upon a division of the globe which ought, in justice, to have been called after the unfortunate COLUMBUS."*

W. Then, papa, what has been the use, after all, of telling us such a long tale? If that is what we are to get by moving on, we had better always stand still.

P. Why so? Columbus did that for which he was always moving on. He moved on to discover America, and he did so. So copy Columbus. Say to yourself, "I will do some great thing, some good thing to make the world better." Say

as he did, "I will do that before I die if God spare me, and all my life I will move on to it."

Do you think it mattered much to Columbus that he died poor? — Not much. Do you think it mattered that men ill-treated him? — It did not matter much. He would say, "You may take away my life, but you cannot take away the truth that *I have done a great good*. I can think over that, as much as a man can think over his gold; — indeed, I can think of it with more pleasure, for I cannot lose my joy."

Ion. No, he couldn't lose it.

P. Certainly, he couldn't lose it; that joy belonged to him for ever. Columbus was a truly pious and Christian man, and I dare say that often he could laugh at his sorrows. When he talked of death, he would smile, — he would say, "Do you think that at death I shall cease to move on? Why, all my life I have been moving on to death, so that I may see higher joys in heaven; death is a very little sorrow." He would say to you, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth;" or he would tell you not to lay up treasures in earth, but to lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

L. Now tell us something, papa, to make a moral lesson?

P. Yes. When you think of Columbus, copy him. Try to be always moving on to do some good. Thus, as you are always moving on to death, you may also be moving on to riches which neither moth nor rust can corrupt.

* Chambers.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

RICHARD II.

WHEN Edward III. died, he left three sons, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester. Neither of these sons, however, became king, because the law was that the *eldest* son was heir to the throne, and if he died, his child became heir; but, if he had no child, the next eldest son was the heir. You may remember that Edward the Black Prince was Edward III.'s eldest son, and that he died in his father's reign. But he had a little son called Richard, and although Richard was very young when his grandfather died, he was appointed to be king.

Did you ever hear of the officer called the *Champion of England*? This officer performs duty at Westminster Hall on the day when the king is crowned. He rides upon a white horse, proclaims the new king by his titles, and says that if any think he ought not to be king, he, the champion, will fight them. Then he throws down his gauntlet (an iron glove), and he challenges any one who can fight, and wants to do so, to pick the gauntlet up.

When the young king Richard was crowned, such a champion was appointed; and this is the first *Champion of England* we read of in history.

But neither the crowning of the king, nor the appointment of a champion, could make him

any older than he was, nor give him sense enough to govern the nation; for he was only eleven years old. Therefore, as in the case of Henry III. and Edward III., Regents were appointed; the king's three uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester, governed for him.

And now begins a sad history. I'm sorry to say that I have little good to tell you, either of the three regents or of King Richard.

While the "regents" governed there was disorder in the kingdom. The three dukes were all of different dispositions, and it was thought that they would thus keep each other in check; but the consequence was that they could not work together, and neglected their business.

When the people saw this they grumbled. There arose a man who went about preaching to them, and increasing their discontent. His name was John Ball, and he said to the people that, as all men were descended from one father, so they ought to be all equal—they ought, he said, to have equal rights, and equal riches. The people believed this, and became very dissatisfied; but they said to themselves, "We shall be better off when the young king is old enough to reign, for he is the son of our beloved Edward the Black Prince, and he will be like his father."

Still, however, they had their present troubles, and some of these troubles were very hard. They found that the young

king was always spending money, and always wanting more than he ought to have; the three regents also were spending money in a war with France, so that the money paid for taxes was much more than it used to be. At last so much money was wanted, that the parliament made a new tax—a very heavy one, called the *poll-tax*.

The tax was, that all people should pay three groats each; and that was a great deal of money; for three groats in those days were worth as much as a good fat sheep. The poll-tax was not only heavy, it was unjust; for it declared that the working men, who had very little money, should pay as much as the gentlemen, who had plenty. That was not fair, and the people grumbled more than ever. The tax-gatherers, too, were very rough men and unfeeling. One of them called on a blacksmith, named *Wat Tyler*, and told him to pay his poll-tax for himself and daughter. Wat said that he wouldn't pay any tax for his daughter, because she was not "of age"; and when the tax-gatherer behaved rudely to her, Wat was so enraged, that he took his hammer and killed the man. The people soon came in a crowd to see what was the matter; they said it served the tax-gatherer right, and they took the part of Wat. They quickly gathered round him, and so did other angry people from all parts—there came men from Kent, Hertfordshire, Surrey, Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln-

shire, &c.; so that Wat Tyler soon found himself at the head of nearly 100,000 men.

These men did a great deal of mischief. They remembered all that the priest, John Ball, had said to them, and began to "make all men equal," by rendering the rich people poor. They first cleared the gaols of all their prisoners, and when they reached London they seized the Tower. There they found the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other noblemen, whom they beheaded; they destroyed a great many noblemen's houses, and the fine public buildings. Then the multitude divided: 60,000 men from Essex and other parts, were led by a man called *Jack Straw*, while 30,000 marched under *Wat Tyler* to meet the young king at Smithfield. Here Wat made his demands of the king. But Wat did not act like a gentleman. He was in fact a rude man, and he spoke to the king very improperly—he even became quite insolent, taking hold of the king's bridle as he spoke, and threatening him with a sword. This behaviour so exasperated Walworth, the Lord Mayor of London, who was standing there, that he knocked down Wat Tyler with his mace, and one of the knights instantly despatched him with his sword.

W. Oh! what would the people do?

P. Why, they were going to kill the king in return, and they had their bows drawn ready to shoot him, when young Richard, who then was not sixteen years old, boldly rode up to them.

"What! my liegemen," he cried, "will you kill your king? You have lost your leader; now follow me, and I will be your captain!" The people were charmed with this speech—they were amused, and were struck with such bold behaviour; so they did what he told them. The king granted some of their requests, the crowd soon after dispersed, and peace was restored.

The mob were now more pleased with Richard than before, and they thought that he would make as fine a king as his grandfather, Edward III.; but they were mistaken. When Richard was old enough to act for himself, it was found that the regents had not only neglected the nation, but they had neglected him. They had not given him a proper education. His mind was empty, and foolish.

People who have empty minds can only care for the pleasures of the body. This is nearly always the case; and it was so with Richard, for nearly all his attention was given to eating and drinking, amusement, and fine clothes.

With such enjoyments the king was led into the greatest extravagances. I will give you some instances of his foolishness. It is said that when he came to the crown, the city fountains were made to flow with four sorts of wine. It is said that there were 300 cooks in his kitchen (some say 2,000); while he is also said to have entertained 6,000 persons daily.

When he kept Christmas at Westminster Hall, 28 oxen

were eaten every day, 300 sheep, and fowls without number. In the twentieth year of his reign, he was married to the little daughter of King Charles VI. of France, who was then only seven years old. He received 200,000 marks with her as her portion, but the feast, and other expenses of his marriage, were no less than 300,000 marks. His extravagance and foolishness in dress were not less remarkable. He had a coat made, and the cost was not less than £80,000 according to the present value of money. It was embroidered with leaves and flowers; and was thickly studded with precious stones. When he gave up the crown, it is said that his treasures and jewels were worth not less than £700,000.

With such love of dress in the king, it is no wonder that all the foolish young men of the court imitated him. It is said that the court was the most *foppish* court that England ever saw. Some of the dandies wore clothes of patch-work, having one sleeve of a coat blue and the other green, one stocking red and the other white, a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other. Sir John Arundel is said to have had *fifty-two suits of gold tissue*; while many had robes embroidered with roses and precious stones. Even the clergy imitated the young king. They used to wear gowns of scarlet and green, long-peaked shoes, and mitres set with pearls.

Such was the spirit of the young king's court. There were

constant shows, tournaments, and other amusements; the life of the silly Richard was given to gaiety, splendour, and pleasure.

There were sad consequences to these extravagances. The king did not earn money—he only spent it; and the people suffered accordingly. The taxes were very burdensome indeed, and they were collected unjustly. Almost all the nobles, and rich men also, were obliged to lend him money, although they knew he would never repay it. In the last year of his reign, the

king pretended that the people of seventeen counties had been engaged in treason with the Duke of Gloucester *ten years before*; and with this excuse he made them purchase pardon with enormous amounts of money. I might tell you how he once severely punished the citizens of London because they would not lend him £1,000; but you have heard enough to understand how the people would feel. When they found that he added injustice and *murder* to his faults, they began to wish that they had a better king.

YOUTH'S WARNING.

I.

BEWARE, exulting youth, beware
When life's young pleasures woo.
That ere you yield you shrive your heart,
And keep your conscience true.
For sake of silver spent to-day
Why pledge to-morrow's gold?
Or in hot blood implant remorse
To grow when blood is cold?
If wrong you do, if false you play,
In summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In winter among the showers.

II.

To turn the balances of Heaven
Surpasses mortal power;
“For every white there is a black,
For every sweet a sour.”
For every up there is a down,
For every folly, Shame;
And Retribution follows Guilt,
As burning follows flame.
If wrong you do, if false you play,
In summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In winter among the showers.

CHARLES MACKAY.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

KENT.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“I left Ramsgate by the *boat*, as we call the steamer, and proceeded, with plenty of company, up the river Thames to LONDON.

“Look at your map and you will see what places we noticed on our way. The first place we passed was BROADSTAIRS, which is a nice little watering-place—it is becoming more fashionable every year. We then went round the NORTH FORELAND, as the corner of Kent is called, and soon we reached a watering-place which is as fashionable as Ramsgate.

“By the way, I do not think that you have yet noticed the *Isle of Thanet*. You may see that it is really a large tract of land, cut off from the corner of Kent by a river; it contains both Ramsgate and Margate, together with Broadstairs, so that in the Isle of Thanet there are three watering-places—Ramsgate, Margate, and Broadstairs.

“Now for a word or two about MARGATE. The most noticeable place there is the beautiful *stone pier*, with the lighthouse at the end of it—I believe it cost more than £100,000; it is about 900 feet long. Another fine place here is the *Sea-bathing Infirmary*. It was built so that poor people who are sick may have the advantage of sea-bathing; for of course very few poor people can afford the expense of a watering-place. The sands here are,

I think, as fine as those at Ramsgate, and there are quite as many children, who were quite as active; when I saw them, they were all as busy as bees.”

“After our steamer had passed Margate, away we went for a long distance through the part of the sea called the Margate Roads. We were now at the mouth of the Thames, and reached the ISLE OF SHEPHERD, where I saw old Sheerness once more. On we went, past the mouth of the *Medway*, winding about on ‘Old Father Thames’ until we reached another watering-place, called Gravesend, where we met a steam-boat coming in from London. It was worth noticing, for it was positively crammed full of holiday folks, who, I was told, had come down from London for ‘a mouthful of fresh air.’

“GRAVESEND has two handsome piers, the *Town Pier* and the *Terrace Pier*, at which two sets of steamers are landing the Londoners all day long. It happens that this watering-place is at a very nice distance from London, and is very suitable for a *day's excursion*—therefore the people come every day during the summer by thousands, especially on Mondays and Tuesdays, when the swarms of working people and others are truly wonderful. Some of them go to a place called Windmill Hill, where they either run or roll down from the top to the bottom; others go to the tea-gardens, where there are games to amuse them; others

go to the Roserville pleasure-grounds; and others go to a place called SPRING - HEAD, where fine water-cresses are grown. Shrimps, also, are very abundant in Gravesend; so that when the tired travellers return home in the evening, most of them may be seen with six-penny worth of shrimps tied up in a cotton bag. Many come home by railway, as a nice railway has lately been opened from London to Rochester, and it passes through Gravesend.

"Our boat left Gravesend, and when we were about nine miles from London, we found another town worth noticing—it is called WOOLWICH.

"Ask any soldier or any sailor, and he will be sure to know something of this town. A soldier would tell you of the *Royal Arsenal*, where the dreadful cannon are cast; and of the three millions of cannon-balls which are piled up in heaps: and he would tell you of the 'rockets, chain-shot, fire-ships, and other works' which are made. He would tell you of the great *Storehouses* with 'saddles, whips, bits, bridles, swords, pistols, and horse-shoes.'

"But many of these things at Woolwich are not pleasant to talk or think about, for there is one thought about them which ought to make one weep. All these cannons, bombshells, these three millions of cannon-balls, muskets, bayonets, swords, and other articles, have been made at an enormous expense; and they have been made—what for? To enrich the country? —to educate the ignorant peo-

ple?—to cultivate the land and beautify the earth? No! for none of these things. They are made for the purpose of *destroying*. Suppose that three millions of any kind of articles have been made, and have cost a shilling each, the makers of the articles generally wish to turn them to account, and to make each article *produce* more than it cost. But it is not the case with these cannon-balls. Oh, keep them out of use as long as possible! for instead of yielding profit directly they are used they *destroy* double, treble, —ay, often twenty times their worth. Three millions of cannon-balls at the cost of a shilling each may destroy three millions of human beings which have cost the world many pounds for their food and clothing only.

Oh, how strange a thought it is, that at Woolwich, and other parts of the world, *hundreds of millions* of pounds are spent every year for the purpose of killing, burning, and *destroying*, in all manner of ways, the beautiful works of God, and the labours of industrious men! Very odd it seems! Why should men spend so much money to undo the good they have been doing? Often they quarrel and fight, only because they cannot all think alike. But that is no reason for destroying one another's cities, and killing one another. Men do not think alike any the more for being killed. So, dear children, when I heard of the cannon, and the wonderful stores of Woolwich, I could not help

asking, ‘Is it not time for men to try and put away such things?’

“Besides the storehouses and the arsenal at Woolwich, there are the Barracks for three or four thousand soldiers; the Military Academy for training young officers; the Rotunda; the Ropewalk; and, above all, the immense Dockyard for making ships of war. Besides these large places, there are the *Marine Barracks*, the *Barracks of the Sappers and Miners*, and many other enormous establishments, all of which are for the purposes of war and destruction. To give the account of Woolwich in a few words, it is ‘an immense dépôt for naval and military stores.’

“But, once more, let us remember the nation is made poor by supporting such establishments, and the object of the establishments is to *create* more poverty on the earth. Worse still, each of these instruments of war is made for the purposes of *disobeying God*. For God, who gave this great command, *Thou SHALT NOT KILL*—did not say, ‘Oh! but men may kill their enemies who fight against them;’ but God gave another positive command by His Son Jesus, saying, ‘*LOVE your enemies!*’ Thus, when men *shoot* their enemies, they must disobey God.

Jon. There are three “naval and military” towns in Kent, *Woolwich*, *Chatham*, and *Sheerness*.

P. There are more than three; but read on.

* Our boat from *Ramsgate* quickly passed *Woolwich*, and

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we arrived at another famous place, about five miles from London. This town is called **GREENWICH**. It is another holiday-place for the London folk. They come here in crowds sometimes as large as those at *Gravesend*; for here is a beautiful park, well filled with elms and chestnut-trees, and containing nearly two hundred acres of ground. And in the neighbourhood of the park is a place called *Blackheath*, where boys and girls, and often grown-up holiday-people, ride on ‘ponkeys,’ and ponies.

“But Greenwich is famous for far more important matters than these. On the summit of the hill, in the midst of the park, is a place called the *Observatory*. It contains a large and beautiful telescope, and many other astronomical instruments, and in this observatory sits the *Astronomer-Royal*, making observations on the starry sky. Through the place of this observatory a straight line is drawn from North to South, on the map of the world. This line is called ‘the *Meridian of Greenwich*;’ there are other meridians drawn in all parts of the world, by which English people mark the *places* of countries, always measuring the distance of any country to the east or west of Greenwich. We are then said to be finding the ‘longitude’ of a place.

“Again, there is a very remarkable place at Greenwich, which I have not time now to describe; it is called the *Seamen’s Hospital*, and is a truly noble building. Here hundreds of

old and decayed sailors rest to the end of their lives, and hundreds of sailors' children are taught in the beginning of their lives.

"This hospital was at one time called Greenwich Palace, which palace, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, was in a ruinous state. So, when CHARLES II. was restored, he ordered it to be pulled down, and a new palace was begun, which, however, remained unfinished until the reign of William III. Then WILLIAM's wife, QUEEN MARY, thought that it might be made larger, and used as an hospital for sailors. A great deal of money was subscribed for the purpose directly. The celebrated architect Sir Christopher Wren was employed, and he made the famous building which you may see now if you go on the river Thames.

"In the neighbourhood of Greenwich there is another

large district, called Deptford; and on the road between Gravesend and Greenwich there is an ancient town called Dartford. I will only stop to say that it is famous for its gunpowder-mills; if you want its description, pray go and see it, for I think I have told you enough concerning the towns of Kent. Think how many towns you have heard of. There are Maidstone, Canterbury, Dover, Deal, Sandwich, Hythe, Romney, Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Sheerness, Strood, Rochester, Clapham, Brompton, Woolwich, Greenwich, and Dartford.

"There are many more interesting particulars concerning Kent, but these I have not time to relate. In my next letter I will send you my notes, and remain,

"Dear children,
"Your affectionate friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

TO A DAISY.

BRIGHT flower, whose lamb is everywhere!
A pilgrim, hold in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
Of joy and sorrow,

Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough:—

And wherefore? Man is soon deprest,—
A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason:

But thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind.
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season.

WORDSWORTH.

RECAPITULATION.**GREECE—MALTA.**

(Continued from page 240.)

P. Here are the remainder of Uncle Richard's questions.

16. What can you say of the soil of Malta?

17. What of the climate?

18. What is its produce?

19. Why is Malta hot by night as well as day?

20. What is the name of the "majestic city" seen on entering the harbour of Malta?

21. How do the people of this city, which is on the side of the harbour, communicate with those on the other side?

22. What may be seen here, built of white stone, and rising one above another?

23. What do you call the inhabitants of Malta?

24. What is their character?

25. Mention the different nations to which Malta has belonged.

26. Who yielded it to the English, and when?

27. How did the English manage to turn out the French?

28. What did I say of the air around Malta, as well as the climate?

29. What island did our steamer pass on the way to GREECE?

30. When we parted from our steamer in the Bay of Syra, why did we not travel on board the steamer for Constantinople?

31. What is meant by *quarantine*? and how long is it generally performed?

32. The etymology of the word "quarantine"?

33. Give two reasons, why quarantine is observed in warm climates.

34. What is the building called in which all who are diseased are placed?

35. How did we reach Athens when we did not go on board the steamer?

36. What part of Athens did we first notice, as we saw it in the distance?

37. What is the meaning of the word "Acropolis"?

38. Mention some of the ruined temples which I said are situated on that hill.

39. What nobleman brought some of the finest specimens of marble ornaments to England?

40. Where are they now?

41. What place near the Acropolis is mentioned in the New Testament? 42. Why?

43. Mention one very splendid temple near the Acropolis, and tell me for what purpose it is now used.

44. Describe the *Royal Palace* at Athens.

45. For what are the young modern Greeks remarkable?

46. When we left Athens to visit Corinth, what bay did we cross?

47. At what place did the German doctor and myself land, that we might procure a vehicle to take us to Corinth?

48. What sort of a vehicle was that?

49. What name is given to the acropolis (or citadel) of Corinth?

50. Describe the present appearance of Greece, and tell me something of its former history.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

17th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

ORDER INTRODUCTION.

W. I suppose we are to have another "course" of lessons. I should like to have some lessons on Order, for I am not very orderly myself.

P. Then you shall hear how I first learned to be orderly.

There is a certain place near the sea where there are broad fields. They are not so level as some fields which I know; for after you get over the stile near the lane, it's all hilly; you have to rise higher and higher; and in one part the pieces of turf have been cut away so as to make steps. And the best way to get over that field is to walk on those places, for the soil is chalky, and it is much easier to walk on chalky soil, than to tread on the smooth grass, it's so very slippery.

You must take care too, when you get up to the top; and see where you are going, for the field ends suddenly in perpendicular cliffs, and if you run quickly, so that you can't stop yourself, then you may tumble over; down you go, into the deep roaring sea, and never perhaps may be seen any more!

W. Then, why don't they have railings put up?

P. No one would take the

trouble to put up railings, for so few people ever go there—it's such a very lonely place! You would have said so if you had been there one evening. The only sound that could be heard then, was the sound of an axe. Stroke after stroke fell very regularly, and made a regular echo until it began to get late. Sometimes you would have heard a cracking noise, and then a crash, and a snapping of the boughs as though some tree had fallen;—then perhaps you would have heard a tune whistled; then would be a rest for a minute or two, and the sound of the axe would go on again; so that, if you had been there, you would have said, "I think there's a woodman inside that wood."

There were just a few other sounds. Birds, of course;—and the bull-frogs, they were not quiet; sometimes the eve-jar would croak louder than the frogs; ah, ih, rh, rh, rh! ah rh! ah rh! but this evening there was a sound of human voices; three persons were talking in that lonely spot.

"How cold it is!" said one voice. "Come down, Emma, come down! let us go down to the bottom of the field—it is of no use keeping up at the top; it's all sea along there." "Hark at the gaves, how they roar! I wonder we didn't fall in."

"Mind you don't slip, Emma. Here,—tread on these nice white places, where the turf has been cut away; they are just like steps. I wonder whether they have been made on purpose!" "Come down, Jane!" said the boy's voice; "take hold of Emma's hand." And as they came down, you would have seen a boy about nine years old, with his two sisters.

"Oh!" cried Emma as she sat down on a stone, and sobbed, "I don't think we shall ever get home again; I never was in this strange place before. Where are we going to?" "I don't know, and"—replied the boy, "I—"

"Hush!" said Jane, "there is a sound in the woods;" but it was only the eve-jar.

"Listen again! What's that?" said Emma. This time they heard the woodman's axe, and they hastened to the spot whence the sound came.

L. But why didn't *you* tell them the way home, if you saw them, papa?

P. Because *I* was the boy! and the two girls were your aunts Emma and Jane. You see, I didn't know the way, so I asked the woodman.

"Well, young master!" said the woodman, "you'd certainly have been lost if I hadn't happened to be rather busy to-night. Your house is a long way off from mine, but never mind, I'll see you home safe!"

It was on our way home that the woodman gave us our first lesson on ORDER.

"I wonder," he said, "that your papa should let you come out in the evening at this time of the year. Do you always go out by yourselves?"

"No," said Emma. "We do in the summer-time; but now, papa's orders are that we learn our lessons for school in the evening, and take our walk in the morning, before breakfast.

"Only," said Jane, "papa is out of town, and we thought that the evening was rather bright, and that it might rain to-morrow; so we put off our lessons till then."

Then the good woodman said he was glad we had told him the truth; "for," he added, "you see that you have been *disorderly*; and do you know, when ever I hear of any trouble it nearly always begins with disorder. Look," he said, "at yonder moon! how slowly she seems to rise! I have known her now these fifty years, and I never knew her out of order yet. How regularly and how surely does she come, every month, in the modest form of a *new* moon! How regularly she waxes large, until she is as round as 'Norval's shield,' and then wanes again until I miss her for a time. And how regularly every harvest-time does she wear a great red face. Do you know why she is so orderly?"

"No," I replied.

"Because," he said, "God governs her, and God loves order; and when God governs men, they also are orderly, and they love order, as God does; for, oh! order is a beautiful thing! it is a part of God's

nature, and it is found in all His works."

"How do you know such things?" I asked.

"Why," said the woodman "I read it in His holy Word; and, did I not tell you that I see it in His blessed works? Did you never think how many things must be attended to, to keep order in this world? and yet how orderly it is! How many ten thousands of rivers there are, which always run into the sea, and always have to be filled! Why do they not often run dry? or why do they not overflow? Did you never think of the great roaring sea? How regularly it ebbs and flows! Why don't we fear that it will flood the land and drown us all? Because we know that the rivers and the sea are in the hands of Him who 'ordereth' all things. God hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand."

"Go on," said Emma, "please tell us some more!"

"How orderly are God's trees! How regularly they cast off their garments in the autumn, and bring out new leaves in the spring! How orderly are the birds! No bird that sings in the day, would like to stop up all night and sing or riot in the woods. Oh no! every bird has been taught order by God; so he tucks his head under his wing, and then he goes fast asleep. How is it that every bird seems to love order—that he builds his nest in a neat and orderly way—that he even keeps his feathers in order, and is always clean

and tidy? With what order and care do the old birds bring up their young, and teach them to fly! and, when the time of the year comes for them to leave this country, with what order do they fly away and return in the spring!

These birds know something of the order kept by God; for God supplies the birds and men with golden grain, and supplies water enough for all. God also keeps in order the fixed and the moving stars—those beautiful planets, as they always move in their appointed places sing of the order kept by God.—This is the hymn sung to the 'music of the spheres': ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW."

"How is it," said Emma, "that we are not always orderly like the birds?"

"Ah!" replied the woodman, "there is a reason for that. All these creatures are obedient to the will of God. But boys and girls act from their own will. Do you understand the difference?"

"Yes, I do," I replied. •

"Then if you want to be as orderly as the birds, you must learn what is God's will, and be obedient to it. If you had been like the birds, you would not have been out this damp evening; you would have said to each other, 'We will learn our lessons now, and will take our walk to-morrow.'"

"And then," said Jane, "we should have been obeying our father's will as the birds do. Here is our house! Oh, we are much obliged to you, good woodman, for bringing us home!"

"And so am I," said Emma.
"And so am I," I replied; and I think it is very kind of you to teach us about Order.

"Well, good-bye!" said the old man. "I haven't half finished my lesson; but you shall hear more about Order some other day."

W. And did he ever talk to you again, papa?

I. Yes; but, our teacher finished that lesson the next morning; for we used to be taught at home by a gentleman who came every day.

"I don't know it, sir," I said when he asked me for my *Grammar* lesson; neither did Emma, nor Jane; but all looked rather "glum." The *Latin* lesson, too, was spoilt; the *Algebra* was only half-done, and the figures were made in a slovenly manner.

The teacher seemed much surprised, and asked us to account for such an unusual occurrence.

"We intended, sir," I said, "to learn our lessons this morning; but we were very tired, and did not wake until eight o'clock; and Jane has got a cold."

"But the rule is," said our teacher, "that you learn these lessons in the evening. I need not ask why they were not learned last night, for on my way this morning I met a *woman*."

"Oh!" I said.
"And he told me that he had met two young ladies and a young gentleman last night, and had talked to them about

Order. Shall I give you the rest of his lesson?"

"Yes, sir, if you please," we all cried.

"He told you," said our teacher, "why all the creatures around you keep order."

"Yes, sir, because they are obedient to God's will."

"That is the exact reason. And now, do you know why obedience to God's will causes order?"

"Perhaps, sir, you will tell us?" said Emma.

"It is because God is TRUTH; and truth is the foundation of order. The moon rises, the rivers flow, and the trees grow, and the birds build their nests in the *right* or *true* way."

"But," I said, "how do we know what is right and true?"

"The conscience within you tells. Look at your shoe-string! it is tied in a knot. What does your conscience say?"

"That I ought to tie it in a *bore*; but I was in such a hurry this morning."

"Some of the mud with which you splashed yourself is sticking to your trousers. What does your conscience tell you is right?"

"It is right to brush them clean."

"And your collar, it is crumpled very much?"

"That, sir, might have been kept smooth when I put it on, but I wanted to get down to breakfast."

"You see, then, that you do know what is right in these little things; but in each case you followed your *own* will instead. Therefore, in your

dress we see marks of disorder.
And last night when you went out?"

"Then we followed our own will."

Emma. "Yes; if we had done God's will, as the birds do, we should have done all in proper order."

Teacher. That is the lesson I wanted you to learn. Hear it—

"It is the will of God that every thing be done rightly. There is even a right way of tying your shoe! Ah! and a boy may gain pleasure in putting on his collar! if he will only do it *as well as it can be done* (which is the right way). Even in this little thing you may fulfil God's will, and keep order."

"God doesn't disdain little things," said Jane; "for He even sees that the birds are dressed in an orderly way; and He gives them oil for their feathers!"

"Nothing," added our teacher, "is too little for God to notice. Did not the woodman tell you Order is Heaven's first law?"

"And it is written, sir, in God's Word, *'Let all things be done decently and in order.'*"

Teacher. "True. Now I know what you will do this evening. You will say 'We will learn our lessons now, and take our walk to-morrow.' And when you thus control yourselves, what *pleasure* you will feel! you will begin to learn the pleasures of ORDER."

PRAYERS FOR ALL MEN.

PRAY thou for all who living tread
Upon this earth of graves;
For all whose weary pathways lead
Among the winds and waves:
For him who madly takes delight
In pomp of silken mantle bright,
Or swiftness of a horse;
For those who, labouring, suffer still;
Coming or going—doing ill—
Or on their heavenward course.

Child! pray for all the poor beside;
The prisoner in his cell,
And those who in the city wide
With crime and misery dwell;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams;
For him who impiously blasphemers
Religion's holy law.
Pray thou—for prayer is infinite—
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

VICTOR HUGO.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 9. RUMINATING
ANIMALS.

M. The Ruminants with tufted horns may be noticed next.

The only tufted-horn ruminant is the CAMELEOPARD (or Giraffe); this stands alone, and forms a distinct tribe of itself. Look at the picture of the Giraffe on page 196, and tell me what peculiarities you notice in it.

Iou. I should say, mamma, that it has very long and slender legs, long neck, and short body, with a beautiful spotted skin.

W. And I think that it has very mild quiet-looking eyes; for when we were at the Zoological Gardens, and the Giraffe looked upon us, it gazed with a sweet and gentle expression.

L. What are its horns made of, mamma?

M. Its tufted horns are not like those of the deer, or the cow. The substance underneath the hairy covering is really a part of the skull, which grows so as to form these singular



Back of Giraffe's head.

"protuberances." Here is a view of the skull, which will show the exact shape of the horns, if we may so call them. The neck, limbs, skin, and horns are its greatest peculiarities.

Now for a word or two on its habits. It lives principally in Africa, where it feeds not so much on the herbage of the earth, as on the young shoots and leaves of the trees. You may easily understand that the latter kind of food is the most suitable, for with its long neck it can stand upright under the shade of a tree, and reach the foliage. It has more difficulty in eating grass, for in doing so it has to stretch out its long fore-legs very widely—or to straddle, as we say—that it may bring its neck in a downward direction.

W. It gathers its food in a curious way, too. You told us, mamma, that it collects the leaves with its tongue.

M. Yes; the tongue is worth noticing. You have seen how different animals seize their food with the claws, teeth, and mouth, but here is an instance where the tongue is used as a hand. You have noticed before



that the tongue of the cow is used in this way to twist the grass into its mouth; but if you look at the little drawing, you will see that the cameleopard's tongue is longer than the cow's; it is so beautifully flexible that it may be used as a hook or a holder, and may be coiled in almost any direction, so as to grasp a large bunch of herbage.

How wonderfully can almost any part of an animal be fitted for different purposes! In the next order we shall find an animal that feeds himself with his nose; he has no hand, so he takes up his food with his nose, and puts it into his mouth. You could not do that!

W. I have never tried, yet.

M. And more: this animal's nose is not only a grasper, and an organ of smell, but an organ of *taste*—and of feeling; thus its nose has four distinct purposes.

Ton. I know what animal you mean, mamma: it is the Elephant.

M. Right. But we have run away from the Giraffe. While speaking of its food, I may as well tell you that the tame giraffes in this country eat hay, carrots, and onions. Of the latter vegetable they are very fond. They are also fond of sugar, and

when their attendants in the Zoological Gardens hold some sugar in their hands, they will put down their long necks, and follow their keepers' hands with their long tongues.

The wild giraffe has wonderful swiftness. Even the Arab horses have to be trained for the purpose of overtaking them, and they do not always succeed.

When the giraffe is overtaken and attacked, its principal means of defence are its *hoofs*. It is said that the kicks of its hinder limbs are so rapid, that the eye cannot follow them; and that it can tire out and beat off the lion. When killed, the flesh of the giraffe is eaten; it is broiled in slices, and it forms excellent food.

L. Now, we have heard of two kinds of ruminating animals—those with *solid* horns, and those with *tufted* horns. I wonder whether there is another division.

W. Yes, there must be! Don't you remember that we found some ruminants with *hollow* horns, such as the cow?

M. The hollow-horned ruminants form the third division; but we will keep them for our next week's lesson.

GOOD MANNERS.

THE man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back

How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,

To pardon or to bear it.

COWPER.

THE PLANTAGENET KINGS.

RICHARD II.

P. Last week you heard of King Richard II. What did you think of him?

W. I thought that he was very much like *Edward II.* Neither king was wise.

Ion. No more was William II., Willie!

L. But *Henry VI.* was. He was a wise king.

P. You heard that Richard was the son of Edward the Black Prince; and you heard that his three uncles were appointed "Regents." You heard also of young Richard's courage during Wat Tyler's rebellion; and you heard again of his foolishness and fondness of dress when he became king.

L. And we heard something more. We heard that he became very extravagant, like the kings before him.

Ion. And we heard of something worse. We heard that he made unjust taxes, by which the people had to pay for his extravagance.

W. Ah, and we heard that he committed murder. That was the worst thing of all! Whom did he murder, papa?

P. More than one person, I am sorry to say. He not only caused one or two noblemen and others to be beheaded, but it is said that he caused the death of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester.

I should hope that Richard did not kill his uncle, but there seems to be little doubt that he

did so. As soon as he had the power he began to treat all three of his uncles very badly. The truth was, that he still loved to be extravagant, and to spend the people's money, but his uncles kept him in check. He wanted to get rid of them only that he might be better able to do wrong.

It happened soon after the murder of the Duke of Gloucester that two noblemen quarrelled. One was named Henry Bolingbroke; he was the son of the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, one of Richard's uncles; the other noble was the Duke of Norfolk. According to the foolish custom of those times, the two nobles were ordered to settle their dispute by single combat. They met to fight, but just as they were going to do so, the king interfered; he said that they were both bad men, and he therefore sentenced both to be banished. "You," he said to Henry Bolingbroke, "are to be banished ten years; and you," he said to Norfolk, "you shall be banished for life." The king afterwards told Henry Bolingbroke, that he should only stop six or seven years instead, and promised him that if during his absence any one should die and leave him property, it should be taken care of until his return.

During Henry Bolingbroke's absence, his father, the old Duke of Lancaster, did die; the king, however, instead of taking care of the great lands which now belonged to Bolingbroke,

kept them for himself, thinking, "Now I have greater riches, and I can be more extravagant than ever."

Richard therefore was not fit to be a king. You see that his extravagance caused him to have great wants; and his great wants led him to commit great wickedness, in order to supply them. The people whom he governed saw this; so also did the nobles, who were jealous of him, for they saw that he wanted to diminish their power. His reign had lasted more than twenty years; and most men began to think he had reigned long enough.

Accordingly Henry Bolingbroke determined to come over to England without permission, and to seize not only the estates left him by his father, but Richard's kingdom. We can hardly wonder that Henry did so—he was full of indignation at the treatment he had received; the nobles of England were indignant, too; and the king happened to be absent in Ireland, where a rebellion had broken out. This opportunity was seized by Henry; he landed in Yorkshire, with only about sixty followers, and was quickly joined by some of the most powerful nobles. The *Earl of Northumberland*, in particular, and his son *Henry Hotspur*, were of great assistance, and soon Henry was at the head of so large an army, that it was of no use for the king to resist.

Richard had left his uncle, the Duke of York, to act as "regent" during his absence in Ireland; but even the Regent

submitted to Henry, so that, when Richard returned to England he found that his crown was all but lost, and that it was best to surrender himself as a prisoner. He met Henry in Wales, and when he saw him he gave him a kind welcome, in his usual gay manner. "My Lord King," said Henry, uncovering his head, "I have heard that you have been governing badly for twenty-one years, and that the people are ill pleased; but I am come to help you to govern better in future." It is said that Richard only answered him—"Fair cousin, since it pleases you, it pleases us likewise."

Richard was then conducted to prison. Two "wretched horses" were brought, on which he and one of his favourite noblemen were placed, and he was thus led triumphantly from town to town through multitudes, who scoffed at him and spoke the praises of his rival. It is said that they sang, "Long live our good deliverer, Henry, Duke of Lancaster!" and that "as for the king, none cried God bless him." Soon afterwards, Richard formally resigned his crown, Henry was proclaimed king in his stead, and Richard was confined in Pomfret Castle.

In Pomfret Castle Richard was shortly afterwards killed, just as Edward II. was—it is not exactly known how. Some say he was starved to death, and others, that he was struck dead by the blow of a pole-axe. This happened in the year 1399.

In this reign there lived a

wise man who is now far better known than the king himself. His name was JOHN WICKLIFFE.

If the clergy of those days were vain, like the king, it is not to be wondered at that, like him, they were despised. There were two kinds of clergy—the *Monks*, who lived in the abbeys and monasteries, and who were often dressed in splendid dresses and enjoyed every luxury; and the *Friars*, who had no place to dwell in, and who were travelling preachers, going about from place to place, and living on charity. These two orders of clergy despised each other: the friars called the monks “lazy and luxurious,” and the monks, who thought themselves gentlemen, had great contempt for the friars; they called them “prying busy-bodies, who interfered with everybody’s concerns.”

But both orders of clergy were despised by Wickliffe. This man was a priest, who had been educated at Oxford, but was much disliked by his brethren, because he would not do much that he thought was wrong. It was wrong for the priests of Jesus to be rich, but, like Jesus, they ought to be humble and poor. Wickliffe set the example by preaching to the people barefoot and clothed in the coarsest dress and soon he was listened to by great multitudes of people, upon whom he made a wonderful impression. He tried to preach only the truth, as Jesus did. He said, first, that it was

foolish to think that there was any *merit* in being a monk, or in shutting oneself out from the world; secondly, that it was nonsense to suppose that the Church of Rome was placed above all others; and he said, thirdly, that *God’s Word* was a greater authority than any church, and that, if the Church of Rome were not governed by it, it was a *bad church*; fourthly, he added, that the church ought not to try and govern the state; fifthly, that the clergy ought not to have more riches, or worldly possessions, than Jesus had; sixthly, that the church taught the people too many ceremonies, instead of the inward religion of the heart; and seventhly, that, if the people were really sorry for their sins, God would pardon them, so that there was no necessity to confess their sins to a priest.

The people listened to these and many other true sayings of John Wickliffe, and took them home, and thought about them. Many of them ceased to be Roman Catholics, and resolved to try and serve God in a better way. Thus did John Wickliffe arouse in England the spirit of the Reformation, a work which was afterwards carried out by the great MARTIN LUTHER.

Lesson 23. RICHARD II.

| | |
|--------------------------|------|
| Began to reign | 1377 |
| Died | 1399 |

RICHARD II. may well be compared to Edward II., for both kings were weak and foolish and both were deposed.

Richard was only eleven years old when his grandfather died, therefore his three uncles acted as Regents. At the young king's coronation the first "Champion of England" was appointed. When the king was old enough to govern, it was found that he was unfit for his duties. His life was spent in vanity and extravagance, for which he made his people pay in heavy and unjust taxes. His injustice led to his ruin; he treated his three uncles

badly, and robbed his cousin Henry Bolingbroke, whom he had banished. Henry, therefore, returned to England, seized Richard's crown, and confined him in POMFRET CASTLE, where he died in the year 1399.

The principal events of this reign were the rebellion of WAR TYLER—the murder of the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER—the banishment and return of HENRY BOLINGBROKE, and the preaching of the celebrated JOHN WICKLIFFE.

YOUTH AND AGE.

With cheerful step the traveller
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees and all he hears
Administer delight.

And if the mist, retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapours hide
Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller
Pursues his evening way!

Sorely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep;
And slow, with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round
They fill his soul with fear,
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas! the evening traveller feels
The fears of weary age!

THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.

(*House of Lancaster.*)

HENRY IV.

P. You heard how Henry Bolingbroke became king. He said that Richard II. was unfit to govern, and that he would govern instead.

But there was another person who had a claim to the crown. This was Edmund Mortimer, the *Earl of March*. He was descended from the Duke of Clarence, the second son of Edward III., while the Duke of Lancaster, Henry's father, was only the *third* son of Edward. Which would have the greatest right to be king according to the law—the son of Edward's *second* son, or the son of the *third* son?

L. The son of the second son, I suppose.

P. That is right; so that the young Earl of March was the real heir to the crown; but though the people knew this, they did not heed him. They said, first, that as he was only eleven years old, they must have a regent to govern, which they did not want; and, secondly, they were more pleased with Henry Bolingbroke, whom they wished to be king.

W. But it was not fair to deprive the young Earl of March of his right!

P. No; but they did do so, and in after days their children suffered the consequences. This injustice led to a series of civil wars, which caused the blood

of thousands of Englishmen to flow. They were called "the wars of York and Lancaster."

W. Then it would have been much better, perhaps, to have let the Earl of March be king.

P. No doubt it would have been better. It is always better for nations as well as men to ask, not "what is most pleasant to *do*," but "what is the *right* course." They might perhaps have persuaded the Earl of March to give up his right, or to sell it; but they did not do this. Thus Henry was a usurper, and the bad consequences of the injustice began with his reign. During the whole time he was rendered miserable by plots and conspiracies against his life.

The first conspiracy began in the second year of his reign. Several noblemen who were angry with him declared that he ought not to be king, and determined to kill him at a tournament, and to restore Richard. Henry defeated them, and to prevent any more such attempts Richard was murdered a few weeks afterwards at Pontefret Castle, as I have already told you.

The second rebellion of importance was that of the Duke of Northumberland and his son Hotspur Percy. You heard in our last lesson that this duke was a powerful noble, and that he was of great service to Henry. So, when Henry became king, the duke asked rewards for his services which were rather extravagant, and more than Henry could afford

to pay. Being a usurper, he was not only very poor, but he was a rather feeble king, and he began to feel jealous of Northumberland's growing power; so when the duke wanted permission to ransom a friend of his who had been taken prisoner, the king showed his ill-will by refusing.

The king's refusal led to an open rebellion. The earl happened to be ill at the time, but his son Hotspur Percy took command of his army, and tried to dethrone the king. The soldiers of Percy and the king met near Shrewsbury. Each army numbered about 14,000 men; and although they were nearly all Englishmen, they proceeded to slaughter each other. Hotspur Percy was killed by an arrow which pierced his brain; and some thousands of those who fled were pursued by the king and his son, and were cut to pieces. Many knights were taken prisoners, some of whom had their heads struck off on the field of battle. When the old Earl of Northumberland heard of the battle, he submitted to the king and was pardoned; for Henry thought that he was punished enough by the loss of his son.

Two years after this battle, in the year 1405, another rebellion broke out, in which the Archbishop of York was one of the leaders; he was joined by seven noblemen, including the old Earl of Northumberland. The young *Earl of March* had been kept a close prisoner by Henry, but the archbishop and these nobles managed to pro-

cure his escape, intending to proclaim him as the lawful king. But Henry was again victorious; he retook the lad, defeated the archbishop, and carried him prisoner to Pomfret Castle with several other nobles. The celebrated Lord Chief Justice *Sir William Gascoigne*, was told by Henry to condemn them all to death, but Gascoigne refused to do so, because the archbishop was a clergyman. A judge was however found who passed the sentence, and the rebels were beheaded. This is the first instance of one of the higher clergy suffering the punishment of death. The Earl of Northumberland fled to Scotland, and all his castles and estates were seized by the king.

There were other rebellions of less importance. On several occasions it was given out that King Richard was still alive, and the people rose to support him. One man, the court fool, was found to be very much like him in the face, and he pretended to be the king; he was however defeated.

One of Henry's most important enemies was a Welshman named Owen Glendower, who persuaded the Welsh people to rebel and to make him their sovereign. The Welsh people in England left their homes, and returned to Wales by hundreds; Owen Glendower constantly defeated Henry and his son, and was carried in triumph through Wales as the lawful king. He was a man of extraordinary learning for those times. He had also great bravery and skill, and great

influence over the people, who thought him to be a "wizard," or else a very wondrous man. He troubled Henry during nearly the whole of his reign.

Henry had all sorts of enemies. In the early part of his reign, the Duke of Orleans, one of the royal family of France, sent him a challenge to single combat. In his message he did not state any grievance; he merely deplored the want of opportunity to fight, from which he and others in France were suffering. He then added that he was anxious to gain honour and good renown, and therefore wished to bring a hundred French knights to fight against the king and a hundred English knights; they were all to be armed with "lance, battle axe, sword, and dagger, but were not to have any bodkins, hooks, razors, needles, or poisoned darts." Such a challenge looked like the message of an insane man, but it was not considered strange in those days of chivalry. Henry, however, was not then suffering from inactivity—he had rather *too much* to do at home—so, he prudently declined the offer.

Thus, Henry lived a life of troubles, so that his throne has been likened to "a bed of thorns." He had other troubles besides the constant rebellion. The House of Commons took advantage of his weakness to keep him very short of money. He was often suffering from what are called "pecuniary embarrassments." The House of Commons thus increased the

privileges of the people, for when they sent up their petitions, they would not give the king his supplies until he granted what they wanted. Once, they actually appointed their own treasurer to see that the supplies were spent properly.

The Roman Catholic clergy, too, had great power in Henry's reign. The House of Commons complained of their vast riches in gold, and their large estates; but they nevertheless obeyed them, by passing a very cruel law. This law condemned all persons who would not believe their foolish doctrines to be *burned*. Such people they called *Heretics*;—the followers of Wickliffe they called *Lollards*, and before long two or three of them were burned alive in Smithfield. The first martyr was a clergyman, who was burned because he could not believe that the bread which he gave to the people when he administered the sacrament, was the *real body* of our Saviour! How shocking it is to think that men, instead of teaching our Saviour's law of *love*, should do such wickedness! Mind you often pray to God that you may never make so foolish a mistake, nor be cruel to other men.

The death of King Henry happened in the year 1413. It was caused by frequent fits, to which he was subject. The last fit seized him while he was praying in Westminster Abbey before the shrine of St. Edward.

•GETTING ON."

TO MY YOUNGEST BOY ON HIS FOURTH BIRTH-DAY.

LITTLE Willy! laughing Willy!

What, my May-bud, four years old?

"Getting on for five"—oh, nonsense!

Yet the truth must needs be told.

Getting on! aye, that's the watch-word;

One goal reached, we seek the next;

Never poet nobler theme had—

Preacher, a more fruitful text.

Little Willy! laughing Willy!

What know you of *getting on*?

Of the strivings, and the struggles,

And the prizes to be won?

Of the sorrows and vexations

That attend upon defeat?

Of the steep and slippery places

Wherein you must plant your feet?

Little Willy! laughing Willy!

You would fain become a man;

All too fast the time is flying,

But it tarry if you can;

Here, in this green vale of childhood,

Linger gladly while you may—

Lo! the skies are bright above you,

And the earth with flowers is gay.

Little Willy! laughing Willy!

Do you mark you furrowed brow?

Once 'twas fair and smooth as thine is;

And that tottering step and slow

Was as bounding and as lightsome;

Red as thine those cheeks now wan:—

Question you what wrong in these changes?

Striving, rainy, to get on!

Little Willy! laughing Willy!

Look you here are pictures twain;

One man rolling in his carriage,

One that drags a felon's chain—

This by means that were not honest,

Wealth and lofty station won,

That from vile became the vilest—

Both were striving to *get on!*

Little Willy! laughing Willy!

These are mysteries to thee;

Dance and sing, while they remain so

Gladsome will thy spirit be:

For the future, all a father's

Heart would ask for thee, my son,

Is, that in the path of virtue

Thou mayst o'er be getting on!

H. G. ADAMS.

17th Week.

SATURDAY.

Music.

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—AUTUMN SONG.

GATHER YOUR ROSEBUDS.

(From the School and Family Book of Part Music.)

A musical score for 'Gather Your Rosebuds' featuring six staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by 'C') and the remaining four are in 6/8 time (indicated by '6/8'). The key signature changes from G major (one sharp) to F major (no sharps or flats) and then back to G major. The lyrics are as follows:

Gather your rose - buds while you may, Old Time is still a -
Gather your rose - buds while you may, Old Time is still a -
flying, Old Time is still a - flying - -
flying, Old Time is still is still a - fly - - -
- ing, Old Time is still a - fly - ing. And that sweet
- ing, Old Time is still a - fly - ing. And that sweet
flower that smiles to - day, To - morrow may be
flower that smiles to - day, To - morrow may be
dying, dying, To - morrow may be dy - ing.
dying, dying, To - morrow may be dy - ing.

Wisely improve the present hour,
Select its choicest treasure,
Slight not the source within your power
Of best, of purest pleasure

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

18th Week.

MONDAY.

' Moral Lesson.

ORDER.

THE OBEDIENT COAL-BOY.

"Do you remember what is meant by Order?" said Emma to her sister Jane the day after their teacher's lecture.

"Yes," said Jane, "it is obedience to that which is right, and I have determined that all my life I will do everything as well as it can be done. Then I shall have the pleasure of saying, It is done *properly*. How happy all of us will be when we try to do all things in order!"

"Ah!" said our nurse, who was paying attention, "there are several things to be learned if you want to be orderly. You must not only do all things in a proper manner, but in their proper time, and in their proper place. They must also be done in their proper *degree*; but there! I dare say you don't know what I am talking about. Suppose I tell you a tale, to show you."

"Yes, begin at once," I said.

"But," said nurse, "I'd rather say one more word beforehand, if you will be orderly enough to have patience, and listen."

"Yes! we will."

"Then you must know, that Order like every other good thing cannot be learned without a great deal of trouble. If it cost nothing it would be worth nothing.

"What does order cost, then? What would it cost to be a real orderly man?

"It would cost exertion to form several important *habits*. We will talk of the most important habit first."

"The canal near my house in the country was broad and deep. The water was smooth, too, and when the sun shone upon it, it was sparkling and bright, so that the boys liked to stop now and then and throw stones there. It really seemed to be smooth on purpose for a boy to make a 'duck and drake' upon.

"But, then, you know it is dangerous for boys to throw stones in the canal; for once when there were seven boys playing there, one ran to throw with all his might, his foot slipped, he fell in, and was nearly drowned. The chief bargeman, who lived in the little house near the bridge, saved the lad, 'but,' he said to the seven boys, 'you are not to play at "duck and drake" on the canal any more. Besides,' he continued, looking at them, 'you are such great fellows to play in that way. I wonder that you can't get more work to do, instead of walking about up and down this canal all your lives.'"

"Then they were not schoolboys?" said Jane.

"No; they were seven tall

lads who had come from a canal in some other part of the country. They used to get their living by doing odd jobs when the barges were unloading at the wharf. It was very little they earned. I often wondered how they contrived to exist, for work was very scarce at that time.

"Two or three days afterwards, as I was sitting on the bridge near that bargeman's house, I saw the seven boys again.

"'Here yer are,' said one. 'Now for a good thing; we'll play at duck and drake for an hour. Old Jem Cooley (the head bargeman) has gone down to the locks, and won't be back till to-morrow—come on! I'll send three ducks and a drake between here and the fust post.'

"There was not a word said about Jem Cooley's orders, but immediately all began their old sport, except one boy, who was taller than the others. He declared that he would not disobey orders, and that it was not worth while to do so for the sake of a little play. The others laughed and called him a fool, but he kept his word, and said he meant to mind the rules."

Jane. Then he was more orderly than the others, because he was more obedient.

"Yes; and the pleasure I gained by being obedient was greater than all that the others gained by their play.

"Besides the pleasure of obedience he had another reward, which is worth mentioning. It happened that Jem Cooley had

gone that afternoon to see after several matters relating to the locks. On his way home he met the seven boys, and informed them that he should shortly want an extra boy to assist him on the canal for a twelvemonth; so he said, 'If you like all to call on me to-morrow, I'll pick out the best on ye.'

"The next day *all* the boys called on Jem Cooley, but he was not long in deciding. 'I ain't a-going to ask no questions,' he said. 'This here boy, the tallest one, is the one for me: I'll give ye four shillings a week an y'r wittles—for a twelvemonth good!'

"The others were much surprised at his decision. They told him that 'Stokes' was 'the oldest among 'em,' and the strongest workman, and that that 'ere one, the tallest, was only a 'green un' who knew next to nothing of his business.

"'Never mind,' said the chief bargeman, 'I means to stick to my bargain, for I'm a sharp chap, and I knows one of the right sort when I sees him. This 'ere lad now, is one that likes to do what he is told, for I have often noticed him; and unless we have hands of that sort on the canal, we shall never have order. I sent away the boy at the lock yesterday for not doing what he was told.'

"But,' replied they, 'the one on us as you have chose arn't got any of the—what d'ye call it when people has done things very often?—the experience, you know.'

"'No,' said Jem; 'but I'll tell you what he has; he has ob-

dience, and if he has that he will soon get experience. I heard this morning from a lady who was looking over the bridge yesterday, about some people who was a-playing at 'duck and drake,' when they had been told not to—and he was the only one that minded the rules. Now, let me tell you something else, afore I have done.—You're a wil'l lot, all of ye; and you'll not be of much good until ye're trained into orderly habits; but this tall'un (I don't know his name), I shall teach him sooner than I shall teach any of you. You see, when any one has the habit of obedience, other good habits are easily learned.'

"That was the end of Jem Cooley's lecture. I should like you to see that 'tall boy' now he has grown up to be a man; he lives in Jem Cooley's house, and he manages the canal quite as well as Jem Cooley did before him."

"Now, nurse," said Jane, when the tale was finished, "let us make a 'lesson.' Obedience will always be rewarded."

"But," said nurse, "obedience is not always rewarded."

W. I think that the best lesson is the end of Jem Cooley's lecture—"When any one has the HABIT OF OBEDIENCE, other good habits are easily learned."

Nurse. I should like to teach you even a better lesson than

that—You should learn obedience because it is right.

"There are foolish children who think it is a fine thing to be disobedient. They will make a boast of not obeying, and of gaining their own way. Little children do, very often—and babies try to gain their own way."

"So do great boys and men," I observed.

"But," said nurse, "that is nothing to boast about. Any foolish child can be disobedient; but then, he gets out of his proper place; thus he is disorderly."

"Ah!" said Jane, "it is not always so easy to be obedient; sometimes it is very hard."

"So much the better," replied nurse, "for in being obedient to others, you may make your bad desires obedient to you. When that boy determined to obey Jem Cooley, perhaps he had within him the desire to throw stones; but he thought to himself, 'I have the will to do right, and I will make my desire obey my will.'

"Now for the lesson.

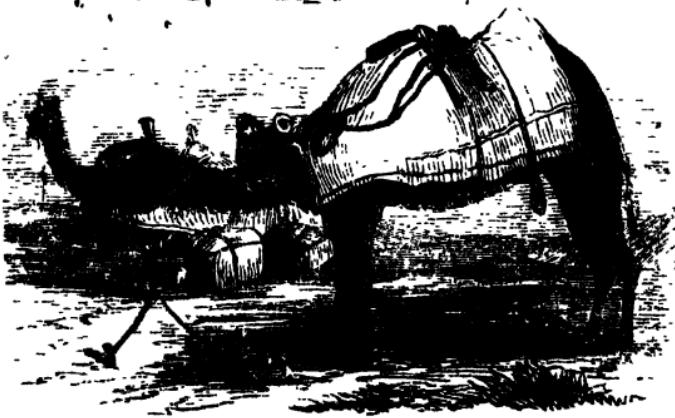
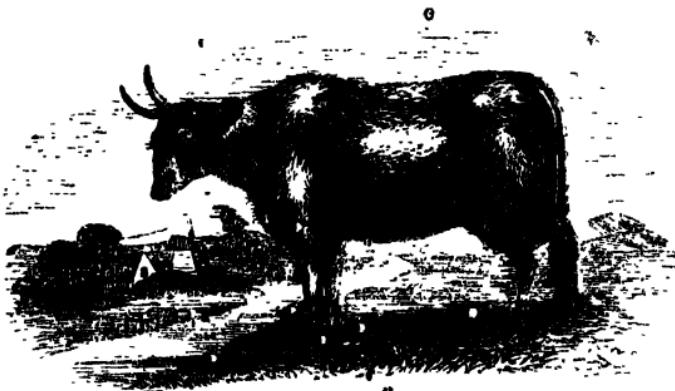
"The first step to order is obedience. The first step to obedience is, to make your desires to do wrong obedient to your desire to do right."

"Which," I said, "is often very hard to do."

"But then it is a noble thing to do! for when boys and men have become obedient to that which is right, then they become noble boys and noble men."

NON trivial loss nor trivial gain despise;
Mole-hills, if often heap'd, to mountains rise.

MAMMALS.—ORDER 9. RUMINATING ANIMALS.



MAMMALS.

ORDER 9. RUMINATING ANIMALS.

L. If you please, mamma, we have been sitting ruminating for ten minutes, expecting to begin our lesson. We have been very quiet.

W. But we haven't been chewing the cud.

Ion. I have. I have brought up all the old lessons on the four stomachs, and the Deer tribe, and the Giraffe. First there is—

M. No, never mind! we will recapitulate another day. Besides, it is usual to ruminant inwardly.

W. Then we will go on "cropping" instead. We were to have to-day an account of the HOLLOW-HORNED RUMINANTS.

M. True. We said that the third division of ruminants are those with hollow horns. Mention any that you know.

L. The Ox has hollow horns, mamma; so has the male sheep—the Ram; Goats, too, have hollow horns.

M. You will find, if you look at the picture (page 196), that the Sheep and Goat are placed on each side of the Cameleon-pard; but these two animals may be arranged in one tribe.

Besides these, we have all the hollow-horned animals which do not belong to either the Ox or the Sheep tribe; these are called Antelopes. Thus there are three kinds of hollow-horned ruminants:

1. The Ox tribe;
2. The Sheep and Goat tribe
3. The Antelope tribe.

We will begin with

THE OX TRIBE.

In England, the Cow is the best known animal of this tribe. I dare say you have seen a cow. In all the fields and marshes of Europe (except in those of the cold northern countries) she is found yielding food and clothing to man; so that we need not give her description. There are several breeds,—the Alderney Cow, the short-horned breed, the Devonshire breed, the Herefordshire cattle, the Lancashire cattle, with their horns bending inwards, and the small black Scotch cattle, with very long horns.

Besides these, there is in England a peculiar breed of wild cattle, from which it is supposed that all the various breeds in England are descended. To see them you must go to Chillingham Park, in Cheshire. They are of a light cream-colour, and are very fierce. The value of cattle depends very much on the breed. The Dishley breed are so called because they were reared at Dishley, in Leicestershire. So valuable are these animals that the farmer who so much improved the breed sold one of his bulls for 400 guineas. I have read of a bull of the Durham breed which sold for 1,000 guineas.

The Scotch cattle are not always fattened in their own country. Vast numbers are

sent to England, where they feed on the moist marshy lands, especially on those near the sea. You have read in Mr. Young's letters of the marshes of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire. In most parts of our eastern shores, cattle are kept grazing, either for the sake of their milk, or they are being fattened for the butcher.

Jon. You once said, mamma, that the water in those marshes is salt, and that they are called "salt marshes." I remember how fond all animals are of salt.

W. Some cattle are not kept for the sake of their milk or their flesh; they are used to draw the plough, or a wagon.

M. True; and this is the case more particularly with the next animal in our picture, the **BUFFALO**. He is a stronger and a stouter animal than the English ox, and he works hard with all "his might and main," at any horse-work you may choose to give him. It is said that one buffalo is as strong as two horses; he is therefore much used in the countries around the Cape of Good Hope. There may be seen teams of buffaloes, drawing the heavy-wheeled, heavy-laden wagons of the Dutch colonists; and if their drivers will only whistle to them a pleasant tune, then, with hearty good-will, they will keep their heads low, and tug their great burden up steep places, through soft bogs, and over the rough forest land. But they are rather mischievous animals sometimes; and I have heard that it is not unusual for the

buffalo to attack the traveller unawares. How would you distinguish a buffalo from a cow?

W. I should say that he has a more clumsy appearance; his horns, too, seem larger. But is the Cape of Good Hope the only place for buffaloes?

M. No; there are the Indian Buffalo, and others in America and Asia. But the buffalo is the principal animal of the Ox tribe in **AFRICA**.

In **ASIA** there is an animal peculiar to that country, called the *Brahmin Bull*. It is considered by the natives as a "sacred" animal, so that no men but the priests may kill or eat it.

W. I have seen a picture of that animal, mamma. I know it by its white skin and the hump on its back.

M. Yes; the hump is its great peculiarity. In **AMERICA**, again, the most peculiar animal of the Ox tribe is the *Bison*. The herds of wild bisons found in the prairies are a splendid sight; they often number many thousands, and the sound of their trampling feet may be heard at a very great distance.

W. So, mamma, we have an animal of the Ox tribe for each quarter of the globe. In **EUROPE**, the *Cow*; in **ASIA**, the *Indian Bull*; in **AFRICA**, the *Buffalo*; and in **AMERICA**, the *Bison*. Is there a peculiar one in **AUSTRALIA**?

M. No; the native animals of Australia are mostly very small.

L. Before you tell us of any more animals I want to mention something. When we counted up "the means of

defence" which the ruminants have, we omitted something. We mentioned their *horns*, and their *hoofs*; but we did not say that some use their *tail* for defence: the cow uses the tuft at the end of her tail to knock off the flies which tease her.

Ion. Yes; that tail is like a long dusting-brush.

W. Or a broom!

L. And with this she brushes away the flies. Have you never seen the cows in the summer-time, as they stand in the water with the flies buzzing round them?

M. But we must proceed to the next animals.

THE SHEEP AND GOAT TRIBE.

What difference do you observe between the Sheep and the Goat?

W. I notice three differences, mamma. The goat has not wool; the goat has horns, and the goat is more active than the sheep; he lives on the mountains, and jumps from rock to rock.

M. These differences are not important. You have heard before that wool is really fine hair, and that if sheep be removed to warmer countries, where they do not need so thick a covering, their wool becomes coarse and thin, more like the hair of the goat. There are foreign sheep with horns like those of the goat, and you have said that in our country the male sheep, the *ram*, has horns. The goat is certainly more active than the well-fed and fat sheep of our meadows; but

in Asia you may find *wild* sheep on the mountains, which are quite as active as the goats.

W. I know that sheep live on the mountains, because when papa came home from Wales last year, he told us of the Welsh sheep—he told us how they live on the mountains without any shepherd to look after them.

Ion. And he said, too, that if they hear any sign of danger, they run together in a crowd; he told us that they often walk in a straight line like soldiers, and make little paths on the hills, called "sheep-walks."

M. The mutton from the Welsh sheep, has a very fine flavour. Indeed, hilly lands are the most suitable for sheep; for if they be left long in the damp marshes with the cows, they are liable to a disease called the *rot*.

Ion. I remember, mamma, that when we were at Brighton, last year, we went to see the *Downs*. They are beautiful green slopes; and there, you know, were thousands of sheep, which you said afford the finest mutton in England. I have often heard of the South Down mutton.

M. And not only the South Down mutton, and the Welsh mutton, but the *Scotch* mutton is very fine. Scotland is a hilly country; so, though our Scotch graziers send their cattle to England to fatten, they rear their own sheep.

There are many other kinds of sheep. The *Merino* sheep, from Spain, yields the finest wool. The *Egyptian* sheep are also

famous. I think that papa told you in one of his Object Lessons of their enormous tails, which are almost as large as the body, and are drawn on wheels.

W. Yes; papa said that a sheep's tail has been known to weigh 100 pounds, and that when a sheep draws its large tail after it, it looks in the distance like two sheep.

M. We must not forget, in our list, the sheep of Australia. They now yield an immense supply of wool, some of which is considered as good as the Merino wool.

GOATS.

There are many different kinds of goats. In Asia Minor is the *Angora Goat*, which has a fine silky hair like wool. If you look in your map of Asia for *Thibet*, you will find the country of the *Cachmir Goat*. The silky wool of this animal is the most celebrated in the world; it is of most exquisite fineness, and is used to make the Cachmir-shawls, which are sold in England at extravagant prices. In Palestine, we have the *Syrian Goat*, which has fine wool; it is known by its very long ears; they hang down from the head in a singular manner. In other parts of Asia are the four-horned Goat, and the *Ibex*, a large wild goat, with splendid horns.

THE ANTELOPE TRIBE.

I do not think that you know many of the Antelopes.

L. We heard of the an-

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lopes in papa's *Object Lessons from the Great Exhibition*. He said that Africa is the principal country for the antelopes—they live in the wild karoos, and more than twenty thousand are sometimes seen at once.

M. It is rather difficult to distinguish between an antelope and a goat. It is said that the antelope tribe includes many very different animals; that it consists of "every hollow-horned ruminant which may not strictly be called a sheep, or goat, or an ox."

Ton. Is not the CHAMOIS an antelope, mamma?

M. Yes, it is called a goat-like, or *capri-form* Antelope (from the Latin words, *capri*, of a goat, and *forma*, the shape). These animals have the habits as well as the shape of a goat, for they live in the Alps of Switzerland, where they leap from crag to crag with amazing sureness of foot. You may always remember the chamois as *the best jumper in the world*. It is hunted for its skin: but the occupation of the chamois-hunter is one of the most dangerous known; many of these men are either killed by accident, or knocked down the precipices by the chamois.

Besides the two families, the *True Antelopes* and the *Capri-form Antelopes*, there are others, called the *Bush Antelopes*, and others called the *Bovine Antelopes*; they are so called from the Latin word, *bovis*, of a bull, for their bodies are stouter and larger than those of the *true Antelopes*; they are, indeed, more like bulls.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

KENT.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I first send you one or two more particulars about Kent, and my notes.

"KENT is so called from *Ventia*, its ancient Roman name. You have heard in your History lessons that, being opposite to Gaul, it was much visited by merchants and others, and was at one time more civilized than any other part of the island. It is still one of the finest counties; some portions of it are so beautiful, that the county has been called 'the garden of England.'

"I mentioned before that Kent is famous for its hills. The principal are the *chalk* hills, which run through all the southern counties of England, and are called 'the Southern Range'; they continue through Kent as far as Dover, where they suddenly break off in the white chalk cliffs, of which you have heard. On the other side of the Channel, these mountains are continued, beginning with the chalk cliffs at Calais; it is, therefore, supposed that France and England were at one time joined together, instead of being divided by the Straits as they are now.

"On the east of Kent, opposite Ramsgate and Sandwich, there are, a little way out at sea, some very dangerous sands called the *Godwin Sands*. Look for them on your map, and you will then see how the size of a country may change, for these sands were once a part of Eng-

land, and formed the estate of the celebrated Earl Godwin, the father of the unfortunate King Harold. You have read his history in the reign of Edward the Confessor.* This estate of the Earl of Godwin is now all loose sand, and many, many a ship has been wrecked, and many hundreds of lives have been lost there. The water between the shore of Kent and these sands forms a nice road for ships, called *the Downs*. In these quiet Downs often vast numbers of merchant ships may be seen waiting many weeks; they have to wait for a fair wind to carry them across the ocean.

"While you are looking at your map it will be worth while to notice the *rivers* of Kent.

"The MEDWAY is the principal river, and is well known from the large dock-yards upon it. It contains abundance of soles, flounders, and other flat fish. In the creeks of one part of the river are fine oyster-beds. Many large barges may be seen on it, conveying coals, and others with corn and hops, the produce of the country.

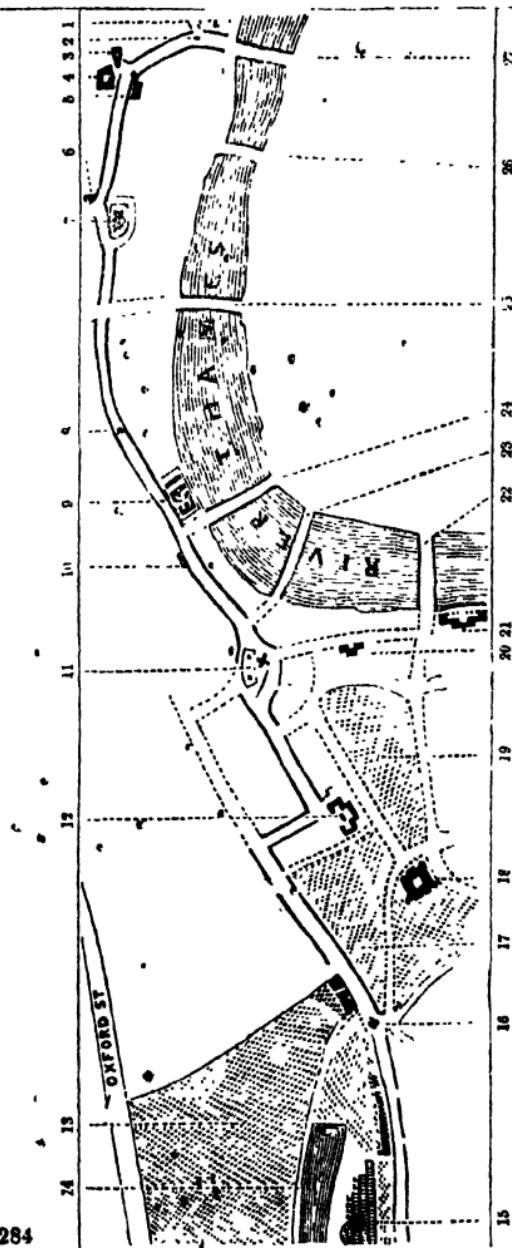
"The STOUR is another important river, with two branches—the Greater and the Lesser Stour.

"The DARENT and the ROTHER are other rivers of note.

"One of the canals which was cut not many years ago, will show you how circumstances may change in this world. It was of very great

THURSDAY.

PLEASANT PAGES. ENGLISH GEOGRAPHY



“What are they doing in that vessel?” I asked a fellow-passenger.

“Don’t know, sir. Think they’re cleaning the river, or something. Or else they are getting some *ballast* for their ships, perhaps.” But neither of us could tell.

“There were many more ships—more than I should like to count or describe. The numbers surprised me most. In one part, the coal-barges, which lay close together by hundreds, covered a space as broad as a country field. I had often heard of the coal-fields under the earth; but these barges formed a coal-field *on the water*. The small rowing-boats of the river were another numerous company. The number of small steam-vessels also seemed to increase as we came nearer to London; especially some called the *Watermen* boats, which were bound for Woolwich and Greenwich.

“At length we reached a bridge with three enormous arches—which I found to be London Bridge; and here I noticed so many things at once, that I do not at present remember any of them. I only know that in time I found myself ashore, and was soon on the bridge itself.

“Don’t stop, I said to myself, after I had left my portmanteau at the first hotel,—don’t stop to examine any of the buildings, but take a walk to the GREAT EXHIBITION.

“Perhaps it may be as well, I thought, to take the names of any large buildings you may

see in your way, but you may learn their histories another time. Then I thought, I will take my map of London, and will mark the streets through which I travel; thus I shall remember the *position* of these buildings!

“You will have a long walk, sir,” said the porter at the hotel, “but if you are determined to walk, you had better go down Cheapside; bear to the left, round by that statue.”

“But, before I start, what is the name of this very tall building on my right?”

“That, sir, is THE MONUMENT; it was built—”

“Never mind its history now, I will just mark it on my plan No. 1’ (I have sent you a copy of my plan, and you will thus see by the numbers the places of the buildings).

“And,” I said, “what statue is that before us?”

“That, sir, is the STATUE OF KING WILLIAM IV., and this is King William Street.”

“Thank you,” I replied; and after marking the statue No. 2, I proceeded onward.

“I’ll not stop now to tell you of the thousands of people, and of the dense crowds of vehicles in the roads, or I shall make my letter too long. ‘Make haste!’ I said to myself, ‘make haste to the Exhibition—only stop to notice the large buildings!’

“At the end of King William Street I found three large places—the ROYAL EXCHANGE (No. 3)—the BANK (No. 4)—and the MANSION HOUSE (No. 5). These I marked, and then proceeded

down the *Poultry* and *Cheapside*. ‘I wonder why they call a street *Poultry*, or *Cheapside*—but never mind! travel on to the Exhibition,’ I repeated—‘don’t stop to ask questions.’

“‘What is the name of this place?’ I said, when I reached the end of *Cheapside*. (You see I was obliged to ask *some* questions).

“‘That, sir, is the *GENERAL POST OFFICE* (*No. 6*), in the street called *St. Martin’s le Grand*. But that was not the way to the Exhibition, so, turning through *St. Paul’s Churchyard*, I marked *Sr. PAUL’S* (*No. 7*), and proceeded down *Ludgate Hill* until I came to a cross road leading to *Blackfriars Bridge*. Up hill next! ‘This, sir, is *Fleet Street*,’ said a policeman whom I asked; and at the top of *Fleet Street* I saw a strange old bar or gateway—a narrow, inconvenient place—one of the ancient gates which was in use when the old City was surrounded with walls. I just stopped to mark it *TEMPLE BAR* (*No. 8*), and went on.

“On I went, down the *Strand* (so called because—no, never mind!) Mark *No. 9*, *SOMERSET HOUSE*; *No. 10*, *EXETER HALL*. Go on again!—and soon I am at the end of the *Strand*, and in a place with a large column in the centre, and one or two fountains spouting. ‘This, sir, is “*TRAFAVGAR SQUARE*” (*No. 11*).’

“‘Which way to the Exhibition, sir?’

“‘Straight on, sir! Follow that omnibus! down *Pall Mall*.’

“On I go through *Pall Mall*,

at the end of which I reach *Sr. JAMES’S PALACE*, which I mark *No. 12*.

“‘Turn to the right, up *St. James’s Street*, then turn to the left, up *Piccadilly*, sir,’ said a soldier who was standing in a sentry-box. ‘You can’t miss your way, sir; follow the omnibuses!’

“On I go, through *Piccadilly*, until I reach some gates on my right hand, and I pass into *HYDE PARK*.

“‘*Hyde Park* I marked *No. 13*, and after gazing with admiration, I walked by the side of the *Serpentine* (*No. 14*). From here I got a distant view of a great glassy-looking object—a place which glittered in the sun as though it were made of crystal.

“‘What place is *that*, sir?’ said I to the park-keeper. ‘Every one knows that place; it is the *CRYSTAL PALACE*, and inside is the *GREAT EXHIBITION*! Haven’t you seen it yet?’

“‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I see it now; and I marked it *No. 15*.

“But I had now been walking three hours, and was too tired to go inside; therefore I determined to return home by a different road, and to note down some more buildings.

“So I turned homeward. I passed down the *Knightsbridge Road*, and came to *HYDE PARK CORNER* (*No. 16*). From thence I walked through the *GREEN PARK* (*No. 17*); passed *BUCKINGHAM PALACE* (*No. 18*); through *ST. JAMES’S PARK* (*No. 19*); through the *HORSE-GUARDS* (*No. 20*).

“(Horse-Guards! pooh! but

make no remark, sir! pass on.) And soon I reached a truly magnificent pile of buildings; and after writing the name, NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (No. 21), I took a walk on a fine old bridge, called WESTMINSTER BRIDGE (No. 22).

"Which is my way from here to London Bridge?" I asked of a man with a badge on his arm.

"This way, sir, down these here steps!—the turning-to-the-right — CITIZEN-BOATS — sig! One-a-coming-on-now-sir! You'll be in time if you look sharp—Fare only a penny!"

Accordingly, I came to a kind of sentry-box, where the words PAY HERE were painted in large letters; paid a penny for a pink ticket, and jumped on board a little steam-boat, without knowing where I

was going. I soon found that this little boat was going to take me all the way to London Bridge for one penny.

"So she did: she skimmed along, under HUNGERFORD BRIDGE (No. 23), WATERLOO BRIDGE (No. 24), BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE (No. 25), SOUTHWARK BRIDGE (No. 26), —and LONDON BRIDGE (No. 27); where I landed, and soon found my way back to the hotel from whence I started.

"Six hours and a-half I have been out," I said, looking at my watch, "and I have marked seven-and-twenty places. It will take me some time to—"

"Dinner is ready, sir," said the waiter, taking off the cover of a dish, and "that's all!"

"I remain (at dinner),

"Your affectionate friend,

• "HENRY YOUNG."

THE TRAVELLER.

SWEET to the morning traveller
The sky-lark's earliest song,
Whose twinkling wings are seen by fits
The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and weary he drags
Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath th' unclouded sun
Full weary toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell,
That marks his journey's bourne,—
But sweeter is the voice of love
That welcomes his return!

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

TURKEY.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"At the east of Greece there is a large gulf or sea called the ARCHIPELAGO; and when I left Greece I sailed up this Archipelago to Turkey.

"When the morning dawned, we had reached the end of the sea, and were passing through some narrow straits called the *Dardanelles*, of which you shall hear more soon. By looking at the map of Europe, you may observe that they lead into a small sea called the *Sea of Marmora*, and just as we reached the further end of this sea, the sun peeped at us over the mountain tops. The east was flooded with light, forming a bright back-ground to the domes and cypress groves of the beautiful city of CONSTANTINOPLE.

"I had read as much of the beauties of Constantinople as I had of Spain, but I could not have imagined anything so splendid as the view before me. The 'tall towers,' and the 'minarets,' of which I have so often heard, glittered like pinnacles of flame; while the effect of the beautiful water, the shipping and boats, the terraces, and the dark cypress trees, enchanted me. Just as we cast anchor, a round of artillery was fired from the forts and the ships of war. It was not, however, in honour of our arrival, but because one of the Sultan's wives had presented

him with a son. To celebrate this event, the city was illuminated every night for a week, and the canons thundered forth four times a-day.

"What a splendid port this is!" I said to a Greek merchant, who was on board the steamer, and, like myself, was gazing on the city.

"Ah! it is very beautiful," he replied; "you see that there is a large curve-shaped inlet, or bay, which is a famous place for ships to anchor in; it is called the *Golden Horn*. If you get out your map of Turkey, you will see, sir, that the city itself stands on a *promontory*, which slopes down to the sea."

"Yes;" I said, "and the promontory has the form of a triangle. Does Constantinople occupy the whole of that triangle? How large is it?"

"The distance all round is about thirteen miles, sir; it contains several hills on which the city is built. The ancient city of Rome was built on seven hills; and as Constantinople was built by the Romans, to be the capital of their eastern empire, they said that this city also was built on seven hills. There are really more than seven within the triangle, although there are not seven *large* ones. I will show you the principal ones when we are in the city."

"But here I must suddenly close my letter, with the hope to finish my account of the city next week. Believe me,

"Your affectionate friend,

"UNCLE RICHARD."

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

19th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

ORDER.

THE RUINED GROCER.

P. Let down that Venetian blind, Willie, before you begin breakfast. The tradespeople pass close to that window, and can look in.

W. There! I think I ~~let it~~ let it down in an orderly manner; I did it so gently!

P. But, Willie, the gentleness was not sufficient: to let down that blind in the *right* (or orderly) way, requires the habit of consideration, or *forethought*, as it is called.

Now I will show you. First: the laths of the blind are slanting downwards; but if you consider, you will find the passengers-by can see almost as plainly as they could before. Now, consider! if you pull this string, you may turn all the laths in an *upward* direction—so!

W. Yes; and I consider that the people cannot see through now, but then the room is so much darker.

P. Exactly! so I will pull the string until the laths are *nearly horizontal*—only slanting up a very little. Now it is right; the light comes in, and no one can see through. There is something more yet—by considering you would have seen that you need not let the blind down lower than the top of this wire-gauze blind.

W. Ah! I will pull it up higher.

P. Right, Willie! But consider again: it will be better to *tie up* that string, instead of allowing it to hang from the hook.

W. Oh, dear, dear me! How much "forethought" is wanted to do ~~some~~ things properly! I'm out of patience!

P. Certainly you *are*! But think, Willie, while we eat our breakfast, how much pleasure it is to look at that blind and feel that it is quite *right*.

You learned last week of the habit of *obedience to that which is right*; you may now proceed to learn two more important habits:—

1. The habit of *patience*;

2. The habit of *forethought*.

Ion. Ah! I was not orderly yesterday. I had not the *patience* to untie the knot of that parcel, so I cut the string. I did not *consider* that I could not tie it up again, that is to say, I cut it without any "forethought."

P. Then try and learn from the tale I am going to tell you.

JANE and her mamma stood looking this way and that way, and yet they could not decide which path led across the moor to their home.

"There comes a man, mamma," said Jane, "let us ask him."

"That is the way, ma'am! over there," said the man, when he was asked. "You'll see a little hut built of—No! you must first turn round by the bridge. No! I mean, you must go along this path, and then you must—let me see! Yes! you must take the cross road by the new dyke, which will lead you to the bridge; then you must turn round by the bridge, and you'll soon reach *the hut built of*—Oh, no! there's a better way than that. If you go through—"

"Thank you," said the lady; "I think I know the why; this is the path;" and without stopping to listen any more, she bade him good-bye.

"Why did you not wait for that man to direct us, mamma?" said Jane.

"Because," replied her mamma, "I could not understand his directions. Did you not notice how many mistakes he made? I know him; I can tell you his history, and you will then see why he blundered so."

"About fifteen years ago that man's father died, and left him the principal grocer's shop in our village. I remember, now, when the old man was buried, and when his son brought his wife to live in the old house. He sent circulars round to his father's customers, and in every circular you might have read these words—
'Thomas Jones, also hopes, by perseverance, and by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of those favours so liberally bestowed on his father.' He was persevering, too, he

worked very hard, and paid great attention to his trade; and yet he failed."

L. But "perseverance" and "attention" are such *very good* habits.

P. Yes; but he wanted something more.

"The truth was, that Thomas Jones prided himself upon being an active, hustling fellow; but as he did everything so quickly, he was often bewildered, and scarcely knew what he did.

"I met old Molly Scrub, the engrwoman, coming out of his shop one day, in a state of great wrath. 'There!' she said, 'now I've done with ye! You will never be an orderly man! You do too much, and you *think* too little; you'd never make such blunders if you took time to consider what you are doing!'

"How have you made Molly so cross?" I said, as I entered the shop.

"Well, ma'am, the truth is, she begged me to get her some of 'Young's satin starch'; but when I went to town yesterday I forgot which sort she wanted, and I have brought her the wrong."

"That was your fault," I answered. "Did you get me the two boxes of raisins I ordered?"

"I thought, ma'am, that you said *one* box."

"This," I said, "is the third mistake you have made lately. I think old Molly is right, and that you will never get on if you are not more careful. Do try, now, to do everything in the right way! The right way to have taken my orders was to enter it in your book *directly*

it was given; but I suppose you were so busy that you trusted to your memory.' Such was the case.

"And so Thomas Jones *did not* get on! Every one saw that he was too bustling, and had not "forethought" enough. Thus we found that sometimes he had plenty of fourpenny sugar in his shop, but none at fivepence; that he had plenty of green tea, but very little black; that his goods were not nicely arranged, and everything was 'muddled,' as Molly said, because he did not 'take time to think.'

"At last, when people began to talk to one another, they found that by doing everything so quickly he was often making mistakes; sometimes wasting half his time in undoing what he had done.

"'What is the matter with you, Thomas?' said a neighbour to him one day as he met him in the street.

"'Why, I have lost *one hundred and forty pounds* by that contract,' said Thomas. 'Those soap and tallow-merchants in the City have cheated me, and so has my tea-merchant! I am ruined, sir, quite!'

"The truth was, that in our County Lunatic Asylum the grocery every year used to cost nearly £500; but, as the manager received so much, they did not send the servant out to a grocer's shop to buy tea and sugar if they wanted it, but the grocers in the county used to send them a 'contract' every year, offering to supply at very low prices the goods wanted.

"When the managers of the asylum advertised in the newspapers that they were ready to receive contracts for the next year, and that whoever would contract to supply the goods at the lowest prices should do so, Mr. Jones determined to get the job; for he thought to himself, 'I can surely make some profit out of £500, and that will make up for my losing so many customers last year.'

"So, in great haste, he wrote to his tea-merchant, and to many others, to ask their *lowest prices* for goods; and, after thinking much more than usual, he made a contract to supply the County Lunatic Asylum with grocery for very little more than it would cost him. So, as the prices in his contract were lower than any others, the managers agreed to deal with him."

"Then," said Jane, "how could he lose money if he charged more for the goods than they cost. He *did* think beforehand!"

"*Mamma*. But he did not think enough. Before the year came round the price of tea and sugar, and starch, and candles changed. Many things became very dear indeed, and the merchants wrote to Thomas Jones to say that he must pay more money for his goods; or, if he wanted any more goods at the cheap prices, he must wait until they became cheaper. But the lunatics in the asylum would not wait for their food, and Thomas Jones was obliged for seven months to supply all their grocery for much less than it cost him.

"Ah!" said Thomas Jones to his friend, "if I had only agreed with the merchants that they should charge me the same price *all the year*, as I agreed to do to the asylum, I should not have lost one hundred and forty pounds,—but I did not think of that!"

Now, Jane, do you see why Thomas Jones was ruined?

Jane. Yes; he was not orderly—he did not think enough before he acted.

M. And now you see why he could not direct his properly when we asked him—He has still the same bustling way of speaking. He is not *orderly*

enough to think of what he is going to say; and he often has to say his words over again.

Jane. Or we may say, he wants "*forethought*."

M. That is his fault. Poor man! he has not learned patience; and many a man has grown up disorderly because he has not learned *patience* and *forethought* in his youth.

W. I will make the moral lesson from that tale, please! Draw up all Venetian blinds, untie all parcels, and perform every other little action, with *patience*. Thus you will form the habit of *forethought*, and will not be ruined, as Thomas Jones was.

HOW TO BEAR WITH FORTUNE.

On! fools of fools, and mortal fools,

Who prize so much what Fortune gives;

Say, is thereught man owns or rules

In this same earth whereon he lives?

What do his proper rights embrace,

Save the fair gifts of Nature's grace?

If from you, then, by Fortune's spite,

The goods you deem your own be torn,

No wrong is done the while, but right;

For you had nought when you were born.

When all things were for common use—

Apples, all blithesome fruits of trees,

Nuts, honey, and eech gum and juice,

Both man and woman too could please.

Strife never vexed these meals of old;

Be patient, then, of heat and cold;

Esteem not Fortune's favours sure;

And of her gifts when you are shorn,

With moderate grief your loss endure;

For you had nought when you were born.

ENVY.

If Fortune does you any spite—

Should even the cont be from you torn—

Petty, blame her not—it is her right:

For you had nought when you were born.

CHARTER, 1386-1447.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 9. RUMINANTS.

THE CAMEL.

L. (*listening*) What are those two boys talking about, I wonder? Hark, that's Willie's voice!

"He has a very long neck!"

"And here's a hard horny place on his leg; poor fellow, it is a sore place, I dare say!"

"And what long legs he has, and broad feet! Ah!"

L. (*knocking at the stable-door*) Please, Willie, to open the door. What animal have you got in there?

W. Oh, come in, Lucy; come and look at him! Mamma will tell you all about him.

M. This animal has been sent by a friend of mine; he has come for a day's visit. So let us bring him to the light. Keeper! please lead him out to the lawn!

W. Why, it is a great *Camel*!

L. How shall we amuse him? Shall we give him something to eat? He is a vegetable-feeder, I know.

Ion. Yes; I'll ask the cook if she has any cold potatoes, or some peas. I think, sir, you would like pea-s-pudding.

Camel. I'm truly obliged, young gentlemen; but I do not need to be amused. The fact is, I came here with my servant (called "keeper"), at the request of your mamma; and I have come to amuse you. Being a foreigner, my knowledge of English is very imper-

fect, so that all communications must come through my keeper.

W. Oh, I am glad to hear that! perhaps you are going to give us your history. Pray take a seat, sir.

Camel. Thank you! I'd rather kneel; it's my habit.

Ion. But won't you hurt those sore places on your knees?

Camel. (*laughing*) Ha! ha! Those are my *callosities*! They are not sore! They were given to me to kneel upon. But now for business!

Occasionally, when I am tired, my keeper reads to me from a book called *PLEASANT PAGES*; (there is an account of some young folks, like yourselves, called Lucy, Willie, Ion, and Ada—do you know them?) and I heard of several animals who had given their own histories, such as the Bear, the Pig, the Butterfly, &c. So when your mamma came the other day to my establishment, and asked some rather free-and-easy questions, as to my parts, my habits, &c., in order to teach you, I said at once that it would be far more agreeable to come and do it myself. Of course your mamma consented. So—so, *here I am*, you see! and here begins

THE LIFE OF A CAMEL.

I came from *Arabia*.

One day, when my mother was taking a short journey, I was born. I was received into this world by the Bedouin* who

* Pronounced *Bedween*.

was my mother's attendant. He took me in his arms, and carried me for some time, and then he laid me on my mother's back. Soon, we came to a halt; then I was put on the ground. My mother caressed me, and gave me milk, and I then was able to walk, and to follow her footsteps.

So I dawdled about in the deserts for a year, living on my mother's milk. She, I noticed, ate herbs which grew in the sand, and when I was old enough I did the same. I also learned to *ruminant*, if you know what that means.

Ion. Oh, yes; we know!

Camel. By the time I was two years old I became acquainted with the different parts of my body. I observed that I had a strange *hump* on my back; that I had long and strong *legs*; that I had broad *flat feet*; that I had *long eye-lashes*, like curtains, to my eyes; and that I had a smooth coat of *light brown hair*--with a fringe of dark hair along my neck. Moreover, as I became older, I found that I had in my stomach certain strange cells, which were suitable for holding water. My *teeth*, too, were peculiar; not only had I sharp cutting teeth, but I really had canine (or tearing) teeth, which is not general, you know, in vegetable feeders. My *mouth*, too, was a very hard mouth; some parts were like horn or gristle; while my upper lip was divided, and was very moveable. I also found certain natural *cushions* growing to my limbs; you noticed one of these hard

places just now. You may call them "callosities."

Ion. I don't think that the callosities improve your beauty!

Camel. Never mind! They were very useful to kneel and lie upon. I might as well tell you a remark which the public made when I was young--they said that I was a pretty-looking animal; but now that I am aged and overworked, my hair has fallen off, and the people say I am "unsightly."

These, then, are the principal points which I observed--my hump, limbs, feet, eye-lashes, hair, stomach, teeth, mouth, callosities, and general appearance.

W. Were all other camels like you?

Camel. Yes, except in colour--there were some *black* camels; and some had *two* humps on their backs.

Ion. You mean the dromedaries--

Camel: No; there you make a very common mistake! The two-humped camel is the *Bactrian* camel, found in the middle of Asia; but we who are single-humped, we are the true Arabian camel, the regular servants of the sons of Ishmael--"old staggers," who have been in the Ishmaelite family some thousands of years. A dromedary is a *fancy* camel, just as a racer is a fancy horse. The swift dromedaries can travel from seven to eight miles per hour!

But you will like to hear of my travels, I dare say. You will then see how useful were all my different parts.

One day they loaded me. They, the caravan men, talked about me, and said that I was in good condition; they had fed me on all kinds of good things, and had taken care to see that my *hump* was fat and plump.

W. What was the good of that?

Camel. Ah! you'll hear directly; but I said that they loaded me. Being by this time much taller than the men, they made me kneel on the ground, and they then packed on my back all kinds of merchandise—silk, spices, ivory, honey, &c., to the weight of about 400 lbs. Thus prepared, I was allowed plenty of water to drink, and plenty to eat, and was joined by several more camels. Some of them were tied together in a long string.

Then we started. I happened to discover that we were to go across the Great Desert of Arabia to a great Egyptian town, called CAIRO. There were horses with us, fine "Arab steeds," who seemed to look down upon us camels. They snorted at us now and then, as we proceeded, and seemed to ask, "Why don't you move along more quickly?" for we only travelled at the rate of two miles and a half per hour. Being a young camel, I was much aggravated. I did not like to be sneered at; besides, I felt so much spring in me, and in such spirits, that I was sure I could beat any of those upstart beasts. "Never you mind," said an old she-camel, who was a relation of mine—an aunt, I think—"Don't put your-

self in a flurry, but keep alongside of me! We shall have the laugh at them yet. Now, then—slow—and—steady! One!—two!—three!—four!"—and we beat the time *andante* to a slow marching tune, which our sleepy drivers whistled. Thus we travelled two miles and a half an hour.

After the bustle of our start was over, I noticed the country through which we passed. At first we passed over low and gentle hills, on which there were pleasant shrubs. Although many were very prickly, like thorns, we cropp'd and enjoyed them. The ground afterwards became rough and stony; and in one part we travelled for some miles over hard, flat, and smooth rock, which was rather warm to our feet. At length we reached the open desert, where all was sand. How wide and naked the place seemed! Wherever we looked—north, south, east, or west—there was nothing to be seen but sand, and sky, and ourselves. But there was something to be *felt*. The sun poured down upon us a melting heat; the sand was burning hot; our feet sunk deep at every step, and sometimes we began to sigh under our burdens. I have heard say that camels like to travel on sand; but I may, for my own part, say, that this is a mistake. Another mistake is, that we can only travel well on level and sandy plains; whereas we can climb steep and rugged mountain-paths easily.

We managed our journey very well for the first week.

Every day we came to a watering-place—a large tank, protected by soldiers, who lived in a castle close by. Our companions, the horses, began to grumble a little; for they said that the water was "brackish."

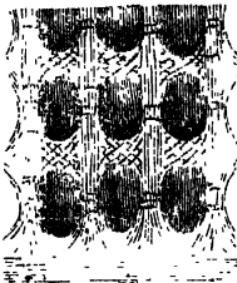
But this comfort did not last long; sometimes we did not come to the water for three days. It was heavy, dreary work then! Our drivers, however, were very good; they whistled us more pleasant tunes, and they gave us green juicy shrubs; sometimes a handful of dates, or beans, or barley-cake. Sometimes my driver walked, and sometimes rode. When I came to a rough stony place, if he wanted to mount he did not make me kneel, but I lowered my neck for him to put his foot upon. I did kneel once, before he had time to stop me; but the heavy load plunged my knees deep into the earth, so that the stones cut them, in spite of my galloshes. He had hard work to get me up again.

With such kind attention, not a single camel complained. Some of us groaned inwardly under our burdens, for there was a dreadful burning heat, and our feet still sank deep into the soft sand. Our mouths were hot and our eyes sore, for there came a time when we had been *four days* without water.

It was just then that the old she-camel, my relation, called my attention to the state of the horses, who had ridiculed us when starting. Poor fellows! there were few who could travel two miles an hour now. One

or two had already died of thirst; others seemed panting for life, while their blood-shot eyes almost started from their sockets. Their frames were very like skeleton, and the beauty of their skins was gone. How they struggled to get on! but at every step their small round hoofs sank very far down in the sand. In the evening of that day we rested as usual after sunset, and while I was ruminating my little share of food, I had time to think how useful were all my different parts.

I had not died of thirst, for I had obtained water from the *cells* of my stomach, which I spoke of. My keeper here has a drawing of the cells, which he copied from the stomach of a dead camel; he will show it to you.



And my *foot!* Keeper! just show the young people your drawing of my — No, wait—here's my foot it-self!

There's a fine foot for travelling on a desert!



W. Yes; it is so flat, it seems made on purpose.

Camel. So it was, of course! Then, thirdly, I thought of my mouth; its hard horny substance resisted the prickles of the shrub. My divided upper lip was useful, like a hand, to gather my food; while my strong crooked teeth, which were so sharp, were fit for eating the very coarsest food. Look at my teeth!



And, fourthly, when the food became scarce, when the date leaves, and dates, and barley-cake were gone, I found the value of my hump. Ah! my body had wasted very much, and was then like that of the horses; yet, it seemed that I was still nourished, and my blood circulated quickly. I suppose it was the fat in my hump that supplied carbon for the heat of my body; but I don't know exactly. My keeper often reads to me from the Supplement of PLEASANT PAGES about *carbonaceous* food, but I don't feel confident on the subject. I am only confident that the nourishment in my hump sustained me for a long time, when I had scarcely anything to eat.

I am confident, too, that a horse would be very glad of a hump, although he may despise its appearance—that is, if he had to travel in the desert.

W. Yes; but you see, friend camel, that the horse is not properly a desert animal; now, I have read in books that you are called "*The Ship of the Desert*."

Camel. Have you indeed? Well, that is a famous name for me! So I am, truly, a ship—I travel amongst waves of sand. But I am going to tell you of my other parts.

Fifthly, my *eye-lashes* were of great service; when the hot sand blew into the eyes of the men and horses, my long eye-lashes were like a curtain protecting the eye-balls. Sixthly, my long *neck* enabled me to lift up my head to a great height, and see and smell objects a long way off; it also enabled me to bring my mouth down to the ground without stooping. Seventhly, I was truly grateful to have these *cellosities* on my limbs and body—they were a great protection when I rested on the stony ground. When I sat ruminating and thinking of these things, I was very thankful that I was not a horse.

W. But you did not know how to thank God!—if you had known how wonderful God is, and how He has made every animal exactly suitable for the work he has to do!

Ion. And exactly suitable for the country he lives in.

W. Ah! if you could only know about God, you would be happy as well as thankful. You would know how God takes care of all animals—even the sparrows. But, poor fellow, you are only a camel!

MAMMALS.**ORDER 9. RUMINANTS.****THE CAMEL.**

Camel. I am ready to continue my history.

I told you that we had been four days without water. On the fifth day we started early in the morning. As we lifted up our heads, and sniffed the air, there came a scent of distant water; but about an hour or two afterwards, our spirits were damped by the dark, hazy appearance of the sky. Clouds of sand had been rising now and then for some hours; at one time a burning mass had blown over us, and had nearly buried some of the horses; and now, the sand in the distance seemed to dance and whirl about like the waves in the sea. But when we saw this dark-purple haziness in the sky, we knew that it was the terrible poisonous wind called the *Simoom*, and we cried out. We held our heads low, and so did the horses. Some of the travellers threw themselves down, with their faces to the ground; but this is a bad practice. Some of the men tried to hold their breath while each gust of wind lasted, but they could not do so, and their nostrils were quickly filled with the sulphur, and putrid smells. Some, who did not know better, opened their mouths, but instantly the palate and throat of each was dried up. Our old drivers, who knew best, were ready for the wind; each covered his face with his

kafieh, the handkerchief he wore on his head; and the wind in passing through that to his mouth lost some of its poisonous quality. Others were saved by holding vinegar to the nose.

Oh, it was a terrible wind! It blew in strong burning gusts, and between each gust the air for ten minutes would feel quite cold; it lasted the whole day, and the night, and the greater part of the next day. It was a fortunate thing that it was not longer, for we should all have been killed. I have heard of the simoom blowing for three, and even for seven days. When it had passed away, we found that half our horses were dead; a great number of the slaves, which were a part of the cargo, and some of the merchant-travellers,—all were in a very weak state, and few could walk.

It was now the sixth day since we left the last watering-place; the travellers' skins of water were all empty, and many were crying out for death to come to them, when we again smelt the distant water which we had noticed before the simoom came. Our horses were frantic, and could not be governed; we, too, could endure no longer. Some of the camels broke loose from the halters by which they were tied. We therefore *started off* together; it was just evening-time, and we reached the water by midnight.

We found that it was a clear stream, in marshy ground, flowing through beds of tall rushes. The horses tramped,

neighed, and showed the greatest impatience, but when we came to the bank, we found it to be so high that none could reach down to drink. Some of the horses that were very impatient plunged themselves and their riders at once into the water, and did not easily get out again; two, who were loaded with baggage, were drowned. The bottom of the stream was soft and muddy, so that another horse stuck fast in it and was suffocated in a few minutes; indeed scarcely one of these animals could be kept from the water by all the power of his rider. The travellers themselves were almost as bad; those who had not any water-skins or other vessels, followed the horses' example, so that in the darkness of the night there was a horrible noise and confusion; the men, women, and children, shouted and quarrelled; the animals uttered strange cries, and all were frightened at the dangers which they could not see. The only quiet living things in the midst of this awful scene were we camels, who walked patiently along the edge of the bank until we found a suitable drinking place.

Ion. Ah, I always knew that the camel is a patient animal!

Camel. In time, we reached CAIRO, the city to which we were travelling. I had several more journeys before I was shipped to England.

While at Cairo, I saw a pilgrim caravan set out; the pilgrims were bound for MECCA, in Arabia, the birth-place of

Mahomet. They formed an enormous company; they were six hours passing me. Some of the camels were handsomely ornamented with jewels, gold, silver, glass beads, and ostrich feathers. Others had bells and streamers hanging to their bridles, and were covered with purple velvet; men beating kettle-drums, and others playing flageolets and flutes, walked by their sides. This sacred caravan travelled by nights and rested during the day.

W. I have heard, Mr. Camel, that you are of great service to the Arabs, and that they would scarcely know how to travel, or to live, without you.

Camel. I should think that that is true! I'm sure we are a humble race, and are very glad to serve and be useful. I know that the Arabs drink our milk; they feed their children, and their mares and young colts, upon it; they also kill us and eat our flesh. Our principal use, however, is as "beasts of burden," and here we have our patience tried often. I have seen many a friend of mine obliged to carry 700 or 800 lbs. Some poor fellows are often overloaded, so that they can scarcely rise from the earth. I have heard them complaining with loud sharp cries. I have known very heavy burdens to be placed even on their sore places. Sometimes in the desert, a camel is so weak from hunger and fatigue that he drops on his knees, and rises no more. There he dies in peace, and becomes food for the vultures, who leave only his bones.

to be bleached by the scorching sun.

Now, do you know, I am getting tired? I can tell you no more of my history, except that when I was in Nubia I was bought for about fifty dollars, and was brought over the sea to England.

W. Thank you. You have told us of your *parts, habits, and country*; but there is just one more point on which people differ. What is your *disposition*?

Camel. I don't know. What is a "disposition"?

W. Why, it is a rather delicate question to ask; but I mean, "How are you disposed?"

Camel. I am disposed to go home, decidedly, for I am tired. Here, keeper!

W. But I have heard so much of your great patience and your *peaceful disposition*; only, I read the other day, that "camels are at times the most quarrelsome beasts in existence." Just look at this picture, which I have copied from Mr. Knight's "Museum of Animated Nature."



Camel (looking at the picture). I must confess that I have seen something like this. Camels are sometimes so quarrelsome, that they will not walk properly through the streets of a city. Sometimes the unruly creatures are obliged to be unloaded outside the city gates, for they will not enter. But it was not worth while, young sir, to enter into the question of my "disposition." Are not even men quarrelsome sometimes, and do they not fight often? I suppose that young gentlemen never do.

Good-bye! I'm going back to the Zoological Gardens.

THE PHEASANT.

SEE! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and, panting, beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, his scarlet-circled eyes,—
The vivid green his shining plumes infold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

POPE.

**THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.**

(*House of Lancaster.*)

HENRY V.

P. You may learn the *lesson* on King Henry IV., and we will then begin the reign of his son.

Lesson 24. HENRY IV.

Began to reign . . . 1399
Died 1413

1. HENRY BOLINGBROKE was the son of the Duke of Lancaster, and he laid the foundation of the line of Kings called "the House of Lancaster."

2. He obtained the crown by force, having come to England to avenge the unjust treatment he had received from his cousin, King RICHARD II. The real heir to the crown was the young EARL OF MARCH, but he was set aside. This injustice led to the fearful wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster, which cost the English nation much blood.

3. The reign of Henry, like that of other usurpers, was remarkable for conspiracies. The Earl of Northumberland, a company of nobles, the Archbishop of York, and many others, tried to deprive him of his power. The celebrated Welshman, OWEN GLENDOWER, was one of his most troublesome enemies.

4. Henry was on the whole a wise and good king; he would have done great service to the nation but for his want of power. The peers and the House of Commons gained strength in this reign, as they took advantage of the king's recklessness, and would not

give him his supplies until he granted them those privileges which they thought were just. Thus they often kept him without sufficient money.

5. Henry died in the year 1413, when praying at the shrine of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey.

When Henry IV. died, his son, the Prince Henry, was a great favourite with the people. All said that he was generous, noble, and brave; but many added that he was rather "wild," and that he was not steady enough to govern.

Certainly, before his father's death, his habits were idle and dissipated. It is said that one of his drunken companions had committed some crime, and was taken before the celebrated judge Sir William Gascoigne. The judge committed the man to prison, and the young prince was so provoked that he went up to Sir William and struck him! This was a most daring insult, to be done in open court before the eyes of all people. The judge was shocked, but not angry. He said that it was worse for a prince to despise the laws, than for another person to do so; that he thus set the people a bad example, therefore he (Sir William) would not neglect his duty, and he ordered the prince to go to prison with his companion. This was a noble act; other judges would have been afraid of the king's vengeance, but this judge wished to show that justice was even greater

than kings. Law and justice belong to God, and must be obeyed by kings and princes. It is pleasant to find that the prince acknowledged he had done wrong; the king was too sensible a man to be angry. He exclaimed, "Happy is the king whose magistrate thus discharges his duty, and whose son thus submits to the laws!"

When the prince came to the throne his character quickly changed. He sent for his gay companions, and told them that he meant to alter his course, and that he should dismiss from his court all who did not do so too. He said he would no longer be called a *mad-cap* prince, and he began to govern with prudence and justice. Instead of showing anger to Sir William Gascoigne, he made him his friend and adviser.

Edmund Mortimer, the Earl March, had a claim to the crown which was really superior to Henry's, but Henry conquered him with kindness. He begged of him to come to court, where he treated him with honour, and made him his friend. This plan was, you see, a very good one, for Mortimer could not be his friend and his enemy too. If he had not been thus conquered, the wars of York and Lancaster might have begun in this reign.

It would have been well if Henry had conquered all his enemies in the same way; but, alas! he killed many thousands who were not his enemies at all. It happened at this time that poor King Charles of France was simple, and his

eldest son (or the *Dauphin*, as he was called) reigned in his stead. Henry declared that he had more right to be king of France than the dauphin had; so he set sail from Southampton with 30,000 men, and landed at *Harfleur*, in Normandy. Here a disease destroyed all his army except 12,000 men; Henry therefore tried to reach Calais, which town, you may remember, was taken by Edward III., and belonged to the English. The French, however, determined to stop him, and with an army of between 50,000 and 60,000 men, they met him on the plains of *Agin-court*, intending either to take him prisoner, or to cut him and his men to pieces.

Then followed one of the most memorable battles ever fought between French and English. Although Henry's soldiers were worn out with disease and tired; although many were still sick or dying, he determined to cut his way through the immense army before him. The generals of Henry's army were as fearless as he. One David Gam, a Welsh captain, was sent to observe the numbers of the French; and instead of being frightened at the sight, he reported, in the spirit of his master, "My lord, there be enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

I would rather not describe to you the horrors of that bloody fight. On the morning of the 25th October, 1415, the two armies met. The English

made the onset with their band of archers, who showered arrows, a cloth-yard long, upon the French cavalry; and, producing the greatest confusion by their sudden charge, they next rushed upon the horses and men with their swords. Then began a slaughter which the French could not resist. Their famous commander, the *Duke of Alençon*, had sworn to take or kill the king; he managed to cleave the king's helmet, but was himself knocked down and slain. When the French found that *Alençon* was dead, they fled on all sides, and the slaughter was immense. About 8,000 French gentlemen and nobles were either killed or taken prisoners. In three or four hours the French were defeated.

The courage of the king had been truly astonishing throughout the battle, and his success was considered to add to his glory, but one sad event was certainly a great disgrace to him and his soldiers;—the number of prisoners was really greater than that of the entire English army; and it was feared that they would arise and kill the king. A false alarm was given; Henry directly gave orders for an instant massacre, and it is said that 14,000 of the unfortunate men were butchered!

L. Did Henry become king of France after that battle?

P. No, the conquered French begged him to let the imbecile Charles be called the king. They gave him the king's daughter, Catherine, for a wife, and, as the dauphin was dead,

they said that at Charles's death Henry and Catherine should be king and queen of both countries, of England and France.

Henry, however, did not live to become a French king. He died two years afterwards, "regretted and honoured by all." This sad event happened in the year 1422.

The Queen Catherine of France, after Henry's death, married a Welsh gentleman, named *Owen Tudor*, and thus offended the English and French nobles. But Owen Tudor and Catherine had three sons, and the son of one of their sons (or grandson, as we say) afterwards became King of England.

Henry's reign is noted for the religious persecutions which arose. The fury of the clergy against the *Lollards* increased, and many more poor men were burned because of their belief.

The celebrated Lord Mayor Sir Richard Whittington lived in this reign; and in the year 1415 he became Lord Mayor of London the third time. Every boy knows the story of Whittington's Cat. It is often doubted whether this tale is quite correct; as it is supposed that it arose from Whittington's first coal-ship having been called the *Cat*; for Sir Richard was engaged in the coal trade; he was also a "wealthy mercer." It is said that he built Newgate, St. Bartholomew's and Christ's hospitals, a part of Guildhall, and nineteen alms-houses, at his own expence.

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

D'YE know the little wood-mouse,
 That pretty little thing,
 That sits among the forest leaves,
 Or by the forest spring ?

Its fur is red, like the red chestnut,
 And it is small and slim :
 It leads a life most innocent,
 Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid gentle creature,
 And seldom comes in sight :
 It has a long and wiry tail,
 And eyes both black and bright :

It makes its bed of soft dry moss,
 In a hole that's deep and strong :
 And there it sleeps, secure and warm,
 The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
 It knows when flowers are springing ;
 And it waketh to its summer life
 When the nightingale is singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel plays,
 The wood-mouse plays below ;
 And plenty of food she finds for herself
 Where the beech and chestnut grow.

He sits in the hedge-sparrow's nest
 When its summer brood is fled,
 And pick the berries from the bough
 Of the hawthorn overhead.

And I saw a little wood-mouse once,
 Like Oberon in his hall,
 With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
 Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit and his dinner eat,
 All under the forest tree—
 His dinner of chestnut ripe and red ;
 And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there :
 It did my spirit good,
 To see the small thing God had made
 Thus eating in the wood !

I saw that God regardeth them,
 Those creatures weak and small :
 Their tabld in the wild is spread
 By Him who cares for all !

MARY HOWITT.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

20th Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

ORDER.

THE OLD FISHERMAN.

P. Well, Ion! Can you recapitulate?

Ion. Yes; I think so—

1st, ORDER is the performing of our actions in the *true and right way*.

2nd, To be orderly, we *must* form several important habits, such as the habit of *obedience*.

3rd, If we want to be thus obedient, we *must* form the habits of *patience* and *forethought*.

P. Very good. I have another remark to make on our old lesson. You must have the habit of patience and consideration, so that you may learn the proper way. But the same forethought is not always required. To perform some actions properly, you must give half your time for consideration, and half for action; but, when an action has been done several times, it does not require so much forethought. For instance, the next time Willie lets down that blind, he need not consider so much—and soon he will do it in the best way without any forethought at all.

W. Then, you mean, papa, that we're to consider an action well, until we know how to do it.

P. True. Now let us learn

two other habits necessary to order. I will tell you a new tale.

Somewhere on the coast of Ireland, close to the sea, there are ten huts. You might think that, when the north wind blows along there, the huts are cold places to live in, but they are not. The truth is, that the huts are built up against the side of a tall clayey cliff—and as they are built against the south side, and the wind blows from the north, and the wind cannot blow round the corner, these huts are tolerably comfortable places.

Inside one of the huts lived Maurice Gray, an old fisherman; and one afternoon he came down with his sons Robert and Rocky, and half-a-dozen other men, to launch their boat—for the wind was rising, and the sea was rough, and every one knows that a stormy night is the best time for the fisherman. Soon, others came down on the beach. Mary, Rocky's wife, was there, and one or two other women; two brought some nets with them. Before long, all were busy in preparing the large fishing-boat; and in an hour's time, it was sailing over the waves far out of sight.

The old boat went off gaily, but it never came back again! That night the sea was very

rough, and there came down a very thick fog. Old Maurice was too much accustomed to such things to think about the matter; his daughters, also, did not seem afraid of the weather, and Mary, the wife of Rocky, and Robert's wife, came to visit the old man that evening; and they were so busy, and had so much to say, that they did not leave until ten o'clock, when it was quite dark. Mary made haste home; for though she had put her two little ones to bed, and had left them in the care of her old mother, she wanted to see them again.

Another hour—and all are fast asleep; not even the rising wind awakes them. Another hour, it is just twelve o'clock, and all is still but the waves. One hour more, it is one o'clock, and the waves are still roaring. Another hour, and the waves still roar. Three o'clock comes, and the waves mourn dismally—the winds sigh, and still there is a mourning and a sighing until four o'clock, when in the east there glimmers a cold sorrowful light. The morning breaks—a crash is heard! and a loud sharp cry sounds through the blustering waves. The cry becomes louder, and Maurice awakes and listens—he hurriedly calls Mary and others. They all listen. They cannot see through the fog, but they all feel sure that some ship has struck on one of the sunken rocks!

Soon all the hands were out and hard at work—there was only one man beside Maurice, but they determined to bring down their boat, and try to

reach the ship. Mary said she also would go, and another woman went with them. Soon the boat was on the waves; the two men and the two women pulled heavily over the breakers, but the waves forced them back again. Soon they tried again; another woman, a very strong one, went, and they pulled away once more, but soon they returned:—it was of no avail! They could hear the cries—they thought they knew the voices, but they could not tell. "Once more!" cried Mary. "Now! again!" "All together steady now!" cried Maurice, and they were off over the waves once more; but, when they had pulled out as far as before, they were obliged to draw back. This time Mary thought she heard her own name; all seemed to think that it was their own boat that was wrecked, but no one liked to say.

They all felt now that they could not reach the wreck; neither could they see it; but what could they do? If they could only see, they might get a rope across to the ship; they might tie it tight to the shore, and the men would tie it tight to the ship, then they would get across. But none seemed to consider; they ran here and there in strange disorder; the women climbed a little up the cliff, and bawled with all their might for the men in the ship to hear them—for still the fog was so dense that no one could see. Maurice's old dog was there, too, and he ran along the edge of the cliff barking and howling; but that did no good.

There was only one orderly person there, and that was old Maurice himself. He heard the distant cries, but he did not stop to listen—he walked patiently up and down the beach, and was full of *consideration*. At last there came a happy thought. When he saw the dog, he called him, and tied a rope round his neck; the dog knew what he meant, and jumped into the sea; but it was of no use, he was beaten back by the waves.

The old man still *thought*; another idea came—"I might get some of my rockets, and fasten a rope to one, and send it across to the wreck?" He soon did it; quickly the rockets were brought from a certain trunk in his hut—quickly a rope was fastened to one, and, *whizz!* off it went with its bright flame towards the place where the cries came from. But, alas! the rocket fell into the sea.

"Try again, father!" cried Mary, and the steady old man discharged another and another rocket through the fog. The fourth reached the ship—they could tell by the rope tightening that some one held it. But still it was not held firmly; they waited and waited, but it certainly was not fastened, it was not held tightly.

"Ah!" cried Mary in great distress, "they are too weak to tie it! They are dying! they are dying! They are being drowned—the wreck is sinking—the water is coming in. Hark! I hear a gurgling! I think that Rocky is there:—it is our boat! Oh, it is of no use now! what can we do?"

But the old man was still thinking. No noises disturbed him! he did not hear the shrieks; he would not listen to the sound of the waves. He did not stop to wonder who was in the boat—there would be no good in doing that! He gave all his attention to one thought, "*How shall I save the men?*"

And, presently, there came another thought to him—a famous thought! Quickly he ran up to the beach, calling Mary to follow him, and telling one of the women to stand by the rope. Quickly he reached his hut, and placed the coffee-pot over the fire! Mary boiled the coffee, while he took down from the cupboard two tin bottles. There was no hurry; the old man moved quickly, but still he was thinking. He next brought down the sugar, and a black bottle containing rum. Mary clapped her hands when she saw the rum, and cried, "*What a good thought!*" A table-spoonful was added to each bottle of boiling coffee; and Mary and old Maurice ran down with them to the beach.

"Once more!" cried old Maurice. He fastened the smaller bottle and a rope to another large rocket, and fired it in the direction of the ship. The other bottle he fastened with a large iron ring to the rope, which he thought hung between the shore and the ship; "for it may," he said to himself, "have caught in some rock." Then the women again climbed up the cliff, so that the bottle might slide down the rope. They did not wait long;

in ten minutes they felt with joy that some one was pulling very hard at the other end; soon they felt that it had been made fast; they then fastened their end to the shore. In another minute they saw through the fog a dark form hanging to the rope; it came nearer—it was a man! It came nearer, and then Mary saw with horror, and trembling, and joy, that it was her own husband, *Lucky!* He was soon on shore, and another followed. The women cheered! The men cried "Hurrah!" Old Maurice cried "Bravo!" as he came running down from his hut with two more bottles of coffee. Another man came; the coffee was sent off to the ship; then came another and another, across that trembling rope, until all were safe.

Ah! there was great joy when the six dripping men, trembling and cold, stood in old Maurice's hut all safe and sound. But there was great sorrow too! Their boat was lost!—nothing could save the wreck. None, however, mourned so much as Mary; for it appeared that her carelessness had caused the disaster. It was Mary's duty, every night when the boat was out, to climb the cliff, and tie up a lighted lantern between two poles. Mary had not done this; the men had therefore lost their way, and had struck on one of the sunken rocks. Poor men! they learned a terrible lesson on the value of Order; suppose that we try to learn it too without having the same trouble.

W. I think I can make the lesson myself. Mary was not orderly because she forgot to hang the lantern on the cliff—that was *inattention*.

P. Certainly. But you must bear how it happened. After the boat had set sail, Mary and her sister had, as you know, remained with old Maurice until ten o'clock; and, on reaching home, she was going to carry the lantern up the cliff, but her attention was drawn off to the many other things which she found must be done at once—she had to gather in certain nets, to clean and get ready some baskets for the next morning, and to do a great deal of house work; so, while thinking of all these things at once, and trying to do them, she seemed to be driven along by them, and to be bewildered—she was, as we say, *distracted*.

W. I know what "*distraction*" means.

P. Thus her disorder in forgetting the lantern arose from two causes—**INATTENTION** and **DISTRACTION**.

Now the opposite of these qualities are—**ATTENTION** and **SELF-POSSESSION**. Where did you notice these qualities?

L. In the old man Maurice. What a fine old man he was! What *attention* he paid to the thing that he was doing! His work was to save those men; so he tried the boat, then the dog, then the rockets, then he sent off the coffee!

P. Yes. He saw at once that the men were too exhausted by the cold and wet to tie the rope.

Ion. And I think that there was even a great deal of "forethought" in his getting *two* bottles; he even thought of trying another rocket, for fear that the rope might not have reached the boat.

P. Yes; his habits of forethought and attention were the means of saving his sons. But shall I tell you *why* he could pay so much attention to what he was doing?

L. Yes, please.

P. Because he had **SELF-POSSESSION**. When the distracted women could not succeed with the boat, their "self-possession" was gone. The cries and the thought of the watery grave "possessed" them,

and frightened them, and drove them up and down in disorder. But none of these sounds could lay hold of old Maurice; he possessed himself! he *would not* hear them; he *made* himself pay attention to what he *was* doing—he did what he was about in an orderly manner, and succeeded.

W. Thanks to his self-possession and attention! That makes five good habits we must learn—obedience, patience, forethought, self-possession, and attention.

P. And I will watch you all this week, to see if you are disorderly from want of attention or self-possession. Next Monday I will tell you all that I may have noticed.

THE PURSE OF GOLD.

Two friends once were talking in sociable chat,
When a purse one espied on the ground;
"Well, come," said he, "thank my good fortune for that,
What a large sum of money I've found!"
"Nay, do not say *I*," said his friend, "for you know
'Tis but justice to share it with me."
"I share it with you!" said the other, "how so?
He who *found* it the owner should be."
"Be it so," said his friend; "but what sound do I hear?
Stop thief! one is calling to you;
He comes with a constable close in the rear."
Said the other, "Oh, what shall we do?"
"Nay do not say *we*," said his friend, "for you know
You claimed the sole right to the prize;
And since all the *money* was taken by you,
With you the *dishonesty* lies."

When people are selfish, dishonest, and mean,
Their nature in dealing will quickly be seen.
If the business in question be pleasure or profit,
Then each thinks of course *he* should have the *whole* of it;
But if it should happen it is dangerous toil.
Then, indeed, they will vote for dividing the spoil.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 9. RUMINATING ANIMALS.

M. Our friend the CAMEL should have finished the history of his order last week. We have noticed the solid-horned, the tufted-horned, and the hollow-horned divisions; but the camel and others form a fourth division.

Ion. Yes, mamma—we noticed, sonic time ago, that besides the camel, the LLAMA has no horns; the MUSK-DEER, too, is hornless.

M. I first saw the llama at the Zoological Gardens. I wanted to examine his foot, and was going up to his department, when he put his nose through the railings to greet me. I was just going to ask, "Please, sir, let me see your foot," when the keeper cried out, "Mind, ma'am! get away!" but it was too late; the llama spat in my face!

W. That was high treason!

M. It was bad behaviour, certainly; but the keeper excused him by saying that it was his instinct. You shall hear something of his history.

In South America, there is a long chain of mountains bordering the western shore; you have often heard of them—they are called the *Andes*. Although some of these mountains are in the tropics, they are lofty and snowy. Some parts consist of high craggy rocks and precipices, over which are narrow slippery paths. In these mountains the llama lives, so ne-

times feeding on the herbage of the warm valley, sometimes dwelling in the high rocky places. The animal is covered with fine woolly hair; and its appearance is something like that of the sheep, except that it is much taller. Its long legs are much like those of the camel, but its feet are different; they are, by no means flat, but the division between the hoof is very deep. Here is a picture of a llama's foot; look at it!



W. I see that there is a hoof at the end of each toe, and that they are pointed and hooked downwards.

M. And you may also observe, that underneath the toe, there is a rough cushion or pad.

Now, when the Spaniards discovered America, and made gold and silver mines in the mountains, they found no horses, asses, or any European beast of burden. The llama was the only beast of burden in America, but they discovered him to be exactly suited to their wants. Few horses could have climbed the Andes; but the llama, with the patience of the camel, would bear a heavy load of 100 lbs., and he would steadily travel all day long over the rugged slippery paths, with a free and fearless step. While treated kindly, he worked well;

the only objection to him was, that if discontented, he would—*spit at his master!*

The llama, when loaded, travels about 14 miles per day; it is said that at one time 300,000 were constantly employed in carrying the silver ore from the mines of Potosi alone.

Besides the llama, there lives in the centre of Asia another hornless ruminant, called the MUSK-DEER. It lives in the mountains; and in its habits it is much like the chamois. It is killed in great numbers by the hunters, for the sake of a perfume contained in a pouch in the hinder part of its body. This perfume, called *musk*, is sold at a very high price.

Thus we have noticed three hornless ruminants—the Camel, the Llama, and the Musk-deer. We will now make the lesson.

Lesson 22. MAMMALS.

ORDER 9. CUD-CHEWING ANIMALS (Ruminantia).

The mammals of this order are purely vegetable-feeders, being opposed to Order 5th, which are purely carnivorous.

1. As vegetable food is harder to digest than flesh, their STOMACH is not simple, like that of the carnivora, but complex, consisting

of four departments—the paunch, the honeycomb, the manyplies, and the reed.

2. Their TEETH are fitted for cropping and chewing grass, but not for defence. Their LIMBS are fitted only for locomotion. Their EYES and EARS are placed so as to supply a means of warning; their HORNS and HOOFS afford some means of defence; and they sometimes find the means of escape in their size, their strength, or their swiftness.

3. This important order may be arranged in four divisions—

THE SOLID-HORNED RUMINANTS.

THE TUFTED-HORNED RUMINANTS.

THE HOLLOW-HORNED RUMINANTS, and

THE HORNLESS RUMINANTS.

(a.) The solid-horned ruminants, whose horns are deciduous, include those with "flattened" antlers, such as the ELK, the REIN-DEER, and the FALLOW-DEER; and those with "rounded" antlers, such as the ROEBUCK and the RED-DEER.

(b.) Of the tufted-horned ruminants there is only one species, the CAMELEOPARD.

(c.) The hollow-horned ruminants have "persistent" horns. They include the SHEEP and GOAT TRIBE, the ANTELOPE TRIBE, and the OX TRIBE.

(d.) The hornless ruminants are the CAMEL, the LLAMA, the MUSK-DEER, &c.

HONESTY.

CONVINCE the world that you are just and true;
Be just in all you say, and always do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A man of the first magnitude to me.

THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.

(*House of Lancaster.*)

HENRY VI.

Lesson 25. HENRY V.

Began to reign . . . 1413.

Died 1422.

1. *Henry V. was the son of Henry IV. He was called the "mad-rap" prince, but he became one of the wisest of kings.*

2. *The principal event of his reign was the battle of Agincourt, by which many thousands of French were slain. After this battle, Henry married Catherine, the daughter of Charles the Simple, and was acknowledged as King of France.*

The wisdom of Henry's government was tarnished by the furious persecutions of the Lollards, which he permitted.

3. *One of the most celebrated men of this reign was Sir Richard Whittington, who was thrice Lord Mayor of London.*

P. A little baby lay in a cradle, and around it there gathered a great meeting of its lords and bishops. The innocent thing was only nine months old, but these great nobles swore to obey it. This baby was little Henry, the son of Henry V. It was called Henry VI., and the nobles proclaimed it as "King of England and France."

The history of Henry's reign has little to do with the King himself; it relates to the deeds

of others, for it is said that "during the thirty-nine years of his reign he never once interfered with public affairs, but left them to be managed by the queen and ministers." Indeed, although he grew up "a pious and temperate man, loving justice," his mind was weak and rather imbecile, like that of his mother's father, King Charles of France; thus, he was not fit for government.

During Henry's infancy, the Duke of Bedford was appointed regent, and he soon found work to do. The King of France, Charles the Simple, died in the same year as Henry V.; but although Henry VI. was now the rightful king of France, a son of Charles the Simple took advantage of Henry's youth, and seized some of the most important French provinces.

Immediately, the Duke of Bedford began war against him, and with great success. He took town after town from the French, including the capital, Paris, and he laid siege to a large town called Orleans. The Duke, perhaps, would have established the English monarchy again, but he was stopped by a servant girl.

This girl was named *Joan of Arc*. She was the daughter of a small farmer, and she could neither write nor read; but it is said she used to work in the fields all day with her father and brothers, and spin and sew in the evening. Yet this girl saved her country because she believed she could.

Joan thought that an angel

from heaven had told her to help the French king, and that she was *inspired*. She therefore put on man's clothes, and rode to the king, declaring that she was sent by Heaven to relieve Orleans, the city which the English were besieging. King Charles listened to her. He was so distressed, that he was going to leave France, and he was glad of every help. So he gave her a suit of armour, and a white standard, with the figure of Our Lord upon it. Thus armed, from head to foot, she went amongst the people, while the French king, priests, and nobles, all declared that she was sent from Heaven to save her country. The people believed and rejoiced, and they followed her to Orleans.

When Joan of Arc reached Orleans, she summoned the English to leave off besieging the city, and to depart. They of course despised her; so she entered the city by night, and told the French army that God would enable them to conquer the English. They believed this, and did it. Some of the great English generals were taken prisoners, and their army fled. Victory after victory followed, and at length the French king was solemnly crowned at Rheims, as Joan had said he should be. The next year, however, the Maid was taken prisoner by the English, and was burned alive as a witch.

After Joan's death the English were by degrees totally defeated, they lost everything except the town of Calais. The Duke of Bedford died,

and a treaty of peace was made.

Henry was by this time a man, and as soon as the weakness of his character was discovered far more dreadful wars and disorders broke out in England itself. An Irishman named Jack Cade, living in Kent, raised an insurrection, and defeated nearly 15,000 of the king's troops. He entered London, and put to death many of the nobility; but was at length driven out of the city, and put to death himself. The king's friends, seeing his weakness, had caused him to be married five years ago to *Margaret of Anjou*, daughter of the King of Sicily, a woman whose courage and ability made up for his weakness.

In the year 1450, Henry's cousin, *Richard Duke of York*, openly claimed the crown. He said that Henry was too weak to govern, and that he himself was descended from the *second* son of Edward III., while the king was descended from the *third* son; therefore, as his claim was superior to Henry's, he raised a large army, and declared that he would fight for his right.

Thus began the civil wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, or the *Wars of the Roses*, as they were called, because the party of the House of Lancaster wore a white rose, and those of York a red one. In the year 1454, the Duke of York defeated the king, took him prisoner, and became the protector (or governor) of England. The spirited Queen

Margaret continued the contest, and in the year 1460 the Duke of York was himself defeated in the battle of Wakefield. He and one of his sons lost their lives, and King Henry was restored.

The next year, however, 1461, Edward, the late Duke of York's eldest son, raised an army, and with the help of the Earl of Warwick he drove Margaret and the king from the throne, and was crowned by the title of King Edward IV. Thus ended Henry's reign, but not his life, or the war; for as long as he lived his queen and her friends would fight.

Margaret fled to the North of England and raised an army of 60,000 men. She was met at Towton, in Yorkshire, by Edward and the Earl of Warwick, and 40,000 of her party were slain. She fled once more, but the same year she again attacked King Edward with 5,000 men. But although she was a woman of masculine courage, she was again defeated, and the king was confined in the Tower.

Edward IV. proved to be a gay, idle, and cruel king; he disgusted his subjects, and offended the Earl of Warwick, who had placed him on the throne. This powerful noble, determined to revenge the insult, took the part of the House of Lancaster, and soon appeared in England with Queen Margaret at the head of many thousand men. Edward fled, and Henry was again placed on his throne by Warwick, whom the people called the *King-maker*. The parlia-

ment, once more proclaimed Henry as the lawful king, and attainted Edward as a traitor and usurper; but in little more than six months Edward returned with another army; he defeated Henry's troops at Barnet, and ordered no quarter to be given, so that Warwick and nearly all his men were cut to pieces.

Once more Edward was king, and Henry was in prison, but the wars were not ended. Margaret determined to try again, and in the same year she fought her last battle, at Tewkesbury, and was defeated. The queen and her son were taken prisoners, and were brought before Edward on the battle-field. Edward asked the prince, in an insulting manner, how he dared to invade his dominions? The boy replied with spirit, "I came to recover my father's kingdom, and to revenge his injuries." It is said that on hearing this bold speech the brutal King Edward struck him in the face with his gauntlet, and the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester stabbed him to the heart with their daggers.

This disgraceful act crowned the misfortunes of the House of Lancaster. With the death of the prince their hopes died. The king, it is supposed, was also murdered by the Duke of Gloucester; and only Queen Margaret, the most active of Edward's enemies, was allowed to live.

W. We have heard of three kings who were murdered! Edward II., Richard II., and Henry VI.

P. The wars of the Roses were a fearful scourge to the English. They lasted nearly thirty years; and so warlike was the spirit of those times, that nearly all the barons took part on one side or the other, and the families of the ancient nobility were nearly annihilated. How many thousands of the people were slain is not known, but in the battle of Towton alone, 40,000 are said to have fallen.

The principal battles were those of St. Alban's, Wakefield, Northampton, Towton, Barnet, and Tewkesbury. There were generally reckoned twelve great

battles, in all of which the determined Queen Margaret took part.

D. What became of Margaret, papa?

P. The reason for sparing her life was soon seen, for the King of France, as Edward had expected, ransomed her for fifty thousand crowns. The poor queen died in France a few years afterwards, and was very miserable indeed, having lost her husband, her children, her friends, and her fortune. She was a most extraordinary woman, but was more to be pitied than admired.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old winter is coming, old winter so drear,
His heralds, unwelcome, proclaim he is near;
There's a wail on the blast, there are voices that say
"The spirit of Summer is passing away."

Sweet Evening, the balm of thy breezes is o'er,
And bleak is the blast on mountain and moor:
There's shadow and gloom in the depths of the dell,
And the trees of the forest are moaning farewell.

Old Winter is coming, once more to rejoice
In his robes of snow and trappings of ice;
The dreariest of despots, who bends to his sway
Sweet sister of Summer, the beautiful Day.

Dear Evening, with thee no more on the green
In joyance of sport are the villagers seen;
And the music of childhood in gambols no more
Is borne on the breeze from the cottager's door.

All silent and chill, not a bird on the bough
I heard forth to warble his vesper hymn now;
Not a caw from the rook, as he wingeth his flight
O'er meads where are creeping the shadows of night.

Old Winter is coming, old Winter so drear,
His heralds, unwelcome, proclaim he is near;
There's a wail on the blast, there are voices that say
"The spirit of Summer is passing away."

JOSEPH ANTHONY, JUN.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

MIDDLESEX—LONDON.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“After I had dined at my hotel I called a cab, and went with a letter of introduction to the house of an old friend. This gentleman would not let me return to my hotel; he said that he would be my guide, and that I should remain in his house; so he sent a porter for my luggage.

“‘I think,’ he said to me, as we sat by the fire-side after supper, ‘that we will take a walk through London to-morrow; then I will give you the history of the buildings you have seen. But let me tell you something of London in general first.’

“‘Yes. Begin the history of the City,’ I said. ‘Start from the beginning.’

“‘Very well,’ he replied. ‘Here begins! Two thousand years ago—’

“‘Are you going back as far as that?’ I said.

“‘Yes, certainly; did not you tell me to begin at the beginning? About two thousand years ago, before Master Julius Caesar came, you might have seen some Celts living in this neighbourhood. They would have shown you that the river Thames, just at this part, formed a large lake, or pool, extending over the part which we now call the Surrey side of London; and they could have shown you, too, that the neighbourhood formed a good harbour for such boats, or ships,

as they then had. Now, their name for lake was *Llin*, and for harbour, *Din*.’

“‘Which words, if you put them together,’ I said, ‘make LLINDIN.’

“‘True. Well, that name was good enough to begin with! for, at first, it was a very small place. The Romans, when they arrived at Llindin, found that there was a rampart round it, and a ditch; but they did not call it a “*colonia*,” as they called their other large cities. Their historian Tacitus only speaks of it as “famous for merchants and merchandize.” In the reign of NERO, however, it seems that the Romans lived here; for when Boadicea the British queen rebelled, she destroyed the city, and killed all the men she found here. Afterwards the Romans called the place *Augusta*, and lived here in greater numbers. They made a regular city of the place, surrounding it by walls twenty-two feet high. On these walls there were fifteen towers, each about forty feet high. What sort of a city *Augusta* was, I cannot exactly say. Doubtless it was a splendid place.

“‘Then, you know, came the *Saxons*. The rude Saxon chiefs were not the sort of men to improve the city; it must have suffered very much under their care. But they became civilized in time; and I have read, that when *Sebert*, the Christian King of Essex, became king, he built two great churches—a “church for Saint Paul, and another for St.

Peter," for they were said to be the principal apostles. On the places where these churches of his were built, we have now St. Paul's Cathedral (the *Eastminster* as the building was then called) and *Westminster Abbey*. The Saxon kings lived in a palace built by the side of the river Thames.

"The *Normans* came next," I suggested.

"Yes; under the *Normans* the city did not improve. You know, I dare say, that William the Conqueror was crowned in *Westminster Abbey*. But the *feudal system*, which William introduced, was not favourable to large towns. The country, you may remember, was divided into baronies. The conquered people lived in groups around great castles; they became "serfs."

"I have looked in different books, but cannot learn much of London during the Norman times—I only remember that as the feudal system died away, the people took to city building, but their houses were made of wood and mud and thatch; there were no chimneys until the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

In the year 1532 an act was passed for improving the city, and in that act it is said that the city was very foul, and full of pits and sloughs, and perilous and "noyons" for men on foot or horseback. The streets, it appears, were crooked and narrow; the houses were built so that each story projected beyond the story above it; there-

fore, the upper stories of the opposite houses in a street would sometimes nearly meet; thus the street would become dark, close, and unhealthy. The *plague* often visited the city; in 1407, it carried off 30,000 people. When you consider that the houses were wooden, and their roofs thatched, you will not wonder that the fires which broke out, spread quickly. Of course you have heard of the great plague and the great fire of London!

"It was dangerous to pass through such streets at night. There were robberies, murders, and all kinds of wickedness carried on in the dark; but in the year 1416 the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Burton, ordered lanterns to be hung out at night. After Sir Henry's time, Sir Richard Whittington was three times Lord Mayor, and he greatly improved the city.

"In the sixteenth century London increased rapidly, so that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, her majesty became alarmed, and it was decreed that none but first-class houses should be built within three miles of the City.

"In the year 1666 came the great fire of London. Some were really glad that the City was burnt; for from that time there were many improvements which I will show you. To-morrow we shall not talk of London as it was, but we will go and see *London as it is*.

"Your affectionate friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

ENGLISH TRAVELLER!

MIDDLESEX—LONDON.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“Put on your hat, my friend; let us go and see the largest city in the world!” said my host; ‘we will now see London as it is.’

“London is on the whole a healthy place,” he said, as we sallied forth. ‘You will be surprised to see the City children; those which live in the crowded streets are as healthy as the children of the country. This is partly because London is so well situated; the soil is gravelly, and part of the city is built on a stratum of clay which rests on sand and is called “London Clay.” You may have noticed on the map that London is on the north side of the Thames; on the south, or Surrey side, there are many thousands of houses forming a neighbourhood called Southwark.’

“Which buildings,” I said, ‘shall we see first?’

“We shall not examine the great buildings ‘to-day,’ said my friend. ‘I wish to give you some idea of the size of London. By London, we do not mean the space which was formerly within the walls, but the enormous extent of streets which I intend you to walk through; the houses outside the walls are far more numerous than those within.

“My friend then took me in an omnibus to a place called Mile End. This is the extreme east of London; and he led

me onward in a straight line, through a place called Whitechapel, for some hours, until we were far beyond Hyde Park, and had reached the extreme west. Truly I did gain an “idea” of the place; my aching and tired limbs told me how far I had walked; for from the one end to the other is a distance of 7 miles.

“Oh, it was a strange feeling that came over me as I trudged through the busy streets! The further we went the larger the place seemed to become. At first I had noticed only the large buildings—they seemed wonderful places; but as we proceeded, we met with so many great houses and shops, that no public building seemed large. This time, when I reached St. Paul’s, I was not struck with it at all—it was only a church! Enormous place that it is, it did not seem larger than any other church; the truth was, that it was only on the same scale as the great mansions, manufactories, and workshops, public and private, to which my eyes were getting accustomed. On we passed, through densely crowded streets, pushing our way, and taking care to walk always on the right-hand side of the pathway. In every street there were two streams of people on each pavement: and once or twice, when, from not knowing better, I began to walk on the left-hand side, I was almost knocked down by the stream of people coming in the opposite direction, for, of course, that side was the right-hand side to them.

"We passed down Newgate Street, up Holborn, through a magnificent street called Oxford Street, and so on until we reached the great West-end squares and terraces. Here I was more astonished than ever. Passing through Belgrave Square, Eaton Square, and the streets of that neighbourhood, I seemed to walk in a city of palaces. Again I was led through Hyde Park and St. James's. This time I had to walk the whole distance across each park. I am afraid to say how large they seemed to me now; each seemed large enough in itself to build two great cities upon. If left alone in one, I might have lost myself, and never have been found—or, I might, as some one else has said, as easily 'have been robbed and murdered as on Hounslow Heath, or the great desert of Arabia.'

"Now, dear children, can you get any idea of the size of London? I am afraid not; my pen cannot tell you. I can only repeat that my friend determined to make me *feel* the size of the place, so on we went again, through "street after street beyond counting"; through "square after square beyond counting"; we passed through more large parks; past more splendid palaces; past more stately churches; past many fine statues; past more noble halls; past the Great Exhibition; past more places of amusement; past stupendous railway-stations; past busy manufacturers' works; through

many crowded markets; past more magnificent shops; past gigantic terraces; great crescents; through arcades and colonnades; through large streets, small streets; long streets, and short streets; broad streets, and narrow streets; straight streets, and crooked streets; new streets, and old streets; clean streets, and dirty streets; through lanes, courts, alleys; through alleys, courts, and lanes; down flights of steps, under archways, out into the open streets; past gas-works, breweries, iron-foundries, bridges, dock-yards, docks, warehouses, work-houses, hospitals, dispensaries, lunatic asylums, taverns, hotels, gin-palaces, beer-shops, pumps, barracks, manufactories, engine-houses, turnpikes, tea-gardens, promenades, police-stations, penitentiaries, prisons, infant-schools, public schools, orphan schools, almshouses, model lodging-houses, chapels, meeting-houses, synagogues, slaughter-houses, and so on—on we went, stunned by the noise of the omnibuses, cabs, waggons, oxen, sheep, pigs, horses, carts, drays, bugles, trombones, street organs, and muffin-bells, until six o'clock in the evening, when we reached my friend's house, where dinner had been waiting for an hour. 'Now, then, what will you have?' said my friend, looking at the dinner-table.

"A candle," I replied.

"A—what? Why! You are looking very pale!"

"A—a—bedroom-candle, if you please; I'll talk to

you of all we have seen to-morrow.'

"So, as the servant led the way with the bedroom-candle, I went upstairs to bed. There, tired out, with a racking headache, I fell asleep, dreaming

that I had been to see some strange place."

"Believe me,

"Dear child—

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

The Pen and the Sword a council held,
O'er which old Time presided,
And who should wear the evergreen crown
Was by him to be decided.
"Come tell me now," the monarch cried,
"Come, tell me both your story,
And he who has the most good done
Him will I crown with glory."

"The laurels I bring," the Sword began,
"Were won in a glorious cause;
I have hurled from the throne the tyrant king
Who invaded his people's laws.
I have proved my might in many a fight,
Both on the land and sea,
And I will swear, the Pen won't dare
To say that he'll outlive me."

The Pen replied in a modest tone—
"See the good that I have done:
I have taught mankind that right is might,
From the king to the peasant's son,
I have saved a glorious nation's blood
Being spilled in a useless strife,
And my trophies are peace and plenty,
Which I bring from the field of life."

Old Time the impartial balance held,
And their separate virtues weighed,
But soon to the modest Pen decreed
A crown that should never fade.
"Go, Sword!—on thy fading laurels feast,
For brief is the spur I afford,
And know that the Pen, the glorious Pen,
Shall for ages outlive the Sword."

JAMES SIMMONDS.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

21st Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

ORDER.

WILLIE'S HARD LESSONS. *

It was Thursday afternoon, and Willie was making haste to school. But before he reached the school-room, he stopped to listen. What a noise they are making in the play-ground! he thought. Hark! There they go again! Hurrah! as loud as ever they can. Let us go and see what is the matter.

"Ha, ha! Willie! Ha, ha! here's good fun—we've finished our work, our lessons are done, and we have all come out for a run—there's no one in the school! not a single one." These words were sounded in Willie's ears by three or four voices at once, directly he reached the play-ground gate; and from the explanations which followed, he learned that there was a half-holiday, and that there was to be an exhibition of dissolving views in the evening. He was told, too, that before beginning to play, every boy had first to learn and say the "home lessons," which he always learned in the evening, so that he might have nothing to hinder him from seeing the dissolving views after tea. "So make haste and learn your lesson," added the boys, "we are going to have a splendid game at prisoner's base, and a game at cricket."

Willie quite understood all

this; so he ran up to the school-room, brought down his batch of books, and seated himself in the playground, under the great walnut-tree, that he might do his work.

"Latin grammar, arithmetic, and spelling," said Willie as he took his books and slate out of his bag—"I will learn you three lessons in half an hour; and then—won't I have a game?"

So Willie set to work with all his might.

"If two bricklayers and a boy can build a wall 117 ft. long and 12 ft. high in 13 days, in how many days will 1 bricklayer and 3 boys build a wall 214 ft. long and 6 ft. high?"

Let us see; a boy is worth $\frac{1}{2}$ a bricklayer, so we will say "2½ bricklayers," or 5 half-bricklayers. Again, 117 ft. by 12 ft. is equal to 12 times 117 = 1,404 ft. That is very easy. Now for the statements—

| # Brickls. | pt. | days. |
|------------|-----------------------|----------------|
| 5 | will build 1404 in 13 | |
| 1 | " | 1404 in 13 × 5 |
| 1 | " | 1 in — |

"That's a good one! Bravo!"

"Throw up the ball there, Willie!" cried several voices at once; and Willie jumped from his seat under the walnut-tree to throw up the cricket-ball, which had bounced close to his feet. He stood—just for half a minute—just to see the next run—for the boys were playing

a famous game at cricket; but there was no rug at the next bowling, the ball was "blocked"—so he waited for the next throw, and the ball was missed. "Well!" he thought, "I must see who gets the next run;" but he stopped to look for full seven minutes before he sat down to his sum. Then he thought his sum seemed so easy that he would just look over his Latin to know what it was like, and he found that he had a rather hard irregular verb to learn.

"*Deponent verbs!*" thought Willie angrily; "I wonder what the Romans wanted with deponent verbs! They had some active verbs, which are too active, I think, for it requires great activity to learn them; and I have learned all the *passive* verbs. They may be passive, but they are very unbearable. I am sure I was passive when I learned them, for I suffered a great deal; I was compelled to be more active than when we learned the active verbs. I wonder what state I am to get into to learn a deponent verb! What does the book say?"

"A Deponent verb is one that has a passive form and an active signif-i-a-tion."

"What does that 'signify'? don't think it signifies at all. It doesn't signify to me; it—"

"Mind the ball, Willie!" cried a little boy, who was sitting close by, for the ball nearly struck Willie on the head, and

bouncing against his slate, it knocked it off the seat.

Of course Willie picked up that ball, and for the sake of returning the friendly feeling it had shown to his slate, he would not *throw* it back, but tossing it up a little way in the air, he tried half a dozen times to kick it back; and when this plan failed, and the cricketers became impatient, Willie placed it on a large stone and kicked it across the playground as far as he could.

The poor slate was picked up. Willie thought now it would be better first to finish his sum, then he could put his slate away; and perhaps, it would be better also to have his books in the bag whilst he was using his slate, for fear they should be hurt. But before putting in his Carpenter's Spelling-book, he opened it to look at his spelling lesson of long words. "Ab-brevi-a-tion, abbreviation—a shortening." "Well!" he thought, "it was a bad thing for a carpenter to make a spelling-book; he was a carpenter and joiner, for no one else would have thought of joining so many syllables to make one word—and then to call it a 'shortening'!"

But it just then occurred to Willie that he had lost a great deal of time in making remarks on his lessons, instead of learning them. So he tied up his bag and set to work at his sum again.

(Continued at page 337.)

MAMMALS.

ORDER 10. THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS.

(Recapitulation.)

W. Another order of mammals! *Order the tenth!* I wonder how people know when to make a new order—not to *make* it exactly; but I wonder how they find out where to leave off the old order, and, where to begin a new one.

Ion. Oh, Willie! let me tell you. We leave off talking about the Ruminants when there are no more Ruminants to talk about. So that all the other animals which are left, if they are not Ruminants must be something else; that is, they must form a new order.

M. Quite right, Ion. Let us see how men learned to arrange this Order 10th. After completing the history of Cud-chewing animals, it was found that there were still a large number of Vegetable-feeders, such as the *Horse*, the *Zebra*, the *Elephant*, and so on: these could not be placed with the 9th order, because it was found that they do not chew the cud.

W. Perhaps they might have been placed with some of the other orders?

M. That is not very likely, for all that could be placed in those orders had been well hunted up before; but I want you to recapitulate—so let us travel through the nine orders of which you have learned. We will try and *find* them a place. They cannot be placed in *Order 1—MANKIND*.

W. No; I should object to that. How could I have a horse for my brother? I should turn him out of *our* order.

M. Poor fellow! then let us try him in the second order. Come, Mr. Horse! bring your friends the elephant, the ass, and the zebra. Go yourselves and try if they will make room for you in *Order 2—The FOUR-HANDED ANIMALS*.

But see! here's a commotion! The monkeys are all up in arms. They declare "they don't belong to us," and the chimpanzee asks the elephant, with a suspicious look, whether he remembers a certain vagrant, with whom his father dealt in a summary manner in days gone by.*

Poor animals! they had eyed with hopeful looks the pleasant forest-abode of the monkeys, but now they slink away to see if they can be taken in by Order 3. They read the list. *Order 3—WING-HANDED ANIMALS*, including the *Insectivorous* and *Frigiduous Bats*, such as the *Common Bat*, *Long-eared Bat*, *Nostril-bat*, *Horse-shoe Bat*, &c.

The bats wake up to answer inquiries. But first they ask, "Are their friends provided with wings?"—for they must catch their food in the air. An old vampyre rubs his eyes and glints at the elephant. He questions very much—did that stout gentleman ever try any exercise in flying? A friend of his—a very large vampyre—

* Vol. ii. p. 7.

died yesterday, and *his* wings—would they be of any service? they measure twelve feet across, but,—but,—but,—and, as he bobs his head up and down to see *all* the elephant at once, he feels persuaded that that party is not eligible for their connection.

Come, Mr. Naturalist; try and place these animals in another order. Here is *Order 4—THE INSECT-EATING ANIMALS, including the Mole, the Hedgehog, the Shrew, and the Bawstring.* But they themselves object to be placed in this order. The elephant says that he cannot live on worms, that his constitution requires—but never mind; they move off at once to the 5th order. On their way the horse declares to the elephant that he could not possibly roll himself up into a ball, and go to sleep all the winter, as the hedgehog does; nor can he eat insects—but, here is *ORDER 5.*

See! look at the zebra! the fearless zebra! how he trembles as he returns to his friends. Read the name!

Order 5—CARNIVOROUS ANIMALS. “Perhaps,” continues the zebra, “you don’t know what that means?” I had two sisters once—we dwelt on “Afric’s plains,” when suddenly a carnivorous animal, called “*Lion*”—

“Oh!” cry all together, “that is quite enough! We’ll not belong to that order—it’s not safe.”

“I don’t know,” said the horse, “on second thoughts. See, there are several ‘tribes,’ I’ll read!”—

The 5TH ORDER includes—

1. The *Cat Tribe.*
2. The *Weasel Tribe.*
3. The *Dog Tribe.*
4. The *Civet Tribe.*
5. The *Bear Tribe.*
6. The *Seal Tribe.*

“This might do!” remarks the elephant. “Could we not join one of these tribes? The *CAT* is harmless, only rather small—the *Dog tribe, again!*”

But the zebra knows better, and begs him not to be deceived—it’s all a deception about the *Cat!* He will read to his friend the names of that tribe—and of the other tribes also.

Just please to look down this list of names—

1. The *Cat Tribe includes the Lion (!), Panther, Leopard, Tiger, Puma, Jaguar, Cougar, Lynx, &c.*

“That will not do! Try the next.”

2. The *Weasel Tribe includes the Weasel, Polecat, Ferret, Stoat, Marten, Sable, Skunk, Badger, and Otter.*

But the elephant turns up his trunk with contempt. “The *Dog tribe,*” he remarks, “is rather more respectable—I had a very faithful friend from Newfoundland in that tribe. Read the names!”

3. The *Dog Tribe includes the Dog, the Wolf (oh!), the Fox, Jackal, &c.*

“I myself was nearly torn to pieces by a pack of wolves,” remarks the horse. “The idea of joining such a tribe is at once abandoned. Read on!”

4. The *Civet Tribe includes the Civet, Genet, Ichneumon, Hyæna—*

"Ichneumon? Pooh! read the next!"

5. The Bear Tribe includes the White, Brown, and Black Bears, the Racoons, &c.

But here the horse objects again. "Don't you remember that picture in the Penny Magazine? There is an old brown bear hauling the body of a white horse over the trunk of a tree. I have no wish to be served so."

6. The Seal Tribe includes the Common Seal, Fur Seal, Sea Lion, Walrus, &c. But now it is quite clear that they cannot enter the FIFTH ORDER. They remember suddenly that all the six tribes eat flesh, so they move on to Order 6.

Here our friends stop. They find that

Order 6 are WHALE-LIKE ANIMALS, including the Sperm Whale, Whalebone Whale, Porpoise, and Dolphin. "Now, what does the whale eat?—that's the question!" "Well, some one had better go and see." They found the whale's address to be "Arctic Seas, near Greenland," and as the elephant is rather heavy, the horse and zebra are appointed at once to travel there on a "commission of inquiry."

IV. But they forget that the whale lives in the water!

P. True; so after an absence of two months, they return to their friend the elephant with their report.

YOUR COMMISSIONERS, in presenting the report of their labours, would mention with some regret that the circumstance of the watery abode of the whale was, in the first place, entirely overlooked.

The slippery grounds on which the

negotiations of YOUR COMMISSIONERS with the SIXTH ORDER OF MAMMALS were based, also entirely prevented your Commissioners from establishing themselves on a firm footing.

AND WHEREAS your Commissioners did not deem it desirable to move from the solid, although slippery, understanding, upon which the negotiations were begun, your Commissioners are not prepared to advise that any further steps should be taken in the intended direction.

IV. "Lest your Commissioners should meet with a watery grave," they should have added. Why can't the Commissioners speak out exactly what they mean, instead of talking in such a roundabout way?

M. But Commissioners Horse and Zebra and the Elephant are moving off to ORDER 7. However, it is all in vain; that order will not admit them. Order 7 are GNAWING ANIMALS, such as the Squirrels, the Rats and Mice, the Beavers, the Hare and Rabbit, the Chinchilla, the Dormouse, &c. "We are," they inform the petitioners—"we are distinguished by having peculiar canine teeth, which are placed in the front of the jaw, and are adapted—"

"Hold!" says the elephant, looking at his tusks, "I think I have some resemblance here—"

But the horse, who is "a noble animal," is very indignant, and drags his crazy old friend away. Would the elephant associate with a dormouse? Besides, look at their food!

"They are mostly adapted for eating the roots, bark, fibre, and the very hard parts of trees, which other vegetable-feeders refuse."

Order 8 are the TOOTHLESS ANIMALS, including the Sloths,

the extinct Megatherium, the Armadillo, and Ant-eaters.

The elephant takes a great fancy to the Megatherium (and perhaps wishes himself *extinct*, too), but he is stopped by a remark of the sloth upon his tusks. He is told that all in this order are without *front* teeth. Of course, the elephant will not allow any dentist to pull out his tusks. Try *Order 9.*

J.. This is the order of which we have just been learning.

M. And you remember, of course, that they are Ruminating Animals.

The horse is treated with great politeness by some of the ruminants. They give him every consideration, but he is told that the condition "chewing the cud" "cannot be dispensed with." It's of no use "turning the matter over," the *cud* must be chewed in the re-

gular way. It's of no use for the elephant to urge that he eats nothing but vegetables—that he is quite innocent of the taste of an animal. "We are all *Ruminating animals*," is the answer; and unless the horse and his friends can chew the *cud*, they cannot be admitted.

W. Poor fellows! They are not suited for any of the orders which we have been hearing about. After travelling through all the tribes, they are turned out!

L. And now you see, Willie, how we know where to begin a new order.

W. Yes; I see now. And that is the only thing those poor animals could do. They would say, "We will see if we are at all like each other, and if there are any other animals like us. Perhaps we may be strong enough to form a *tenth* order."

THE TRAVELS OF THE LEAF.

From the hill to the valley, the grove to the plain,
From the branch where thou never wilt blossom again,
Thy green beauties faded, sere, withered, and dying—
Brown leaf of the forest! oh, where art thou flying?

"I know not—I heed not—I go with the blast,
Which swept me away from the bough as it passed.
The storm-gust which shattered the oak where I hung
Had ruth for the feeble, but none for the strong.
It has rent the tough branch, once my glory and stay,
And—the wind for my wild mate—I'm whirled away.
What rede I, orreck? On its cold bosom lying,
I haste to where all things in nature are hieing—
And, the sweet garden rose-lea, floats off with the breeze—
Where the zephyr wafts blossoms and buds from the trees.
So lightly I drive to *my* destiny too;
And, it may be to glad me—it may be to rue—
My companions the flex, the ash, the bright laurel,
And the beech, with its death-bloom, as ruddy as coral.
Now read my sad riddle, Sir Seer, and its moral."

MAMMALS.

ORDER 10. THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS.

M. Let us imagine the Horse, the Elephant, and the Zebra to have met. The before-mentioned circumstances are well considered, and it is therefore resolved—that they do proceed at once to the establishment of a tenth order of mammals.

"And that we do incorporate ourselves therein," remarks the Zebra; "for we are not in any order at all yet."

"Very true," says the Elephant. "But let us see in what respect we are all alike. We must first ascertain what are our 'distinctions.'"

Horse. 1st, *We are all vegetable-feeders, and do not chew the cud.* We are all alike in that respect.

Elephant. True; and then all three of us have *a thick skin*—that is a second distinction.

Zebra. I think, if you will pay attention, that I can point out something important. Perhaps, Sir Elephant, you will tell us what you call those two long things on each side of your trunk.

Elephant. These are my *tusks*—they are really canine teeth (of course you know what I mean by canine teeth).

Zebra. Certainly. Then I am something like you; my canine teeth are large. The vegetable-feeders which chew the cud, have no canine teeth (except the camel, and that only shows that he connects

us with the ruminants), while I and the horse have; and we can bite pretty sharply with them.

Horse. Very true; and, what is more, my canine teeth are called *tusks*. The horse-dealer who sold me, told several people my age, by my tusks as he called them.

"There!" said the Elephant, delighted, "that will do! we have at least three distinctions for our order; that is, we are alike in three respects.

"So let us issue our proclamation:—

"*Public Notice.—New Order of Mammals.* ORDER TENTH. These animals are distinguished, (1.) by being vegetable-feeders and not chewing the cud; (2.) by having a thick skin; (3.) by having large canine teeth, or tusks.

"All animals answering to the above description, and desirous of joining the association, are requested to send in their names to the secretary.

"N.B. None but respectable parties need apply."

Applications were made immediately. Several great individuals presented themselves, some dirty, and some clean.

The first was an enormous fellow; he trod heavily, and was some time bringing his bulky body before the company. He said he had come direct from one of the African rivers. It was his habit *always* to eat vegetables, the herbage growing at the bottom of the river, and on the banks; so that he answered to the first point. 2ndly, as to the thickness of his skin, he only wished he could take it off to show the gentlemen present—indeed, he would often like to take it off for his

own convenience, for when the burning sun shone, he was compelled to live all day under the water, just rising now and then to the surface to breathe—

"But," said the horse, "is the party (who is quite a stranger to me)—is he quite *sure* of the thickness of his skin?"

"Certainly," he replies, "for I have seen the skin of one of my brethren used to make braces for a heavy waggon; and once," he adds, "a leader's bullet was shot at me, but instead of piercing my skin, it was almost flattened. Certainly I am a thick-skinned animal."

"Besides, I am^t not unknown to the party opposite—the Elephant. I have seen Zebras, too, in Africa. My name is HIPPOPOTAMUS."

The Elephant acknowledged the acquaintance. As to the third point—the tusks—there was no mistaking them; so the Hippopotamus was at once admitted as one of the tenth order.

Another giant gentleman applied. His warlike appearance rather awed the secretary, for he wore a desperate-looking horn on the top of his snout.

But he begins his catechism:—Did he eat vegetables? Yes, he did. Has he a thick skin? Of course he has—a very thick one. Look at the wonderful folds, as they overlie one another. Did you ever see such a skin? It is more like a cloak. There was such a *tusky* appearance about

his horn and teeth that no further questions were asked. His name was at once entered—*"RHINOCEROS."*

The third gentleman came out of the woods; he had come all the way from America. He had also met with a party from India, of the same name—*TAPIR*. He felt *sure* that he was thick-skinned. He answered exactly to points 1 and 3.—Admitted.

There next stood in their midst a quiet, humble applicant. He gave in his name as an *Ass*. There was no denying that he was in almost all respects like the horse, who grumbled out something about "*poor relations*," "*bore*," and so on. He might have been refused admission; indeed the horse had half-persuaded the company to reject him, when there entered the *WILD ASS* and the *MULE*, which at that moment arrived from the East. The free-and-easy assurance of these gentlemen soon settled the matter. They demanded admission, and the whole family of asses was passed.

The *WILD BOAR* came next. The appearance of his tusks could not be questioned. Certainly he did not always eat vegetable food; he had once killed and eaten a young hare, and he knew the taste of hedgehog. There was a story about a wild boar who ate up a baby—but he would not enter into that question. He was a *vegetable-feeder* himself. The wild boar was at length admitted.

"Ugh! ugh! u-ugh!" and with several more such sounds a very

dirty fellow waddled himself into the meeting. "This will never do!" thought the secretary. "Turn him out!" said the horse. The wild boar grinned, and showed his tusks; the zebra, with an aristocratic sniff, arose, and begged to call the party's attention to the latter paragraph of the proclamation--perhaps he could not read--"None but respectable parties need apply."

The "party," whose small eyes were placed between two fat chops, looked up and made a little peculiar motion with his snout. After another *ugh*, he gave in his name as "PORKER," and requested the committee to proceed to business at once.

The horse rose. He begged to say that he knew the individual; his name was "Pig." The pig explained; he was distinguished as a *porker* on account of his age. Certain parties called "butchers" could tell the committee what was meant by a *porker*.

But the pig passed his examination. He proved that pigs eat grass; that pig's-wash, or meal, is a vegetable substance; that if the committee had any doubt, he was now quite ready to devour any amount of any kind of vegetable substance they might place before him. He had *tusks*. A thick skin? Certainly! Had the committee never heard of *bacon-rind*, or of "*crackling*"?

The elephant wished to ask one question before admitting the party. Would the porker wash himself if he were admitted into their order?

To this the Porker replied, Not Certainly not! Did not the Hippopotamus and the Rhinoceros sometimes wallow in the mud? Did not the Ass sometimes roll in the dust? He had even seen a horse rolling himself and kicking up his heels on the grass. No! he considered that such habits would one day be one of the distinctions of the order, and that he should therefore be considered their chief.

So the Pig was passed.

Others were afterwards admitted--the PECCARY, from South America, and the BABYROUSSA, from Java. An animal called the DUGONG sent a message from the sea to say that he belonged to the order, as he would soon prove.

The names of the order were then read over. The Elephant, Horse, Zebra, Ass, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Tapir, Wild Boar, Pig, Peccary, Babyroussa, and Dugong. So the meeting were preparing to depart, when the Elephant proposed that before doing so they should see if there were any more distinctions by which the order might always be known.

The Pig remarked that the Elephant had a very long nose, and so had he. His was a *snout* or proboscis. What was the Elephant's?

But before he could reply, it was noticed that the Tapir, too, had a very long snout, and that the Elephant, the Tapir, the Babyroussa, the Wild Boar, and the Hog used their snouts partly as hands for grubbing, or procuring food.

"There is another thing worth noticing," said the Zebra. "In the Ruminating animals their cloven hoofs are all alike; they have *two* toes; the Carnivorous animals all have five toes; but the number of *our* toes differs. The Elephant has *five* toes, the Hippopotamus has *four*, the Rhinoceros has *three*, the Wild Boar and the Pig have *two*, and I and the Horse have only *one* solid hoof." So you see that it is a peculiarity of our order that *the number of our toes differs*. That makes a fifth distinction of our order."

After these five points had been clearly set forth, the members of the new order separated. Whether they afterwards dined together, or at what hotel, I cannot say. But I can add a sixth distinction to the order if you would like to hear it.

L. Yes; please tell us, mamma.

M. These animals do not know that generally their senses are not so acute as those of the Ruminants; thus they have not so good a means of warning from danger. Again, if attacked, none except the Horse and the Zebra have the swiftness of the Deer and the Antelope, and other Ruminants, by which to escape; neither can they crop their food hastily and retire to chew it over again in some secure spot, as the Ruminants can. Therefore we say—?

W. They have not such good means of escape.

M. And here we find an in-

stance of compensation, in which their wants are supplied by something else. Seeing that they cannot take warning or escape easily, they can better defend themselves.

I. Yes. What strength the great elephant has! and I have heard that he can crush almost any enemy with the weight of his body.

L. And I saw in the Great Exhibition a model of a wild-boar hunt. The boar had ripped up two dogs with his tusks. The tusks of the elephant, and the hippopotamus, and the horn of the rhinoceros are good means of defence. So this is what we will say of the order,—*They have not such good means of warning and escape as the Ruminants, but they have better means of defence.*

M. True. You may now write the sketch of the order.

I. I can do it, mamma.

Order 10. THICK-SKINNED MAMMALS.

The animals of this order are distinguished by

- (1.) Living on vegetable food, and not chowing the cud.
- (2.) Their thick skin; and
- (3.) Their large canine teeth, or tusks.

(4.) In some the nose is prolonged so as to form a snout, or trunk, which often serves the purpose of a hand.

(5.) The animals differ in the number of their toes; and

(6.) Although they have not such good means of warning and escape as the Ruminants, they have better means of defence.

THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.
(*House of York.*)
EDWARD IV.

P. Last week you heard of the death of HENRY VI., and of his son; but we will speak of one remarkable man before we talk of the next king.

The EARL OF WARWICK, you may remember, placed Edward IV. on the throne, and afterward restored Henry.

Ion. And was therefore called "THE KING-MAKER."

P. True; and this renowned noble was, it has been observed, "the greatest as well as the last of those nobles who formerly overawed the Crown."

Hear first of his wealth! He maintained no less than 30,000 persons on the different manors and castles he possessed in all parts of England. He had 600 lacqueys who wore his red livery. With such riches, and so many servants, his hospitality was kept up in the most magnificent style. It must have been no small expense, when his 30,000 retainers sat down to breakfast from his tables; but it is said that their friends also came, and were allowed not only to eat, but to convey away as much meat as they could take on the points of their daggers. Six oxen were killed for breakfast every day.

This wealthy, liberal, and spirited noble, was also determined and courageous in battle. Thus all people bore him an unbounded affection; many would rather obey him than either

the king or the law. We need not wonder, then, that his influence was immense, or that he was called "The King-maker."

Lesson 26. HENRY VI.

Began to reign . . . 1422
Died 1471

1. HENRY VI. was proclaimed King of England and France when he was only nine months old; and during his minority the Dukes of Gloucester and Bedford acted as regents.

2. The two great features of his reign were the War with FRANCE; and the WARS OF THE ROSES. The first attempt to establish the Plantagenets in France was made by EDWARD III., and after many great victories over the French, such as the battles of Crecy and Poictiers, it failed. Henry V., who won the great battle of Agincourt, began the second attempt for the French crown; and it was carried on in the reign of Henry VI. by the Duke of Bedford. At first, the English met with their usual success; but they were at length defeated by JEAN OF ARC, who availed the superstitions of both English and French.

3. When Henry became a man, he was found to be more fit for private life than for the throne. He was therefore deposed by Richard Duke of York, who had a superior claim to the crown. Henry had, however, a masculine and warlike queen, named Margaret, who fought for him, and thus began "the Wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster."

The Earl of Warwick took an active part in the contest, which

did not end until he, the king, and the king's son were killed. Margaret was imprisoned, and afterwards ransomed.

4. Henry was murdered in 1471. Ten years before this event, Edward Duke of York had taken the crown from him, and had reigned ever since, as EDWARD IV.

EDWARD IV. had been king ten years when Henry VI. died. The principal events of those ten years were the quarrel with the Earl of Warwick, the restoration of Henry, and the defeat of Henry and Warwick by Edward six months afterwards. These events have already been mentioned.

The history of Edward's reign is little more than an account of his cruel deeds. He was in one respect suited to be a king. He was bold and active, and held his power with a firm hand. He was, however, too fond of pleasure, and was also very cruel; indeed he made cruelty a pleasure.

Thus we find that he pursued the friends of the late king with merciless and bloody revenge. Great numbers fled the country; Sir Humphrey Nevil lived in a cave. Many were reduced to abject beggary; the Duke of Exeter and others went barefoot from door to door to beg a morsel of bread, while, perhaps the greatest part were killed. Edward's brother, the DUKE OF CLARENCE, had joined the Lancastrians, and instead of forgiving him, the king con-

demned him to be drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine.

Of so merciless a king the less we say the better. He was married to Elizabeth Woodville, which marriage was the cause of his quarrel with the Earl of Warwick. He died in 1483, leaving two sons and six daughters.

Thomas Parr, celebrated for his great age, was born in this reign; this extraordinary man lived to the age of 152 years.

Lesson 27. EDWARD IV.

Began to reign . . . 1461
Died 1483

1. EDWARD IV., the Duke of York, was a gay and cruel king. He gained the crown by force, his father having begun the wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster.

2. Edward was placed on the throne by the EARL OF WARWICK. He afterwards quarrelled with that noble, who deposed him, put him in prison, and restored Henry IV. He escaped, raised another army, defeated the Earl of Warwick, and recovered his throne in less than a twelve-month.

3. His murder of the Earl of Warwick; of King Henry VI., and the prince; his imprisonment of Queen Margaret; his cruelty to his conquered enemies of the House of Lancaster; and the murder of his own brother, the Duke of Clarence, with other acts of cruelty, are the principal features of his reign. He carried on wars with SCOTLAND and FRANCE.

THE PLANTAGENET
KINGS.

(*House of York.*)

EDWARD V. AND RICHARD III.

WHEN Edward IV. died, his young son Edward, who was only nine years old, was the heir to the throne.

The Duke of Gloucester, the brother of Edward IV., was appointed Regent; and he determined to murder the young prince and his brother, and seize the crown himself. This duke was as cruel as his brother had been. You may remember that when Queen Margaret and her son were taken prisoners in the last of the wars of the Roses, it was he who rushed upon the prince and stabbed him.

Such a man would not hesitate to do any wickedness to gain his end. He first pretended that he was very anxious for the safety of the young children, and confined them in the Tower; he next made several excuses to postpone the coronation of the prince; and he next determined to murder all the nobles who he knew would oppose his wicked plans. The first nobleman to be despatched was Lord Hastings. The king summoned him to a council in the Tower, and laying bare his shrivelled arm, he said that Jane Shore (a mistress of Edward IV.) had thus deformed it by witchcraft, and asked what punishment she deserved for such a crime. Hastings observed, "If she has

done so"—but the duke stopped him saying, "If ! Dost thou answer me with ifs ? Thou art an accomplice in the crime—I arrest thee for high treason!"—then giving him in charge to the soldiers, he cried out that he would not dine until his head was cut off. The soldiers instantly hurried him off to a log on the green in the Tower, and there beheaded him. On the same day that he beheaded Hastings, he sent orders to Pontefract Castle, in Yorkshire, that Lord Rivers, and some other nobles who were friends to the young prince, should be beheaded also.

These nobles being dead, he next proceeded to murder young Edward and his brother. He told Sir Robert Brackenbury, the governor of the Tower, to murder them; but Sir Robert sent word that he could not dip his hands in their innocent blood. Gloucester was enraged at this answer, and ordered Brackenbury to give up the keys of the Tower for one night to Sir Walter Tyrrel. Tyrrel introduced two assassins, who, in the silent night, came to the bed-rooms of the young princes, smothered them with the bolster and pillows, and buried their bodies at the bottom of the stairs. Their bones were discovered in the reign of Charles II., and were removed to Westminster Abbey.

Edward V. may scarcely be called one of the English kings, for he was never crowned, and did not reign—he was only appointed king. He was mur-

dered about nine weeks after his father's death, in 1483. At his death, the Duke of Gloucester, with the help of some noblemen, caused himself to be proclaimed king.

RICHARD III.

The Duke of Gloucester was crowned by the title of Richard III., but he did not long keep his ill-gotten power.

The first disturbance was made by the Duke of Buckingham, who became the king's enemy because he refused him some favour. At this time there was living a young nobleman, called Henry Tudor. You may remember that at the death of Henry V., his widow, Catherine, married a Welsh gentleman named *Owen Tudor*, and this young noble was grandson of Owen Tudor and Catherine. He therefore belonged to the *House of Lancaster*; and the nation being disgusted with the cruelty of Richard III., secretly wished him to become king. When, therefore, Buckingham quarrelled with the king, he and several nobles conspired to raise Henry Tudor to the throne. Henry Tudor was in Normandy, and on receiving a message from these nobles, he instantly raised a small army, and set sail for England. But, before he could arrive, Richard discovered the plot, and headed Buckingham.

Soon after, Henry Tudor landed in England with 2,000 men. Several noblemen joined him, and his army thus increased to 6,000.* Richard was a skilful soldier, and brave; and he

met Henry in a place called *Bosworth-field*, in Leicestershire. The king, having such superior numbers, might have defeated his enemies; but in the midst of the battle Lord Stanley deserted him, and joined Henry Tudor. He took with him several thousand men, who now attacked the army of the king. Richard, seeing his danger, fought desperately, and determined to conquer or die; he rushed into the midst of the enemy, and spurring his horse towards Henry Tudor, he made a fierce charge at him, exclaiming "Treason! treason!" He slew the standard-bearer, knocked down another noble, and fought with the fury of a wild beast; but he was soon overpowered by numbers, thrown from his horse, and slain. His crown was found in the battle-field, and was placed on the head of his rival, who was immediately proclaimed "KING HENRY VII."

Richard's body was discovered amongst a heap of slain, stripped naked, and covered with wounds and dirt. It was thrown across a horse, carried to Leicester, and buried. So little was the unworthy man cared for, that his stone coffin was afterwards used as a drinking-trough at an inn in Leicester; and his grave, overgrown with weeds and nettles, could not, at length, be found.

Richard was surnamed "*Crook-back*". With him ended the race of PLANTAGENET KINGS. They were fourteen in number, and they reigned in England for 330 years.

W. Will you let me say their

names, papa? Henry II., Richard I., John, Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., Edward V., and Richard III.

They were, on the whole, a good race of kings, but five of them were singularly weak and foolish. Can you distinguish the five?

Ion. I think I can name them. John, Henry III., Edward II., Richard II., and Henry VI.

P. These five were the weakest, but they were not the worst. When the Plantagenet line ended, the feudal system of government, and the Papal system of religion, ended with them, or nearly so. We will talk of this soon.

Lesson 28. EDWARD V.

**This young prince was the son of Edward IV. He was never crowned King of England, but was murdered by his uncle Richard Duke of Gloucester, who had been appointed his protector. This happened in 1483, about two months after his father's death.*

Lesson 29. RICHARD III.

Began to reign . . . 1483
• Died 1485

Richard (surname Crook-back) did not long enjoy the crown he had usurped. After a short reign of two years, he was killed in the famous battle of Bosworth-field. Richard was the last of the line of Plantagenets; a race of fourteen kings, who governed England for 330 years.

OLD LETTERS.

Old, brown, and mouldy pages,
Whose every leaf
Is stamped with mystic characters
Of joy and grief.

On such poor fragile monuments
Past hope, past fear,
Past love, past scorn, past hate,
Are graven here.

Oh, there are tongues within these dry brown leaves,
That speak no Autumn's do;
They cry of death and sorrow,
To me—to you.

Their mute but mighty voice
Tells of days past—
Of leaves swept from an ancient tree,
And withered in the blast.

Dear record of long-vanished days,
Whose silent spell
Invokes so potently the ages dead,
Farewell—farewell.

SONGS FOR THE "SEASONS."—WINTER SONG.

(From the Training School Song-Book.)

The big Polar bear! the big Polar bear! A fierce savage beast is the big Polar bear, His
 The big Polar bear! the big Polar bear! A fierce savage beast is the big Polar bear, His
 body is covered with long shaggy hair, A grim looking beast is the big Polar bear. In
 body is covered with long shaggy hair, A grim-looking beast is the big Polar bear. In
 wilds of the north the bear has his home, Thro' snowy deserts he loves to roam, When
 wilds of the north the bear has his home, Thro' snowy deserts he loves to roam, When
 hearing his voice in the wilderness drear; The traveller's bosom is smitten with fear.
 hearing his voice in the wilderness drear; The traveller's bosom is smitten with fear.

The big Polar bear! the big Polar bear!

A fierce savage beast is the big Polar bear;

Not easily taken by gun or by snare,

For cunning and strong is the big Polar bear.

He ranges abroad in search of his prey,

O'er fields of ice does he take his way;

The prey that he finds he in pieces will tear,

Then off to his den goes the big Polar bear.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

22nd Week.

MONDAY.

Moral Lesson.

ORDER.

WILLIE'S HARD LESSONS.

Concluded from page 322.)

WILLIE had been "dawdling" under the walnut-tree for nearly an hour. The clock had struck three ten minutes ago, and he had not yet learned one lesson, when he looked up and saw his sister Lucy running across the playground.

"Well, Lucy!" cried Willie, "what could have brought you here?"

Lucy explained that the shoemaker was coming to measure him for some winter shoes, and that he was to be at home by four o'clock.

"Now, you idlerogue, Willie!" she exclaimed on finding how little of his work he had done.

Willie explained exactly what he had been doing.

"Then the truth is, sir, you have been *disorderly* again. Did not papa teach us the other day about *attention* and *self-possession*?"

W. Yes; and he said he would tell me the first time I might be disorderly from *inattention*. What did he call it when one has not self-possession?

L. *Distraction*. I think that you have been "distracted"; what do you say,—Are you guilty or not guilty?

W. I hardly know. What do you say?

L. I say that you are guilty, decidedly. What am I to say to your making jokes upon your lessons instead of learning them?

W. I call that "inattention."

L. And I don't think that you had much "self-possession" when you allowed yourself twice to be drawn away from your lesson by that ball. Do you?

W. Well, no. I suppose that is what you call *distraction*? So I'm guilty; please, ma'am, to forgive me this once.

"Oh, I can't forgive you!" said Lucy, laughing; "but I can help you to get your lessons done at once. Papa says you are to be home at four o'clock, because the shoemaker will be there exactly at four. How long a time do you really require for each lesson?"

W. I think I could do each in ten minutes. Suppose I try!

"Yes, do!" said Lucy. "I will keep the time by the schoolroom clock. It is now twenty minutes past three; that leaves forty minutes to four: so you will have just ten minutes for each lesson, and ten minutes for going home."

Lucy waited, and Willie set to work at his sum in earnest; in less than a minute he burst out laughing, and declared that his sum was no sum at all, for

the answer was contained in the question. The deponent verbs were taken up immediately, for Lucy would not even let him stop to talk, or look about him. In five minutes Willie knew his deponent verb, "for," he said, "it is almost the same as saying one of my passive verbs ever again." He knew it thoroughly, too. *Carpenter's Spelling* required a little more time, but he was able to say it by heart in less than eight minutes. "There!" said Lucy, "your lessons have cost you altogether—one, and five, and eight—fourteen minutes."

"And," said Willie, "I had been seventy minutes about them before, just from want of attention and self-possession."

Lucy and Willie then went home. Willie was measured for his shoes; and at tea-time he had the courage to tell his papa of his idleness under the walnut-tree.

Papa was rather shocked when he heard the whole history. "SEVENTY MINUTES, Willie!" he said, making a long face. "That is an enormous amount of time to lose at once! But I am rather pleased to find that when you tried you could perform your lessons in fourteen minutes. Then you put forth two good qualities, which are very useful to those who wish to be orderly. Shall I tell you the names of those qualities?"

"Yes, I should like to hear, please."

"When Lucy told you that

you had only ten minutes for each lesson, you made up your mind to work hard at each during that time.

"W. Yes. I set to work heartily."

"P. And the feeling that you then showed we call *determination*. Again, you kept up your determination all through; and when a man has any work to do, and he continues to work all through, with the same determination with which he began, what do we say that he has then?"

"W. That is what you call *perseverance*—I did persevere."

"P. True. When Lucy was standing by you, you showed a little determination and perseverance; but you must remember that you did not do so *until you were obliged*. Now I should like you to exercise such determination and perseverance without being obliged. If I were you, Willie, I would give myself every evening exactly as much time for my home lessons as they require, and no more—say an hour, or an hour and a half. Do it of your own accord. Say to yourself, "I will be orderly—I will act like a man." Try again and again. Often think of your old lessons on "Order"—say, "I will do everything in the *right way*: I will form habits of *patience*, of *forethought*, of *self-possession*, and of *attention*; and to do so, I will show the spirit of *determination* and of *perseverance*." Without the last two qualities you will fail."

"I will try and have those qualities," said Ion.

"And so will I," said Lucy. "Old Maurice Gray had determination and perseverance, as well as attention and self-possession. If he had not, he would not have saved those men."

P. And let me tell you one anecdote, Willie, which will show you how useful such a spirit is.

A gentleman once had occasion to call on a celebrated engineer. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night; but his business was important, and he knew that the engineer was an industrious man, and never went to bed until he had finished his day's work, so he ventured to knock at the door. He was admitted and shown into the engineer's study. "Can't see you, friend," was the reply. "I am engaged just now till twelve; you are not the person I expected."

"But I shall leave London to-morrow morning at eight," answered the gentleman, "and I must see you before I go."

"Well!" said the engineer, taking out his watch. "I will see what I can do. I have an engagement at twelve; two more before one; another at a quarter to two; two more before three; another at three. I will see you at half-past three, if you like."

The gentleman would rather have called at an earlier hour instead of having to get up in the middle of the night; but he knew that the engineer was a very positive character, and that if he had made any arrangements he would not be drawn aside to attend to any

one else; he would only attend to the business he had planned.

L. Did the gentleman call at half-past three?

P. Yes. And as the door opened for him to go in, another gentleman came out; it was, perhaps, the person who had been engaged to call at three.

L. But do you think it was right for the engineer to work all night?—that was not orderly.

P. No; but it was a very, very busy time with all who were engaged in railway making; and nearly all the engineers were obliged to work during the night then. But I want to teach you—This engineer used to get through an immense amount of work, and he did so just because he was an orderly man. He had forethought to arrange all his business; he had self-possession, so that nothing could draw him away from it; and he had determination and perseverance, so that every day he performed the amount of business which he had set himself to do—often a great deal more.

It is only by such orderly habits that men are able to do any important work. The engineer whom I speak of built two of the finest bridges, and constructed several of the most wonderful railways and tunnels in England.

W. I should think, too, that the men who built the Crystal Palace are orderly men.

P. No doubt they are. I dare say you have read in "Little Henry's Holiday" how all their work was well planned

beforehand, how all the iron pillars, and pieces of glass, were brought exactly at the proper time, and how the building was completed by the time appointed. Only orderly people, with perseverance and determination, could have accomplished such a stupendous work. "But not all people are so business-like, Willie," added his papa. "There are hundreds of men who every day make a plan to do so much work, but when the evening time comes they find they have not got through half of it; this is because they have not the habit of attention—they are not *orderly*."

After tea Willie thought of what his papa had said. He knew that only God could give him strength to do what was right, so he prayed to his Heavenly Father to do so. At seven o'clock Lucy told him it was time to go and see the dis-

solving views; but he said, "No, I mean to punish myself for not being orderly this afternoon. And I mean," he added, "to give myself a good drilling, until I learn to pay attention to what I am doing."

Willie was very determined; and he persevered. For a whole week he began his lessons every evening at half-past six o'clock, and came down again to play at half past seven; twice during the next week he forgot himself and did not begin his lessons until nearly seven, and he then *punished himself* by going to bed directly his lessons were done.

And so he continued to persevere for some weeks; and Willie now has acquired certain habits of order which will be very useful to him when he becomes a man. Ah, they *will* be very useful to him indeed!

TO MY MOTHER.

AND earnest thou, mother! for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his bright sphere should shrink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memo'ry point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

H. K. WHITE.

MAMMALS. *

ORDER 10. THICK - SKINNED ANIMALS.

THE ELEPHANT.

Ion. Here is the great Elephant. (See next page.)

M. We will talk of the principal animal in each tribe of this order. What makes the elephant different from the other thick-skinned animals?

L. Because he has such a very long trunk.

M. True; this is the most striking difference between the elephants and the others; therefore they form the first tribe in the order which we may call the "*Trunked animals*" (Proboscidea). You may examine and describe this elephant by yourselves.

W. Very well. Will you write, Lucy?

Ion. Write on the top of your slate "THE ELEPHANT." Have you done that?

L. Yes.

Ion. Then say, first, he has an enormous body.

W. Secondly, he has very thick legs.

L. And five toes to each foot.

Ada. And a great head.

Ion. And enormous tusks.

L. And a large trunk.

Ada. And a short neck.

W. And large ears.

Ada. And small eyes.

Ion. And a little tail.

M. This is all very true, but it is not enough. To describe any object properly, you must notice it much more closely. In describing its size, you may say that it is the largest of the land

mammals. The whale is much larger, but it is a water mammal.

Its legs are not only very thick and strong, but they are pillar-like—like the great pillars supporting the Royal Exchange—or the iron pillars of the Great Exhibition. You may remember how those iron pillars are placed, one above another, to the height of the roof; they are jointed together, the bottom of one pillar resting on the top of the other, and forming a vertical line, so |.

L. Yes. And by being so perfectly upright they keep each other firm, and are able to bear the weight of the roof.

M. It is exactly so with the elephant's legs. If the joints of his legs were formed quite like those of the cow, they would bend under the immense load they carry. But the joint of the elephant's thigh rests upon the joint of the shin-bone, and the shin-bone rests in the same way on the ankle-joint. You see that his foot does not project beyond the leg, but it is a continuation of the vertical line.

W. Yes, just as if he had no feet. Yet he has five toes.

I. So, now we can describe his legs better. "His legs are thick, strong, and pillar-like."

M. The head of the elephant is very large; but this is owing to the great weight of his tusks. His tusks are so heavy, that if they were fixed into a thin skull they would break it.

W. And there must be large sockets to fix such tusks into.

M. Such is the case. Therefore his skull is made of double

MAMMALS.—ORDER 10. THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS.

THE ELEPHANT.



thickness. So the elephant owes the size of his head to the thickness of his skull.

Ion. I should call him a "thick-headed" fellow. Has he much "brains"?

M. No; the brain is not larger than that of some smaller animals. Thus, he is very intelligent and sagacious, but lie is not more so than the Dog.

L. Now I will make a sentence on the elephant's head. "*His head is very large, because of the thickness of the skull; and his skull is thick, because of the size of his tusks.*"

M. The great weight of his head causes another peculiarity in his body.

W. Yes. Because of his heavy head he has a very short neck. If it were long like the giraffe's he could not hold up his head. He would let it drop on the ground, so that it would trail along; when he walked it would get between his legs!

M. But even with this short neck the "vertebrae" would not be strong enough to keep his head in a straight line with his body. Thus we find that the elephant, the horse, ox, and all animals which have to carry their heads horizontally, have a tough gristly cord running through the top of the neck. This cord is like a strong gristly tape, only it is much thicker. It fastens the back of the head to the spine, and keeps it from falling, just like the thick traces used to fasten a cart to a horse. This gristly tape is called the *pax-wax*. In the elephant, as you may easily suppose, this pax-wax is very thick.

Ion. Now I will make a sentence about his neck.

"*Because of the weight of his head and tusks, his NECK is very short, with a very thick pax-wax.*"

M. Very good! Now, this shortness of the neck leads to something else. Because his neck is peculiar another part is peculiar. For, suppose that the elephant with this short neck had a head like a cow, and he wanted to eat some herbage from the ground, he would have to go on his knees to bring his head down to it. Or, if he wanted to reach the young branches of trees, as the giraffe does, he would have to rear his bulky body in an upright position, on his hind legs—quite as awkward a thing to do.

W. So, he is provided with a long nose (called a trunk), which will move upwards or downwards, and bring his food to his mouth, while his body need not move at all.

Thus, because the elephant has heavy tusks, he has a large skull and head; because he has a large head, he has a short neck; and because he has a short neck, he has a long nose, or trunk. How one part depends upon another!

Ion. You told us, mamma, once before, that this trunk is used like a hand. Suppose, now, for walking—I wonder whether we should feed ourselves with our noses! Perhaps we should sit up, and still use our hands, like the squirrels.

W. Perhaps—but we have reached the bottom of our page.

ENGLISH TRAVELLER

LONDON.

“MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

“Well, Mr. Young,” said my friend to me as I came down to breakfast the next morning, “how did you like your walk through London?”

“Pretty well,” I replied; “but I was never before so tired in my life. Oh, what a multitude of objects I saw in that one walk! But the crowds of people surprised me most; all sorts of people—the multitude, and yet the rapid motion—the bustle, and yet the order—the crowds of rumbling vehicles, and yet the business-like way in which they went along! Don’t you remember that the carts and omnibuses got entangled once?”

“Yes; just at the bottom of Fleet Street, where Farringdon Street crosses—that is a famous place for stoppage.”

“And yet,” I said, “how quickly did those policemen put them all to rights! They seem to be very useful fellows, those men, with their blue coats and brass buttons.”

“But what do you propose doing to-day?” asked my friend.

“Really I hardly know. I feel as though I had quite a weighty task lying to perform. Will you take me to-day to see six or seven of the great buildings, and then give me their history? It will take some days to see all.”

“Ha! ha!” laughed my friend. “Do you really think that

you will ever see *all* the great buildings in London? Why, out of the two millions and a quarter of Londoners I do not think there are two men who have seen them all. Positively, not *two!* You are a wonderful man, Mr. Young, to think of doing so.

“Let me see! You are going to spend a week here; and you have been one day with me. Suppose that this morning you stop at home, and I will tell you some more particulars about *London in general*. This afternoon we will have the history of the *Thames*, and the bridges, and the great docks. To-morrow you shall see the *Great Exhibition*. What do you say? The next day you shall see the principal ancient buildings; the next day the principal modern ones; the next day you shall visit some of the suburbs of London—that will make six days, I believe.”

“I’ll just agree to whatever you propose,” I replied. “After breakfast we will make up a good fire, and talk the matter over.”

“(After Breakfast.) ‘What books are these?’ I asked.

“This is a part of *M’Culloch’s Geographical Dictionary*, and this is *M. H. L. Blauchard’s London Guide-book*.

“But you are not going to give me the particulars ‘out of book’?” I asked.

“Of course I am, some of them. How do you expect me to remember all the grand totals and long numbers with-

out a book? I can't remember how many *eggs* the Londoners eat.'

"Well, begin, please."

"SOME GENERAL PARTICULARS ABOUT LONDON."

"London is an enormous place."

"Yes; I know."

"Fifty years ago it was a very large place; but now it is exactly *double* the size it was then."

"Oh!"

"But, then, it has such natural advantages. Besides the healthiness of its situation, which I mentioned before, its position is just the thing. LONDON is said to be almost in the centre of all the land in the world. Its situation is forty-five miles from the sea, so that it could not easily be attacked by the vessels of an enemy; and yet the Thames in this part has water deep enough for large merchant vessels. With these advantages, you will not be surprised when I tell you that altogether London covers about thirty-five square miles. The number of streets is more than 10,000; the number of houses was, a little while ago, nearly 300,000—what the number is now, I cannot say; it will be larger to-morrow than it is to-day, and it will be larger still the day after to-morrow; for new houses are being finished every day. Let us have one or two words about the streets. What did you observe concerning them as you passed?"

"I thought that two prin-

cipal streets, Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street, were too narrow. What an awkward place that Temple Bar is! But the other streets were broad enough. And then the houses! Why, in some parts there is no regularity whatever; there are all sorts and sizes of houses on each side of the way—black, white, and red; modern and ancient; small, middle-sized, and large. Then, again, there were some beautiful new streets; that OXFORD STREET, which is more than a mile long, it delighted me! The houses there and at the West End were uniform and grand. Lastly, I wondered to see how beautifully clean the streets were; even in Fleet Street, where the vehicles were so thick that it was almost impossible to cross the road. How is it kept so clean?"

"If I had thought of it," said my friend, "I would have shown you how it is done. There is a set of men who are as useful as the policemen. They wear their names on their dress, and are called "*Street Orderlies*." Each has a short brush or other instrument in his hand; and whenever any dirt is seen on the road, he boldly walks in the midst of the horses and vehicles, and clears it away. Besides, these large streets are swept early every morning before the bustle begins. It is not quite so easy to keep London clean after a few heavy showers. Then the roads and pavement are covered with "slosh" and mud. And this mud! it is most abominable! A piece of London mud

would be just the thing for an "Object Lesson." The two qualities you would notice first are "slippery" and "gluey." Slippery, decidedly, for at almost every step forward on a muddy pavement, you slip half as far backward. Gluey? Certainly; ask the servant when she has been trying for half an hour to clean your trousers, which are splashed up beyond your knees! What the London mud is made of, or where it all comes from so suddenly when the rain ceases, is one of the London "phenomena."

W. What are "phenomena?" I wonder?

L. Never mind now. Listen!

"In spite of the mud, the cleanliness of the London houses and shops is pleasant to see.

"But how for the London people.

"What shall I liken them to? I want to find some "simile" to give you an idea of their numbers.

"What shall I say? Like the myriads of moving ants on an ant-hill—the busy toiling ants."

"No, that will not do!" I observed. 'An ant-hill does not contain near enough ants.'

"Well, like the swarms of locusts which darken the air and devour everything green."

"No," I said, 'that is such an unpleasant simile. Try again. What do you say to the shoals of herrings or sprats?'

"No, you mustn't compare the people to sprats; I have found something better. Like the millions of insects that

mount on the wing in the light of the summer sun.'

"Ah, that's more poetical!"

"So do the millions of men of London actively arise to their daily toil."

"You had better," I said, "tell me some plain matters-of-fact. What's the exact total?"

"There are more than 2,250,000 inhabitants in this giant city—but you cannot get an idea of that number. Let me try to help you. Here is something in Mr. Blanchard's book which will help. I will read it to you."

"So vast is the population of this metropolis of the world, that if the population of sixty-nine of the principal cities of England were added together, they would not make another London. So rapid is the growth of this queen of cities, that a population equal to that of Exeter is added to its number every eight months; but such is the capacity of this Leviathan of towns, that, great as this increase is, it is scarcely perceived. It is almost like throwing a bucket of water into the ocean."

"It is also said that it contains more people than either of the kingdoms of Hanover, Saxony, or Norway. Or to crown all, there are more people in London than in the three great capitals of Europe together, PARIS, CONSTANTINOPLE, and ST. PETERSBURGH.

"That will do! Now, can you not imagine that it is an immense number?"

"Yes; but if you don't get on a little faster, I shall not learn anything."

"Then I will tell you at

once some of the thoughts which occur to me as I meet the shoals of City-people every morning—or pass their thousands of houses. “How do you all manage to live?” I often ask, “Where do you get the money to buy bread and butter?” Or, “How is it that there is always enough bread and butter for you to eat? How is it that you always earn enough money to pay for your house-rent, and clothing, and firing? Where are you all to be buried when you die?” And, now that I have found the answers to some of these questions, I should think that you would like to hear them?

“Yes, I really want to hear something—proceed!”

“Then first, HOW DO THE LONDONERS EARN THEIR DAILY BREAD?

“Principally by manufactures and commerce. To save trouble, I have brought you the last published list of the numbers in each trade and profession, which is rather interesting. (See Table, next page.) You will notice that thirty-seven ladies are blacksmiths. Let us read it over.”

“The next question is, HOW ARE THE LONDONERS FED? By this question I mean, not only how is the food supplied? but, how much do they eat?

“Well, they eat annually nearly 100,000,000 of Eggs! That is a pretty good beginning. Let us finish off the “Dairy produce” at once. Milk.—13,000 cows live round about London, and are kept regularly employed in cropping grass and hay, chewing the cud, and making

milk; besides these, thousands of sister cows in distant counties, availing themselves of the facilities afforded by the railways, forward their creamy fluid; and thus the Londoners are supplied with more than 40,000,000 quarts of milk per annum.

“The allowance of Butter for the Londoners is 220,000 cwt. per annum, and this is brought from Holland, France, and Ireland, as well as from the counties of England. Buckinghamshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and Cambridge, are famous butter counties. The quantity of Cheese consumed, is about 260,000 cwt.

“Poultry and Game are the next kind of ‘Dairy produce’ worth noticing. In the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper there appeared, two years ago, an account of the poultry and game sold annually in Leadenhall market:—

| TAME BIRDS AND DOMESTIC FOWLS. | | |
|--------------------------------|--------|------------|
| Fowls | Nos. | 1,266,000 |
| Geese | — | 888,000 |
| Ducks | — | 235,000 |
| Turkeys | — | 69,000 |
| Pigeons | — | 284,500 |
| | Total, | 2,742,500. |

| WILD BIRDS, ANIMALS AND GAME. | | |
|-------------------------------|------|---------|
| Grouse | Nos. | 45,000 |
| Partridges | — | 84,500 |
| Pheasants | — | 43,900 |
| Teal | — | 10,000 |
| Widgeons | — | 30,000 |
| Snipe | — | 60,000 |
| Plovers | — | 28,000 |
| Larks | — | 213,000 |
| Wild Birds | — | 39,500 |
| Hares | — | 48,000 |
| Rabbits | — | 680,000 |

* Total, 1,281,900

Total of Birds and Animals,
4,024,400.

CLASSIFIED ACCOUNT (taken from the Population Returns of 1841) of the Persons then engaged in the Principal Trades and Professions of the Metropolis:—

| | | Males. | Females | Total. |
|--|---|--------|---------|---------|
| Baker | . | 8,791 | 319 | 9,110 |
| Blacksmith | . | 6,179 | 37 | 6,716 |
| Bookseller, bookbinder, and publisher | . | 4,049 | 3,450 | 5,499 |
| Boot and shoemaker | . | 24,857 | 3,717 | 28,574 |
| Bricklayer | . | 6,719 | 24 | 6,743 |
| Brush and broom maker | . | 1,683 | 472 | 2,155 |
| Butcher | . | 6,316 | 134 | 6,450 |
| Cabinet maker and upholsterer | . | 7,261 | 712 | 7,973 |
| Carpenter and joiner | . | 18,238 | 83 | 18,321 |
| Clerk (commercial) | . | 20,355 | 62 | 20,417 |
| Clock and watchmaker | . | 4,223 | 67 | 4,290 |
| Couchmaker (all branches) | . | 4,193 | 63 | 4,256 |
| Cooper | . | 3,427 | 22 | 3,449 |
| Currier and leather-seller | . | 2,290 | 38 | 2,328 |
| Dressmaker and milliner | . | 117 | 20,663 | 20,780 |
| Dyer, silk | . | 226 | 5 | 231 |
| Engineer and engine worker | . | 4,145 | 6 | 4,151 |
| Fishmonger and dealer | . | 1,743 | 123 | 1,866 |
| Grocer and tea dealer | . | 4,419 | 567 | 4,986 |
| Hatter and hat manufacturer (all branches) | . | 2,819 | 687 | 3,506 |
| Jeweller, goldsmith, and silversmith | . | 3,899 | 72 | 3,971 |
| Laundry keeper, washer, and mangle | . | 206 | 16,014 | 16,220 |
| Mason, paviour, and stonecutter | . | 3,464 | 7 | 3,471 |
| Merchant (general) | . | 3,870 | 20 | 3,890 |
| Milk-seller and cow-keeper | . | 2,076 | 688 | 2,764 |
| Painter, plumber, and glazier | . | 11,427 | 80 | 11,507 |
| Plasterer | . | 2,586 | 13 | 2,599 |
| Porter, messenger, and errand boy | . | 13,008 | 95 | 13,103 |
| Printer | . | 6,553 | 65 | 6,618 |
| Saddler, and harness and collar-maker | . | 2,112 | 59 | 2,171 |
| Seafarman | . | 7,002 | — | 7,002 |
| Servant, domestic | . | 39,300 | 129,401 | 168,701 |
| Silk manufacturer (all branches) | . | 4,035 | 3,116 | 7,151 |
| Surgeon, and medical student | . | 4,221 | — | 4,221 |
| Tailor and breeches-maker | . | 20,265 | 3,252 | 23,517 |
| Tavern-keeper, publican, and vi. maller | . | 4,350 | 511 | 4,861 |
| Tobacconist, and tobacco manufacturer | . | 1,705 | 355 | 2,060 |
| Warehouserman and woman | . | 3,776 | 58 | 3,834 |
| Wheelwright | . | 2,351 | 14 | 2,365 |

"You must remember," added my friend, "that this is the sale from *one* market only; it is, however, by far the largest for Poultry."

"Pork is the next "Dairy produce," I suggested."

"Well, we will reckon it under that head, if you like. The swinish multitude which die annually for this great city, are said to be—no one knows. Some say 270,000; but I think that that number is too large. To supply the "Butcher's meat" (*Beef, Mutton, and Veal*), 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, (?) 28,000 calves are killed. But no one can be sure that these are the exact numbers; there is a very wide difference in some accounts."

"And the fish?" I said.

"Nobody can tell. It has been calculated that 3,000,000 lbs. of salmon alone are brought in every year from the rivers of Great Britain, besides large quantities from Holland and the North of Europe. Now, think of the *herrings*, the soles, cod, turbot, oysters, lobsters, and shrimps; it is impossible to say how much is eaten. The quantity has been set down at nearly 27,000,000 lbs., but it is impossible to tell."

"Now for the bread and vegetables?"

"About 2,500,000 quarters of wheat and flour are annually consumed (about one quarter per annum for each person);

the vegetables cannot be calculated."

"And the ale and porter? the wine and spirits?"

"Of such pernicious stuff, I am sorry to say, the Londoners drink too largely, to the ruin of thousands. Annually, more than 2,000,000 barrels of ale and porter, more than 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, more than 65,000 pipes of wine!"

"There, my friend! these are astonishing particulars. You see what an amount of animal and vegetable life is consumed to keep London alive! And yet we have said nothing about the Tobacco, or the Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, and Sugar; of the Fruits, or the Raisins and dried Fruits; of the Rice, or the Arrow-root, Sago, and other farinaceous food. I must, however, say once more, that it is impossible to tell exactly how much is consumed. Reports are kept of the quantities brought into London, but as there is no way of knowing how much goes *out* to all parts of this country, and the world, we can only make "estimates" of the quantity eaten. In the account of the poultry and game, you have only the numbers *sold*—I dare say that not near all of these were eaten in London. But enough. The Londoners have plenty to eat."

"I remain, dear children,
"Your affectionate friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

WEIGH ev'ry small expense; and nothing waste;
Farthings, long sav'd, amount to pounds at last.

FOREIGN TRAVELLER.

TURKEY.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

"I was obliged to stop in the middle of my last letter; for, as you may see, there was no more room on the page.

"Now let us finish the history of CONSTANTINOPLE. You may remember, 1st, that I sailed up the *Archipelago*; 2ndly, that we passed through the straits called the *Dardanelles*; 3rdly, that we sailed into the *Sea of Marmora*; 4thly, that we reached Constantinople by sunrise; 5thly, that I saw many mosques, minarets, and cypress trees, &c.; 6thly, that cannons were fired because the Sultan had a little son; 7thly, that we saw the beautiful curve-shaped harbour called the '*Golden Horn*', and the shipping; 8thly, that Constantinople stands on a triangle-shaped promontory; and, 9thly, that it is said to be built on seven hills.

"Beyond the city of CONSTANTINOPLE we saw the very narrow strait, or canal, called the *Bosphorus*. This leads from the *Sea of Marmora* into the *Black Sea*. You may notice this strait on the map; it is so called from the Latin word, *Bos*, a bull, because it is said that it is narrow enough for a bull to swim across.

"But is not the city itself beautiful, sir?" said the Greek merchant to me. "Look now how the towers glisten in the sun! Now I will show you the seven hills. The first hill is

covered by the great seraglio of the Sultan."

"What is a *seraglio*?" I asked.

"‘‘Seraglio’’ is the Turkish name for a palace; but that seraglio of the Sultan is one of the largest places you have ever seen or heard of; its walls are nearly three miles in circumference, and contain twelve gates; and it is supposed that more than 6,000 persons live inside. The principal gate is called the *Sublime Porte*.

"That is the largest dwelling-place I have heard of yet," I replied.

"Yes, it has been called ‘‘a city within a city.’’ The second hill is crowned by the lofty dome of a mosque. On the third hill you see the still loftier mosque of Solyman the Magnificent."

"Which," I asked, "are the minarets of the mosque?"

"The minarets are those light, arrowy, and graceful-looking towers surrounding the dome of the mosque. The mosque itself is, as you know, a Mahometan place of worship. The third hill is, you may observe, uplifted to the fourth by a number of wide-span arches."

"What are those arches? Are they part of a railway?"

"No; they form part of a very ancient *aqueduct*: the water flows over the arches. On the fifth hill you see a very lofty slender tower; a guard is always kept up there to watch the breaking out of fires in the city. These fires often happen in Constantinople, because the private houses are mostly built of

wood. Another reason is, that the streets are very narrow; in the year 1831, the number of houses burnt down was 18,000. The people, too, are very careless.'

"But where are the sixth and seventh hills?"

"The truth is that there are several more hills, but they are all of smaller size. I told you why the city was said to be built on seven hills: The fact that the city is built upon hills is one of its advantages; the winds blowing north and south keep the air tolerably pure and healthy; the city, too, is pretty clean for an Eastern city; the rains wash down the sides of the hills."

"And the city," I said, "owes its beautiful appearance to these hills. Thus they give it three advantages."

"But Constantinople derives its greatest advantages from its position. If you look at the map, you will see that it is situated almost in the centre of the land in the eastern hemisphere: it can therefore easily be reached by the people of the north and south and the people of the east and west. You will see, too, that it is connected with the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, the Archipelago, and the Mediterranean. It seems to be in the right position to become the capital of the Old World. The old Romans knew this, and therefore they made it the

capital of their Eastern empire. The Emperor Constantine built the present city in the year 328, and it was called after him CONSTANTINOPLE."

"I remember," I said, "that it was the high road between Europe and Asia; for the Crusaders passed through here on their way to the Holy Land."

"The position on the triangle-shaped promontory is also an advantage, for two sides are washed by deep waters. It is a city of great strength. Perhaps no city in the world has been besieged so many times: it has undergone twenty-four sieges, and in twenty cases the besiegers were driven back."

"Strong as Constantinople is, it does not seem likely to become of great importance under its present owners. The Turks living there now, are lazy, and take no care to improve the city; they rather waste and spoil the splendid places, built by the former inhabitants. Clean as the city would be naturally, the Turks often allow it to become so dirty, that they are subject to the plague, and other disasters."

"But you shall judge for yourself; for, see! we are going on shore."

"I then landed in company with the Greek merchant, ~~and~~ here, in Constantinople,

"I remain, dear children,
"Your affectionate friend,

"UNCLE RICHARD."

THE POOR MAN'S HOLIDAY.

On, blessed ! when some holiday
 Brings townsmen to the moor,
 And in the sunbeams brighten up
 The sad looks of the poor.
 The bee puts on his richest gold,
 As if that worker knew—
 How hardly (and for little) they
 Their sunless task pursue.
 But from their souls the sense of wrong
 On dove-like pinion flies ;
 And throned o'er all, Forgiveness sees
 His image in their eyes.
 Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down
 On marjoram and thyme,
 And through his grated fingers sees
 The falcon's flight sublime ;
 Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,
 Grow darkly blue with light,
 And his lips redden like the bloom
 O'er miles of mountains bright.
 The little lovely maiden-hair
 Turns up its happy face,
 And saith unto the poor man's heart,
 "Thou'rt welcome to this place."
 The infant river leapeth free
 Amid the bracken tall,
 And cries, "FOR EVER there is ONE
 Who reigneth over all ;
 "And unto Him, as unto me,
 Thou'rt welcome to partake
 His gift of light, His gift of air,
 O'er mountain, glen, and lake.
 "Our Father loves us, want-worn man !
 And know thou this from me,
 The pride that makes thy pain his couch,
 May wake to envy thee.
 "Hard, hard to bear are want and toil,
 As thy worn features tell ;
 But Wealth is armed with fortitude,
 And bears thy sufferings well."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

23rd Week.

MONDAY. Natural History.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 10. THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS.*

THE ELEPHANT (*Continued*).

W. Bring out the Elephant, Lucy.

L. Here he is.†

W. Last week we talked about his body, legs, tusks, head, neck, and trunk.

Ion. Yes. I will recapitulate. Because he has such a massive body he has pillar-like legs; because he has heavy tusks his head has a large, thick skull; because he has such a thick skull he has—a—what?

W. Why, a short, strong neck, and a tough pax-wax, to be sure!

Ion. Oh, yes! And because he has a short neck he has a long nose, which saves him the trouble of kneeling or climbing, and is useful as a hand to procure his food. There! I mean to say I have a very good memory to remember all that!

W. But I think I could have said it, too.

M. Suppose, instead of talking about your memories, we finish the account of the ele-

* The 23rd and 24th Weeks consist entirely of Natural History and History, in order that the accounts of the *Mammals*, and the *Planta-genet Ferns*, may be completed in this volume.

† See page 341.

phant. We will keep to the description of each part—saying little about their uses for the present.

I mentioned the **TUSKS**, last week, as being very heavy. From 70 to 100 lbs. each is an ordinary weight; but in Amsterdam one was sold which weighed 350 lbs.

W. That is a dreadful weight, mamma; that would be 700 lbs. for the pair. Perhaps the one you mention had a great bullet in it! I have heard of a bullet being found in an elephant's tusk.

M. Very true. I will explain that. You may remember that, when the elephant tried to obtain admission to the seventh order of mammals, he thought that his tusks caused him to resemble those animals. There he was right. The largest of the mammals resemble the smallest. Those gnawing-teeth of the Rodents are, as I told you, always growing; at the root of each tooth there is a pulp, from which new ivory is formed.

Ion. Yes. I remember that; and as fast as the tooth is worn out, it is repaired.

M. It is exactly so with our stout friend's tusks; they are only long canine teeth, like the canines of the gnawing-animals. And they grow from a pulp which is continually forming new ivory.

W. But how do they grow bullets, mamma?

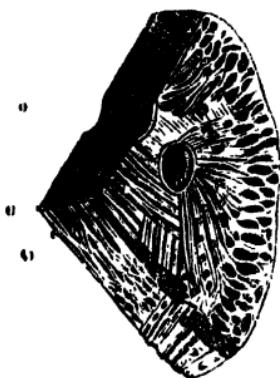
M. A bullet was once found in the tusk of an elephant, and it came in this way:—The elephant was shot in the head; but you may shoot twenty bullets into an elephant's skull without killing him; for the bullet, instead of reaching the brain, will generally lodge in the thick wall of the skull. This was the case of the poor elephant at Exeter Change, which the soldiers could not destroy by a volley of musketry. Thus the bullet you speak of was doubtless lodged near the socket of the elephant's tusk, in the pulp from which the new ivory was formed.

L. And then, I suppose, the pulp surrounded it and became hardened; and, in time, that part of the tusk grew out.

M. I dare say that was the case. But, to finish the description of the teeth,—the *molar* teeth of this great animal are also exactly like those of the little Rodents. They have cross (transverse) ridges for grinding their hard food. When a grinding-tooth has been worn out, the one *behind* it comes into use, growing up and almost pushing itself into the place of the old tooth. This is exactly the way in which the teeth of the squirrel or the mouse grow. So the giant elephant and the lilliputian mouse have their teeth formed on the same plan.

The TRUNK may be noticed next. Ah, that is a splendid nose! Look at it! See it now! up! down! backward! forward!

obliquely! spirally,* in a wave line, in any-shaped line you please. I do not think it could be more flexible if it were made of India-rubber.



But here is a part of a slice which has been cut out of the trunk. By this you will see that it consists almost entirely of muscles, which are like very small fibres. These muscles are nearly 40,000 in number, and they are interlaced in every direction: thus it is that the trunk is so flexible.

You may also notice that this trunk has two nostrils, and that there is a piece of skin projecting beyond them, which looks like a little finger.

But we have had enough "description." You have already noticed his eyes, ears, and other parts.

W. Yes. Now, please tell us some of the *uses* of these parts.

M. The different parts of the elephant are much more interesting when we know their uses.

Now, imagine, once more, that you see an elephant. He lives in INDIA, in the jungle, where long grasses, canes, and reeds grow—where there are forest-trees, and rivers; tigers, and other wild animals. See! he is coming through the tangled wood. He moves with a heavy step, trampling down the small brambles, and clearing away the hanging boughs with his tusks. There is a nice bough hanging up there! a leafy bough, which would make a nice mouthful—he breaks it off with his *tusks*. There is a small tree which might as well come down—he roots it up with his *tusks*. And—but he starts—he trembles. Ah! from the dark shade two glaring eyes are fixed upon him—a tiger, which had been sneaking towards him, rushes on him boldly. Then comes a fearful struggle: a trampling, a roaring, a bellowing, a struggling again; and—the tiger is pinned to the earth. Yes! the elephant has thrown him up, and has dashed him down again with his *trunk*—he fixes and holds him down with his *tusks*—and he tramples on him with his heavy feet.

Thus you see that his *tusks* have their uses. How many did you count?

M. I counted four. Now please to tell us about his *TRUNK*.

M. Very well. See! he is going on. He gently waves his *trunk*. That wonderfully strong trunk with which he lifted the tiger, see how he uses it! He breaks off another branch with his *tusks*: he grasps it, strikes it against his fore-legs to clean it,

doubles it up in a round mouthful, and pops it into his mouth with his *trunk*. And now he comes out of the shady wood; but he finds it rather warm, so he breaks off another branch, and uses it as a fan—waving it to and fro with his *trunk*.

But he comes on, and in his way he finds a stream. Now, he cools himself in earnest. Look how he rolls his unwieldy body in the soft oozy mud!—he is enjoying the pleasures of a bed and a bath. He is even enjoying a *shower-bath*—for, see, he holds the water up high, and squirts it down on his head with his *trunk*. He can do more yet (what a fine organ it is!); as he lies in the water, he sees a scrap of a stick—a mere twig—floating on the surface, and he picks up even that with the little finger-like end of his *trunk*. Then his *trunk* is useful as an organ of *grasping*, and as a *feeler*; it is also useful as an organ of *smell*, and is a most delicate organ of *touch*. Wonderful organ it is! it is even an organ of sound!

M. Then it is like a church organ.

M. Or more like a *trumpet*; for, as he lies in the mud, delighted with himself and his condition, he snorts forth his joy through the long tube-like nostrils of his *trunk*. I cannot describe to you the sound he makes—but I will read to you the description given by Bishop Heber, who heard it:—

“A sound struck my ear, the most solemn and singular I can conceive, it came as if from the water on which we were riding.

It was long, deep, and tremulous, something between the bellowing of a bull and the blowing of a whale. ‘Oh !’ said Abdollah, ‘there are elephants bathing; Dacca much place for elephant.’ I looked immediately, and saw about twenty of those fine animals with their heads and trunks just appearing above the water.’

W. I should like to see twenty elephants.

M. Yes; at any time, or in any place, a number of these splendid animals is a fine sight. It is said that “a herd of elephants, headed by their mighty leaders, feeding in calm security in the depths of the forest, or on the banks of a river, in some secluded valley, forms one of the most imposing scenes in nature.”

But you have heard enough of the uses of his *trunk*. How many uses did you notice in my description?

L. I counted seven, mamma.

M. Much more might be said of its service to man. An elephant is used in time of war. While twenty yoke of oxen drag one heavy cannon, he will help them by lifting it up with his trunk, which he curls round it. Or if a cannon be stuck fast in a bog—when hundreds of oxen cannot draw it out, he places his flat forehead against the muzzle and with one great push he urges it on. Again, he carries heavy cannons on his back—or baggage, and stores; or he drags cannons up steep mountain paths, and his driver rewards him for his services by giving him sweetmeats to eat, and strong spirits to drink. The

Indian warriors place a little castle upon his back, from which they can shoot at their enemies. In times of peace, again, the natives place on him a shady ear called a *howdah*, and go out for a pleasant ride.

When dead, the elephant is not without his uses. You know that his teeth and great tusks form ivory: his skin is also useful.

L. Before you leave off, mamma, will you please tell us of the *different sorts* of elephants?

M. There are two principal sorts—the AFRICAN and the ASIATIC. The AFRICAN is the larger of the two, and has longer tusks. It was formerly used by the Carthaginians in the war against the Romans; but when those people had been conquered, their method of taming these animals was lost sight of and forgotten. Thus it is said in the present day that the African elephant cannot be tamed. The ASIATIC ELEPHANT is still used in the Indian wars. You may also read in Roman history how, nearly 1,300 years ago, Pyrrhus, the king of Epirus, frightened the Romans with these animals.

Lastly: You may one day read of a third species—the *extinct* elephants, which have been found frozen up in the icy seas in the North of Asia. This elephant is called the MAMMOTH, and is known by the great curve in its tusks. There is also an extinct animal called the MASTODON, which is much like the elephant; it has been found in America.

MAMMALS. •

ORDER 10. THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS.

Tapir, Rhinoceros, Pig, Wild Boar, Peccary, Babroussa, Hippopotamus, Hyrax.

M. I told you that the elephants form the first division of the thick-skinned animals. You may remember that they are called the *Trunked Animals*.

The next division of this order we may call the *Common Thick-skinned Animals*.

THE COMMON THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS.

The TAPIR is the first animal to be noticed. I wish I had time to draw you his picture. You would see that his nose is prolonged, but not nearly so much as the elephant's; so we do not call it a trunk, but a *snout*. However, it is long enough to grasp bunches of herbage; and is useful as a hook for drawing down twigs to the mouth.

Like the elephant, its hide is very thick and tough; so it cares very little for brambles or bushes; but it is said that "it carries its head low, and ploughs its course through the woods."

Like the elephant, too, it is fond of the water, and flees to it when wounded. Although it has not such tusks as the elephant, yet its teeth are strong, for it to defend itself with.

The principal kinds are the *South American Tapir* and the *Indian Tapir*.

The RHINOCEROS is an exceedingly "thick-skinned" animal. His skin is also coarse and knotty, and seems to lie upon his body in folds like a cloak which does not fit him. His body is massive, and like the elephant's. It is even more unwieldy and awkward, from the shortness of his legs. Although the nose is rather long, he has neither a *trunk* nor a *snout*; his upper lip, however, is used for taking hold of his food. The greatest peculiarity of the animal is his *horn*. This is situated on the nose bones, and rises perpendicularly; it is a terrible weapon, not only for defence, but of offence. The rhinoceros is not afraid to attack either the tiger or the elephant. Indeed the elephant is so frightened at this dreadful horn that he fears the rhinoceros even more than the tiger.

In its habits it is like the animals we have just mentioned. It lives a lazy life in the tropics. In INDIA you may see it wallowing in the mud by the borders of the rivers, or bathing in the water itself. When it returns to the land it moves along slowly on its short legs, carrying its head low, and ploughing up the ground with its horn.

It is a very dangerous animal to attack. If it runs away it proceeds at a very fair pace, and with great violence knocking down everything in its way—trunks of trees, great stones, &c.

There are two kinds,—that found in India and Java, which

MAMMALS.—ORDER 10. THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS.

HIPPOPOTAMUS AND RHINOCEROS



has *one* horn; and that of Sumatra, which has *two* horns.

The Pig is better known in our country than the tapir or the rhinoceros, for it is found in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. It is also better known because it can easily be tamed. Like the others, it lives in the woods, eating roots and stalks of plants: acorns, beech-mast, &c., also form part of its food. Like the other pachyderms, it leads a lazy life, sleeps and rolls in the mud. It also has its nose prolonged to form a snout, and although this snout cannot grasp its food, it is used for grubbing up the earth, turning over the leaves, &c.; its nose is an organ of digging or grubbing rather than of grasping. It carries its head low, like the rhinoceros and tapir. Again, it is harmless if not molested; but if attacked it can defend itself with its great *tusky* canine teeth. The pig, although it may be tamed when young, would soon return to its wild state if allowed to escape. It is said that "not only the pig, but the elephant, the horse, and all *pachyderms* show this disposition, while the *ruminants* when they are once tamed by man remain peaceably under subjection."*

W. Is not the pig a very stupid fellow, mamma?

M. No; he may be lazy, but he is by no means stupid. There have been many "learned pigs" who could play at cards, and do wonderful things. Pigs have

shown themselves to be as sagacious as the elephant; generally this animal is reckoned to be far more intelligent than the horse or the ox. In this country it is not so obedient, but it may be "broken in." I have read of a sow being "broken in to follow the gun; it is said that she stood to her game as staunch, as the best pointer." Again, "in Minorca it is used to draw the plough, and works well." It was formerly thus used in Scotland. "A cow, a sow, and two young horses, were seen yoked together and drawing a plough; it is said that the sow was certainly the best drawer of the four."

It is an injustice, too, to say that the pig prefers to be filthy —there is no animal more delighted with its clean straw, than the pig is.

Ion. I think, mamma, that the pig is distinguished by a good sense of smell?

M. Yes, it has the sense of smell and the sense of hearing, and, above all, the sense of taste, in great perfection. It is a saying that pigs can smell the wind. They certainly know when a storm is coming, and they will run about, much agitated, and screaming, and holding straw in their mouths.

The WILD BOAR belongs to the Pig family. It is said to be the origin of our domestic race. It has long tusks, and if attacked is very savage. The dangerous wild-boar chase was very common in England. He sleeps in his lair during the day, and comes out just before

the twilight: if in his ramble through the woods he should meet with flesh as well as vegetable he will eat it, but he will never attack another animal for the sake of its flesh.

The **PECCARY**, a South American animal, is one of the Pig tribe.

Another animal of this tribe is the **BABYROUSSA**, which has singularly curved tusks. It is found in Java, and the other Eastern isles.

The last of the Pig tribe to be mentioned is the **HIPPOPOTAMUS**, sometimes called the River-horse. This, too, is an "unwieldy animal," as you may see in the drawing. From its habits, its general appearance and character, it might be called a gigantic hog. Its legs are so short that its stomach almost reaches the ground; its great *canine teeth* are continually growing, and they rub against each other, like the teeth of the "gnawing animals." Its *stomach* is partially divided into several sacs. Its *nostrils* and its *eyes*, you may see, are situated very high in the head. It has four toes to each foot.

W. Now, will you tell us something of its *habits*, mamma?

M. It has very bad habits sometimes. It lives on the margin of the rivers in Africa. There, like its other thick-skinned brethren, it frequently indulges in a bath. It does not like the deep water, but chooses a spot where it can walk along the bottom with its head nearly reaching the surface. When it wants to breathe, it need only

raise a small part of its head above the water—from its eyes and nostrils being placed at the top, as I told you. It thus takes its supply of air, and sees whether the world above is going on all right, without being observed itself.

In the cool of the evening or night it comes out from the water to eat the herbage growing on the bank, and here it begins its *bad* habits. A farmer living in Africa may have a splendid field of rice, or maize, or sugar-cane. He may wake up in the morning and behold a shocking sight. Some huge animal has been there, and, without asking leave, has filled his great stomach with a wonderful quantity of rice. He has trampled down a great deal more, and actually seems to have been rolling himself over and over in the soft mud, rolling the rice into it also. Poor farmer! all he can say is—"Hippopotamus!" He knows what to do; he can pursue the enemy, and this he does very often. Taking with him some friends, they track the glutton, lie in wait for him, and when he comes out of the water, one man gets behind him and *hamstrings* him.

L. What is that, mamma?
M. They cut the tendons of the leg so that he cannot escape by flight. They next proceed to destroy the unhappy animal in the best way they can.

W. And when they have killed him?

M. Then they make use of him. He is one of the *Pig* tribe, you may remember; and he

is a famous "porker." Underneath his skin is a layer of soft fat, which is considered a "peculiar delicacy." The hide is of enormous thickness. On the back and sides it is two inches deep; so it is made into shields, boats, whips, walking-sticks, and so on.

The Hippopotamus is well known in England now. Last year (1850), the first Hippopotamus that ever visited these shores was landed. It was sent as a present to the Zoological Society by the Viceroy of Egypt. Directly the great brute landed, he became the "Lion" of the day, and conducted himself accordingly. He showed the English that he was a true pachyderm. He showed them that he could swim, and roll about, and plunge and enjoy himself in the water, and be as merry as a porpoise. Then he showed them how he could drink milk by gallonsfuls. So, as he did all this, he was taken notice of. He was "taken," and "eut," and "presented" in the *Illustrated London News*. He was also introduced into *Punch* in a great variety of forms; and the public therefore went to see him. For a long time he was

visited by 2,000 people per day, and on Mondays by no less than 11,000 per day.

But, although, in 1850, he was a *great* Exhibition, there came a *greater* *Exhibition* in 1851, which has quite "put his nose out of joint." *Foreign arrivals* have been every-day affairs this year. We have had foreign arrivals from everywhere; we have had—everything. So I am afraid that the Hippopotamus has found this to his cost, and has to lead a sober life.

The Hippopotamus is supposed to be the animal mentioned in the Scriptures, in the 40th and 41st chapters of the book of Job.

You have now heard of the second division of the order—"The common thick-skinned animals." You may mention their names.

L. The second division of the pachyderms includes the Tapir, the Rhinoceros, the Pig, the Wild Boar, the Peccary, the Babirusa, the Hippopotamus. M. And there is another—a little rabbit-like animal named the HYRAX (called in the Scriptures the Coney)—which we have not had time to talk about.

FRIENDSHIP.

A FRIENDSHIP that infrequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
The sparks of disputation,
Like hand-in-hand insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

COWPER.

**THE PLANTAGENET •
KINGS.**

**THE ENGLISH PEOPLE IN THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.**

P. When you heard of Edward III.'s time, I spoke of the principal social events of the 14th century. Before beginning the history of the TUDOR Kings, let us have a few words on the people of the 15th century..

The times were certainly improving. The feudal system was fast wearing out. During the former civil wars (in the time of Henry III.), robbery was too common; no one's life was secure, nor his property. It is said that then, in Hampshire, and round about the New Forest, the thieves were so numerous that no jury dared to find any of them guilty. They roamed about all over the country, and the bands were generally *under the protection of some baron*. In the reign of Edward I., a band of robbers attacked the town of Boston during the fair-time, set the town on fire in three places, and carried off all the riches they could find. They were the vilest and most cruel of men; one of them had his character embroidered on his coat in letters of silver—

"I am CAPTAIN WARNER, commander of a troop of robbers, an enemy to God, without pity and without mercy."

Robbery was still very frequent during the "Wars of the Roses"; but, on the whole, the kingdom was kept in better order. The government did not depend upon the barons or

fighting-men, according to the old feudal system; but hired soldiers, and the people paid taxes to support them. The king and the parliament (who represented the people) made these taxes, and their power thus became greater than that of the barons. In the civil wars many of the ancient castles were ruined; for instance, sixty villages within twelve miles of Warwick were destroyed, and, of course, in these villages there were many castles. The barons did not rebuild their castles—they gave up living in strong fortresses, surrounded by thick walls and moats. They then built for themselves some large wooden mansions, of timber and plaster. These mansions of the barons were noble and spacious places; they were called *halls*, and to this day we often hear of the *Baronial halls* of England.

W. I have seen pictures of baronial halls; they were ornamented with beautiful carving.

P. Yes. There were beautiful carvings in oak and other woods, inside and outside the hall. The walls of the rooms were made of wainscot, and in the winter were hung with many-coloured tapestry. The elegant "bay" windows were large; while the "oriel" windows were painted with the arms of the baron.

Ion. Yes; you said the nobles gave much attention to heraldry.

P. Opposite the porch of the mansion, or the "gate-house," as it was called, was the interesting and well-known apartment called the *hall*. The fire

was made in the *middle* of the hall, and the smoke escaped through the rafters.

Jon. Had they no chimneys?

P. There were chimneys in some houses, but they were not common; indeed they were very rare until the time of Elizabeth. But even then they were principally used by the *great people*; who used to make excuses to their visitors if they had no apartment with a chimney for them. There were few carpets, but the floors were strewed with rushes. The most lively room in the house was the great *hall*. The company there was sometimes very varied: the baron's servants and his vassals would often meet in great numbers; while at their meals they were very noisy, bawling to each other as much as they pleased. Sometimes they were quarrelsome, and at other times a wandering minstrel, or some dancers, would drop in and amuse them at their meals. Great dogs might be seen in one corner gnawing bones which were thrown to them; and overhead on perches sat the hawks used in hunting.

L. What did the servants eat, papa?

P. Various things. Enormous joints of beef, and dishes of salt fish, cabbage, and bread. Very few of the vegetables we now eat were known then.

The *bacca*s also fed well. I have read of their "stewed porpoises, roasted cranes, castles of pasty, and tigers of jelly." The clergy seemed to make their meals and feasts as important as those of the barons.

I will read you the "bill of fare" for one feast:—

"The goodly provision made for the installation-feast of George Neville, Archbishop of York, in 1466:—

| | |
|---|-------|
| Wheat, quarters..... | 300 |
| Ale, tunns..... | 300 |
| Wine, tunns..... | 100 |
| Spoirasse, pipes..... | 1 |
| Oxen..... | 104 |
| Wild bulls..... | 0* |
| Muttons..... | 1,000 |
| Veals..... | 304 |
| Porkers..... | 304 |
| Swannes..... | 400 |
| Geese..... | 2,000 |
| Caponis..... | 1,000 |
| Pigas..... | 2,000 |
| Plovers..... | 400 |
| Quades..... | 1,200 |
| Powles, called roes..... | 2,400 |
| Peacockes..... | 104 |
| Mailards and scales..... | 4,000 |
| Cranes..... | 204 |
| Kidds..... | 204 |
| Chickens..... | 2,000 |
| Pigeons..... | 2,000 |
| Connies..... | 4,000 |
| Bitors..... | 204 |
| Heronshawes..... | 400 |
| Pheasants..... | 200 |
| Purtriges..... | 50 |
| Woodcocks..... | 400 |
| Curlews..... | 100 |
| Earns..... | 1,000 |
| Stags, bucks, and roes..... | 500 |
| Pastes of venison, cold..... | 4,000 |
| Parred dishes of jellies..... | 1,000 |
| Plat dishes of jellies..... | 3,000 |
| Cold tarts, baked..... | 4,000 |
| Cold custards, baked..... | 3,000 |
| Hot pasties of venison..... | 1,500 |
| Hot custards..... | 2,000 |
| Pikes and breams..... | 308 |
| Porpoises and seals..... | 12 |
| Spices, sugared delicacies, and wafers, plenty. | |

W. I never heard of anything so enormous, except the feasts of Richard II.; but really for an archbishop to eat so much, it seems too bad!

P. It was truly an enormous waste; but such a feast was not so great as those of the ancient Romans: and there

were no fine turkeys, such as we eat at Christmas.

Ian. Why was that, papa?

P. Because the turkey was brought from *America*.

Ian. And I remember that *America* was not discovered until 1492.

P. There was one good thing concerning these feasts; —the fragments were nearly always given to the poor, who would collect round the porch of the hall at dinner-time, and wait for them.

The CLOTHING as well as the FOOD and DWELLINGS of these times, has undergone some changes. I am afraid you would have laughed at the *ladies* if you had seen them.

W. And that would have been rude!

P. To be sure it would! So don't laugh at my description.

I see a lady of the 15th century. She wears a "steeple-cap with butterfly wings." This most extraordinary head-dress is so broad and high that it looks like a loaded waggon; it rises almost three feet above the head, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, while streamers of fine silk are flowing from the top all the way down to the ground. Her skirts are full and flowing, and adorned with fur, and at the end of each sleeve is a long pocket, called a sleeve-pouch. Another lady has a head-dress consisting of two towers of rolled lawn, which are fastened on her head like two horns.

L. Well, I haven't laughed, papa! but I think I would rather be a "Bloomer", than be dressed so.

W. And now show us a gentleman of these times.

P. Very well—

I see a "gentleman of England, one of the olden time." His hair is not quite close in front, and is very long at the back and sides of his head; he wears moustaches. His coat is very loose, and is made of satin; it is fastened by cords and tassels. His waistcoat is of light-coloured silk. His breeches are also light-coloured, and fit very tightly. His shoes are very long, with points projecting six or eight inches beyond the toes. He wears a shirt of fine lawn, with a collar and wristbands embroidered with silk. Over all he has a mantle with long sleeves reaching to the ground. He has not a hood on his head, like the gentlemen of the last century; but a bonnet of velvet and fur, profusely decked with ostrich feathers. As the gentleman belongs to the party of the House of York, he wears purple and blue colours; but if he belonged to the House of Lancaster, he would wear white and red.

Such is a true picture of a smart "gentleman of England" in the 15th century. No wonder that writers say the popery of the 13th and 14th centuries was exceeded by the absurdities of the 15th century, when it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other.

You have thus heard something of the dwellings, food, and clothing of the English in the 15th century. We will continue our account of the people next week.

THE ENGLISH IN THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

L. Last week, papa, you told us something of the houses, food, and clothing of the English people—will you tell us more about them to-day?

P. Yes. Let us try to finish their picture. There were lawyers in those days, as there are now; there were clergymen; and there were doctors; there were also men of war, too many by far. There were men of learning and science; and there were men of taste—painters, poets, and musicians. In all the different professions, changes and improvements were being made. Should you like to hear something of each?

L. Yes, papa, please.

P. Very well: we will take the following professions—*law, divinity, medicine, war, education, poetry, music, and painting*; and the history of any arts, manufactures, or inventions, that may be worth noticing.

The LAWYERS multiplied in those days. I told you how the nobles left their castles to live in *halls*. Many people of the cities had also become rich merchants, and they also had large houses. Nobles, merchants, and citizens, were brought nearer together. But as riches increase, strife also cometh: we read this in the Sacred Word. Thus it seems that the people of that time were much disposed to go to law, and quarrel. In Norfolk and Suffolk, for instance, there were so many lawyers, that an

Act of Parliament was made to limit their number. In this act it is said, that whereas there were eighty attorneys, and upwards, in Norfolk and Suffolk, there should be only six in each county, and two in Norwich. You will see that such a number was too great, when I tell you that the whole population of England was much less than 3,000,000.

The CLERGY, in those days, were as numerous as ever, but they did not improve. Rather, under the bad influence of the Pope, they increased in wickedness. You heard how, in the reign of Henry V., which was the early part of the century, they began the cruel practice of burning those who did not believe as they did. The Popes increased in power, for the kings of England had once or twice appealed to them to settle disputes between themselves and their subjects. The Pope considered all the clergy in Europe to be his subjects, and that they ought to send him money whenever he wanted it; but the clergy did not think so. In the year 1447 Pope Nicholas V. sent Henry VI. a golden rose, perfumed and blessed, which Henry accepted. At the same time he asked the king to command his clergy to pay a heavy tax of one-tenth of their riches, to be sent to Rome immediately; but the king refused to do this.

W. Ah! he would have been paid well for his *rose* if the king had done so.

P. Yes; but the clergy also

refused. They were too fond of riches to be very obedient to the Pope.

But the end of their power in England was approaching. I told you how John Wickliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," taught the people. The *Scriptures* were being read, and the light was clearing away the darkness. It is thought that at one time nearly half the kingdom were secretly Wickliffe's followers.

Ion. You said, papa, that those who professed his doctrines were called *Lollards*.

P. True. Besides burning the Lollards, the priests tried in every way to keep the *Scriptures* from the people. When Wickliffe translated the *Bible*, as I told you, *they brought in a bill into the House of Lords to suppress it*, but this was rejected. They *preached* against the *Bible*. One foolish priest was heard to say, "If men read the words, 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out,' we shall soon have a nation full of blind beggars." There were many priests, called "*School-men*," who taught from men's learning instead of the *Bible*; they laughed at those clergy who studied the New Testament, and scoffingly called them "*Bible-men*." These *Bible-men* could not find any place to read lectures in, nor any pupils to listen in any university or Europe. The priests also called Wickliffe all manner of bad names, such as "*Limb of the Devil, Mirror of Hypocrisy, Sower of Hatred, and Inceptor of Lies*."

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But such means did not answer; for the people read that Jesus was poor, and had only one coat, and they saw that the Pope desired riches, while the clergy in England possessed nearly one-fifth of all the land. They read that Jesus "had not where to lay his head," but they saw that the monks were, according to the account given by one of their archbishops, "grossly ignorant, profligate, and negligent of their duty; spending their revenue in rioting, gluttony, and vice." This was at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Ion. I should have asked the king to take their money away from them, if I had been an Englishman.

P. The people did so. In 1409 they said to the king (Henry IV.), "It would be much better to seize all the money of the convents, and make the monks poor again. Then let others govern the parishes who will attend to their duty better. All the money of these clergy would support 15 *earls*, 1,500 *knight*s, 6,000 *esquires*, 100 *hospitals*, and would leave for you, King Henry, £20,000 a-year"—an immense sum in those days. But the king had not learned Wickliffe's doctrines, or read the *Bible*. He was afraid to make his priests poor, although you may remember that he was very poor himself, and would have been glad of their money. But this was not the case with a king whom you will hear of soon.

L. Before you leave off talking about the clergy, papa, will

you tell us whether they preached on Sundays? Did the people go to church as they do now? What sort of sermons were there? and what sort of churches?

P. Divine service was held only once a Sunday. The bell was tolled between one and three in the afternoon. The sermons have been described as "singular compositions," and contained much of what we call "imagery." The churches in the time of Edward I. were most splendid, and were rather curious. They are described as long narrow buildings, intended to represent a ship in which the gospel "is tossed on the sea of the world." A more favourite form was that of the "cross": the present cathedrals of England have a "cuciform" shape. But we have talked enough of the clergy. You may remember that their power and wickedness increased in the 15th century; and thus they prepared the way for their downfall, which happened in the 16th century.

I. Now, please tell us something about LEARNING and EDUCATION.

P. Yes. Not all the clergy were ignorant men. Many studied very much. It is said that in Edward III.'s reign there were 30,000 students in the University of Oxford alone. The works of GEOFFREY CHAUCER, who has been styled "The father of English poetry," were much used in this century. Chaucer died in 1400. But I

should add, that it was no great privilege to be a learned man. The real scholar was often obliged to beg his bread from door to door; for, although the common people might not be taught, the nobles pretended to despise learning. War was thought to be a far more honourable profession. Sir Thomas Littleton, a celebrated lawyer and judge, was perhaps the most celebrated man of those times.

There were not many school-masters for teaching the people until the beginning of this century. In the year 1447, four London clergymen began to think about "the low state of education" in the City. They petitioned Parliament for leave to set up grammar-schools in their parishes, St. Peter's *Cornhill*, St. Andrew's *Holborn*, *All-hallows*, and St. Mary's *Colechurch*. These are the four London parishes in which "Popular Education," was begun. The grammar-schools succeeded; and in the year 1455 five more were founded—in *St. Paul's Churchyard*, *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, at *Bow Church*, *St. Demetrius*, and *St. Anthony*. These places are well known to the people of London. This was, you see, another great step towards increasing the power of the people; for at the beginning of Henry IV.'s reign the children of the villeins, farmers, and mechanics were not allowed by law to be taught.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The faggot lent its blazing light;
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle han' they hear,
Low tapping at the bolted door,
And, thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard to implore:—

“Cold blows the blast across the moor;
The sleet drives hissing up the wind;
yon toilsome mountain lies before;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

“My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

“So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to bent,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have past.”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tea' was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

AIKIN.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

24th Week.

MONDAY.

History.

THE ENGLISH IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

P. We were talking yesterday of the learning and education of the fifteenth century. You will not wonder that the people were ignorant when I tell you the price of books in those days.

W. Ah! I have heard that all the books were *written*.

P. Yes; the monks used to write them. They were bound to write so much every day. Of course such a plan was a very slow one, and books were ~~so~~ dear for the common people to buy. Suppose that a farm-labourer wanted a copy of Wycliffe's New Testament, it would have cost all the wages he could earn in two years; while, if he had wanted to buy a complete Bible, all his wages for fifteen years would have been required.

Ion. And now we can buy a Bible for *ten pence*!

P. For which mercy we ought to be very thankful. We ought not to value the Bible less, but more. Books, therefore, were only fitted for extremely rich people; one but kings, bishops, priests, and universities, could have libraries. It shows how important even single books were, when we read of the means which the prior and others at

Rochester took to preserve them. They declared that they would pronounce the awful sentence of damnation on any one who took away one of their books. The small number of copies was a great hindrance to study. Thus at Oxford it was ordered, "no student shall keep a book of the library for more than an hour, that he may not keep others from the use of the same." Even kings were obliged to *borrow* from their subjects. Henry V. had a taste for reading, and he borrowed several volumes; after his death they were claimed by their owners with as much anxiety as if they were landed estates.

L. Ah! I suppose they did not like to ask for them when the king was alive.

P. When books were thus expensive, an event happened which must have given great joy to the men of learning. In the year 1413, a good citizen named William Caxton introduced the art of printing! All honour to William Caxton! he was one of the *noble* men of the fifteenth century, for he was of some *use* to his country.

W. How did he invent it, papa?

P. He did not invent, he only learned it. Suppose I tell you how printing was invented?

W. Yes; do, papa, please!

P. Very well. In a city

Holland, called Haarlem, there lived a man called *John Guttenburg*, who used to cut words on wood and then stamp them upon paper. So he made all kinds of things for good people to read. After a time, a servant of his thought of an improvement; he said it took such a long time to cut each word separately, and that it would be better to cut only single letters, and join them together. And so they did.

But John Guttenburg had not enough money to carry out his new invention, and make it useful. So he showed it to a very wealthy goldsmith, called John Faust, who became his partner, and advanced him large sums. They then set up in business in the city of *Mayence*, in Germany. *Mrs. FAUST AND GUTTENBURG, PRINTERS*, were the first printing firm in the world. Mr. Faust supplied the *money*, and Mr. Guttenburg the *wit*, as people say. Having now plenty of money, Guttenburg conceived the bold idea of printing a whole Bible, which must have been a tremendous work. He found as he proceeded that it was better to cut the letters in metal; and a young man named Peter Schaeffer, who was his apprentice, thought of saving himself the trouble of *cutting* new letters by making a mould of the proper shape and putting the hot metal into it. This process we call *casting*; but this plan of casting was not discovered until after the Bible had been printed. All the letters for that Bible were made of *cut* metal.

W. It must have taken a long time.

P. It did indeed. Guttenburg laboured hard at his Bible five years, from 1450 to 1455. It was printed in Latin, so it was not so long as the English Bible, yet it had 637 leaves. How much it cost, altogether, I cannot say, but before the first twelve sheets were finished, four thousand florins had been spent. Faust did not expect that it would cost so much, and tried to make Guttenburg repay him; but as the poor man could not, they dissolved partnership. Guttenburg set up another press in Mayence, but he was now ruined. All the type and printing materials remained in the hands of Faust. Faust took Schaeffer, who had married his daughter, into partnership; and the second printing firm in the world was *Mrs. FAUST AND SCHAEFFER*.

But Faust was not without his troubles. The art of printing had been kept a close secret, and remained so for seven years longer. Thus, when the new Bibles were published, the people of Europe were astonished! They said that the copies of the work were all *exactly alike*, and that Faust had a great number of them, and that he offered to sell them at less than half the usual price. So they declared that he must have done it all by witchcraft; that the red lines all round the pages were his own blood; and that the devil had helped him. Then they threw him into prison; and although he was soon set free again, he was called "Dr. Faustus the

Magician." Even in this day, tales about "The Devil and Dr. Faustus" are very familiar.

This history of printing is not a part of the history of England only; it belongs to the history of the world, and therefore I have told it to you.

W. But you have not told us about William Caxton, papa.

P. William Caxton was a London merchant who had travelled in Europe, and had heard of the wonderful art. Therefore, although he was becoming an old man, he went to Cologne, settled there, learned to print, and returned to England, where he set up a press in Westminster Abbey. There, in the year 1474, he printed his first book, which was entitled "*The Game and Play of Chess*." I should tell you, however, that for some time printing made very slow progress in England. It became of more importance in the next century, when it was blessed to be of service in multiplying copies of God's word.

Ion. Now you have told us about the *books*, and *education*, and *learning*, will you tell us, papa, about the profession of MEDICINE? What sort of doctors were there? There were no Homeopathic doctors, I suppose?

P. No; nor many other doctors who were of much use. Richard I., you may remember, died from the want of skill in his surgeon. It is supposed, too, that Henry V. was sacrificed by the ignorance of his medical attendants. The greater part of the physicians were clergymen; some, who were not clergymen,

were pretended "magicians," and professed to cure by *charms*. One said that he had discovered the "Elixir of Life," which was to cause people to live longer.

W. Like "Parr's Life Pills;" have you ever heard of them, papa?

P. Yes; even in these days people believe in quackeries. But I was going to say that the surgeons did not practise *amotomy*, for they said that to dissect a body was very barbarous; thus they could scarcely help being ignorant. The only other points that I shall speak about are those relating to matters of taste. Of POETRY, there was not much. The fifteenth century had very few poets—Geoffrey Chaucer wrote in verse.

MUSIC was more general. Henry V. was a patron and performer of music. He kept twelve minstrels in his court, giving each 100 shillings per annum. When the battle of Agincourt was fought, he had only one doctor in the army, but he had "a sumptuous band of musicians, including ten clarions, which played before his tent for one hour every night and morning." On returning from France to his own country, the minstrels were going to make music to celebrate his triumphs, and children in white surplices were ranged along the streets to sing anthems; but the sovereign was too modest to allow this. King James III. of Scotland was so fond of music and architecture, that he made the professors of those sciences his favourites. This was the cause of his ruin—he

gave offence to the powerful and haughty Scotch barons, who called his friends "fiddlers and masons," and at length killed James himself.

Ion. Now, papa, you have not told us of the profession of WAR.

P. I have only to observe that, in those days of ignorance, the higher classes thought it an *honourable* profession ; they thought it more honourable than learning. Indeed, from this propensity for war, the times were so unsettled, that the progress of learning, education, and the art of printing was much hindered. Hence, war not only prevented *good*, it occasioned *evil*. In one of the history books it is said that at the close of the reign of Henry VI. (when, you may remember, the bloody wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster were

fought), the public expenditure greatly exceeded the income. In the year 1453, the government receipts fell short of the income by £75,000, *chiefly in consequence of the wars*. The king's debts amounted at the close of his reign to £372,000. Think what a sum that must have been in those days!

You will one day learn how much money the English people owe in the *present* day ! But we have talked long enough of the English in the fifteenth century.

W. Well, I like to hear how the people made progress. I think that the art of printing was the grandest of all the inventions.

P. Yes. Printing was the principal and the most interesting invention of the fifteenth century.

CRADLE SONG.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dropping moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sail's all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

TENNYSON.

MAMMALS.

ORDER 10. THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS.

Horse, Zebra, Ass, Dugong, &c.

W. We have talked of only two divisions of this order; the *Trunked Animals*, and the *Common Thick-skinned Animals*.

M. Now for the third division.

THE SOLID-HOOFOED ANIMALS.

The well-known animals, the *Horse*, the *Ass*, and the *Zebra*, are in this division. By what may they be distinguished from the former-mentioned families?

L. They have only one *hoof*.

W. And they all have a *morne* on the neck.

Ion. And they have more hairy skins. Think of the elephant and hippopotamus.

M. And they all agree in the number of their cutting teeth and grinding teeth.

Ion. Have they no *canine* teeth?

M. The female horse has not, but the male horse has two small canines in the upper jaw, sometimes in both. Between the front and the back teeth there is a wide space, as though a tooth or two had been taken out of the jaw for some purpose. Do you know what purpose men make of it?

W. Yes, they place a *bit* in it; the *bit* is useful for guiding the horse, when he is driven.

M. And for governing him also; it is this singular deficiency in the jaw which has

enabled man to subdue the animal easily. I need hardly describe the habits of the horse. Describe them yourselves.

W. Let me, please? The horse is a *noble animal* (that is in the spelling-book), and he can kick, and walk, and trot, and prance, and gallop, and neigh, and can stand still. That is *not* in the spelling-book.

Ion. I can finish the history. There are several kinds of horses:—The coach-horse, cart-horse, brewer's dray-horse, race-horse, hunters, and others; the worst of all is the cab-horse, perhaps; or the omnibus-horse—how he works, poor fellow!

M. You may add that the horse has been used by man from the earliest times. We read of it in the history of Joseph. In ancient history we read of the Scythians as celebrated horsemen. Even the ancient Britons used horses to draw their chariots.

It is not known which was the original country of the horse. Large herds are found on the plains of Tartary; and now they also abound on the *pampas* (plains) of South America. They live in troops, having an old mule for their leader; and when attacked by a carnivorous animal they defend themselves by very violent kicks. At a signal from their leader, they all attack their enemy at the same time.

The whole natural history of the horse would take up a great many pages. I will therefore only give one particular. The

horse, like the other pachyderms, may be brought to eat flesh; when it is wanted to sustain great fatigue such food is said to increase its spirit and mettle.

W. Now, will you describe the Ass, mamma?

M. The ass is the poor man's horse, and a very useful animal he is. The horse requires always to be fed with good grass, or corn; but the ass will browse on the thistles, and other coarse herbage which he may find on the common. In Eastern countries the race of asses is very different from ours; they are much larger and handsomer animals.

In Palestine, Arabia, and Persia, the finest breeds are found. There the ass is kept almost entirely for domestic use, and the horse is used for war. As we proceed from Asia in the western direction, to Italy and Spain, we find the breed degenerated, yet finer than in England. In Spain it is much used in travelling over the mountains, for the ass is a more sure-footed animal than the horse.

The ZEBRA is the last animal of this division. You know it at once by its remarkable stripes. It differs from the horse in another respect.

Ion. Yes, mamma, its tail is not entirely covered with hair; it only has a tuft at the end.

M. It also differs from both in not being domesticated. The Zebra lives on the plains of Southern Africa, where it is

wild and free, and has no idea of being controlled by bit or bridle.

WHALE-LIKE PACHYDERMS.

M. The fourth division of this order includes the Dugong and the Manatee, which lives in the sea. These animals are not known to you; they are very much like the seals in Order 6, and they were formerly arranged in that order until it was found that they live entirely on vegetables. Then, of course, Order 6 was not considered their proper place.

Ion. No; because the sixth order are *Flesh-eating* animals. Now we will write the lesson.

Lesson 23. MAMMALS.

ORDER 10. THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS

(*Pachydermata*).

The animals of this order are principally distinguished by not being pure vegetable-feeders, not chewing the cud, by having a thick skin, and a varied number of toes. They are arranged in four divisions.

1. The TRUNKED ANIMALS, including the Elephant, and the extinct Mammoth and Mastodon.

2. The COMMON THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS, such as the Tapir, Rhinoceros, Pig, Boar, Babirusa, Peccary, Hippopotamus, and Hyrax.

3. The SOLID-HOOFOED ANIMALS, such as the Horse, the Ass, and the Zebra; and,

4. The WHALE-LIKE PACHYDERMS, such as the Dugong and the Manatee.

RECAPITULATION.

P. Now that we have finished the History of the PLANTAGENETS, you may recapitulate. In a former list of kings (vol. i. p. 282), you supplied one or two facts concerning each king by which you might remember his name. Instead of re-printing that list, I have placed against each name a dash (—) for each fact. The facts which each dash stands for, you are to supply from memory.

W. The list only extended as far as the death of Harold; may we continue it to the death of Richard III.?

P. Yes; and with each king's name mention the principal circumstances of his reign. Then you may repeat the list from memory.

• History of England. •

THE ROMAN PERIOD. *

B.C.

55. JULIUS CESAR — Claudius Ceser — Nero Cesur — Ves-

A.D. pasian —

480. VALENTINIAN the Younger.

Irruptions of the Picts and Scots.

THE SAXON PERIOD.

450. HENGIST and Horsa —

600. SAXON HEPTARCHY.

827. EGBERT —

Ethelwolf, Ethelwold, |
Ethelbert, Ethred |

871. ALFRED THE GREAT — Edward — Athelstan + Edmund — Edred — Edwy

959. EDGAR — Edward the Martyr — Ethelred — Edmund Ironside —

The Three Danish Kings

1016. CANUTE — Harold — Hardicanute — Edward the Confessor —

1066. HAROLD II. —

WILLIAM I. Introduced the Feudal system.

1087. WILLIAM II. First Crusades.

1100. HENRY I. Charters granted to the people.

1125. STEPHEN. War with Matilda.

1154. HENRY II. Charters granted to large towns; Thomas a BECKET; Conquest of Ireland.

1189 RICHARD I. Crusades; and consequent decrease of the number of barons.

1196. JOHN. Quarrel with the Pope; the barons; Magna Charta.

1216. HENRY III. Refusal to observe the Magna Charta; consequent rebellion of barops; SIMON de MONTFORT; first House of Commons.

1272. EDWARD I. Conquest of Wales; attempted conquest of Scotland.

1307. EDWARD II. Defeated by the Scots at Bannockburn. Favourites; violent death.

1327. EDWARD III. Cressy, Cravent Poictiers. The Black Prince.

1377. RICHARD II. Wat Tyler. Banishment of Dukes of Norfolk and Lancaster.

1399. HENRY IV. Earl of Northumberland and Hotspur.

1415. HENRY V. Agincourt; conquest of France. Treaty; and marriage with Catherine, who afterwards married OWEN TUDOR.

1422. HENRY VI. Wars of York and Lancaster. Earl of WARWICK. Queen Margaret.

1461. EDWARD IV. Cruelty to the House of Lancaster.

1483. EDWARD V. murdered by his uncle.

1485. RICHARD III. Battle of Bosworth-field.



MAMMALS.

SUB-CLASS. OVO-VIVIPAROUS
MAMMALS.

Orders 11 and 12. *Marsupialia*,
Monotremata.

W. Here are some queer foggies.

L. What do you mean by "foggies," Willie?

W. I mean strange-looking fellows. Don't you call this one a *fogy* when he sits up, and holds down his little paws in this way?

L. No; that is a *kangaroo*. But here is mamma.

M. The order we shall speak about to-day are peculiar animals. They are nearly all found in Australia. On examining them, the naturalists found that some resemble the gnawing animals, some the insect-eating animals, some the carnivorous animals, and so on. Therefore it was proposed that they should be arranged under those orders. But it was soon found this could not be, for they are not *true* mammals.

W. But they are not birds.

M. No; only they have certain deficiencies which render them as much like the birds as the mammals. Their *brain* is like that of the birds; they have not more *intelligence* than the bird-hawks; when their young are born, they are not so perfect as the young of mammals. Thus they are not true mammals, but they form a *sub-class* which we call *Ovo-viviparous Mammals*. The sub-class is arranged into two orders.

L. Then please to tell us of the animals in each order.

ORDER 11. THE POUCHED ANIMALS
(*Marsupialia*).

These animals are all known by having a pouch or bag in front, where they keep their young, and nurse them for a long time after they are born. In most cases the young are born blind, without hair, and shapeless. They lie in the pouch, always fastened to the teats of the mother; the young of the opossum, for instance, remain there for about fifty days, until they are about the size of a mouse, and are covered with hair. In some cases they are at first so feeble that they cannot even suck the milk from the mother; her udder, therefore, contains a muscle by which she can press the milk into the little one's mouth.

The Opossum belongs to the first family in the order. You see it on the right-hand side of the picture, with its young beside it.

This animal is the only one of the order which does not belong to Australia; it is found in America. It is about the size of a cat or a monkey, and it is something like the latter animal in its propensities. It may, indeed, be reckoned as the "quadrumanous" animal of the order—for most of the tribe climb trees as easily as the monkeys do, swinging from the branches with their tails. The opossum sleeps during the day in hollow trees, and other hiding-places, and

in the night it prowls about searching for eggs, birds, insects, small mammals, and reptiles. Sometimes it steals the poultry and other birds of the farm-houses; so that in its food the opossum is more carnivorous than the monkeys.

W. Look at the picture, Lucy. There is an opossum hanging by its tail.

M. That is the *Crab-eating Opossum*—so called because it feeds upon young cabs which it finds in the marshy places where it lives. There are a great variety of opossums. Some are exactly like the *shears* in size and appearance; and, like them, are “insectivorous.” Others, have the size and appearance of a *rat*, and have the same habits. There is another which is much like the *otter*, living in holes in the banks of rivers, and procuring its food from the water.

In Australia, we find a family called opossums, which live in every respect like the carnivora. They are named *Bear-like Opossums*. In appearance and habits, they are like both the bear and the badger. The several varieties have received different names. Some are like the *dog* and *wolf*; some are like the *weasel*; while others are striped like the *zebra*. Thus you hear in Australia of the *Zebra Opossum*, the *Zebra Wolf*, the *Tiger Opossum*, &c.

The next family to the opossums are little Australian animals called *BANDICOOTS*. Just as the opossums resemble the *carnivorous* order, so these re-

semble the old *insectivorous* order of mammals. They are rabbit-like in their shape, and rabbit-like in their manners, for they sit up on their haunches, holding their food to their mouth. They are, however, not purely insectivorous, for some are very destructive to the potato crops and the corn.

The *long-footed* tribe is next. They are called *KANGAROOS*. If you will look at the picture you will see that the Kangaroo’s tail and his two hind-legs form a sort of *tripod* (or three-legged stool) for it to sit upon. This animal may truly represent the Ruminants in its sub-class, for it is much like them in its teeth and stomach; it has no *cavum teeth*, and it is said that occasionally it ruminates. It may be seen in Australia, gently tripping along, and browsing on the herbage. When attacked, it bounds away with great swiftness, and is assisted in doing so by the strong muscles of its tail. It is often hunted by men and dogs, and it defends itself by powerful blows from its strong limbs, or by hugging the dog to death with its fore-paws. Sometimes it holds the animal underneath the water until it is drowned.

There are two other tribes, named the *PHALANGERS*, which are much like the Opossums of America; and the *WOMBATS*, which represent the Order of *Rodents*, in their class.

W. This sub-class is very interesting, mamma, because its tribes represent the orders to

the class of true mammals. Let me repeat them.

The OPOSSUMS represent the 2nd order.

The BEAR-LIKE OPOSSUMS the 5th order.

The BANDICOOTS the 4th order.

The KANGAROOS the 9th order. And

The PHALANGERS and the WOMBATS represent the 7th order, &c.

M. Yes. We will notice the remainder of the sub-class in our next lesson.

"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

"WHAT is that, mother?"

The lark, my child !
The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear :

Ever, my child, be thy morning lays *

Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

"What is that, mother?"

The dove, my son !
And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quicke return :

Ever, my son, be thine love,

In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

"What is that, mother?"

The eagle, boy !
Proudly careering his course of joy ;
Firm, on his own mountain vizo or relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye in the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on :
Boy ! may the eagle's flight ever be thine
Unward, and upward, and true to the line !

"What is that, mother?"

The swan, my love !
He is floating down from his native grove ;
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die ;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last hosings :
Love so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home !

G. W. DOANE.

MAMMALS.

SUB-CLASS. OVO-VIVIPAROUS.

MAMMALS.

THE two principal animals of the 12th order are those in the lower part of the drawing in page 376. What are they like?

W. The larger one is something like a beaver and something like a duck, for it has a broad bill like a duck.

Ian. And the prickly one, on the opposite side of the water, seems to have a beak. It is like a hedgehog. A "beaked hedgehog," I should call it.

M. Let us talk of the larger animal first—the one with the broad bill. It is called by naturalists the *Ornithorhynchus*, but as that is a rather hard name, we will give it one which is more generally used. It is more frequently called the DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS.

Like the duck, it spends most of its time swimming about in the water, and seeking for insects and shell-fish in the muddy banks; and, like the duck, when these things are scarce it will eat water weeds. It plunges its bill into the mud exactly in the manner of a duck, and it dives like a duck, at the slightest alarm.

L. I have been noticing its feet; they are like these of a duck—for they are "webbed."

M. Yes; I told you "at webbed feet are given to nearly all the *amphibious* animals. The hind feet are directed backward, like those of the seal. The foot of the male platypus has a sharp spur like a cock's.

but it is not used as a means of defence. The bill is like the duck's, *without teeth*.

W. Has this animal ever been seen in England, mamma?

M. Yes. And when the naturalists saw the first stuffed specimen, they thought that some one had been trying to deceive them, and had cleverly joined the bill of a duck to the skin of an otter.

The other animal is also from Australia; it is named the PORCUPINE ANT-EATER. Like the ant-eater, it has no teeth. In size and shape it is like a Hedgehog, but although it has prickles it cannot roll itself into a ball. When attacked by a dog, it escapes by burrowing instantly; or it sinks a little way into the earth or sand; leaving only its prickly back on the surface for the dog to bite.

You may now make your lesson on the order.

Lesson 24. MAMMALS.

SUB-CLASS. OVO-VIVIPAROUS
MAMMALS

(*Marsupialia, Monotremata*).

1. These animals are not true mammals, for in many respects they resemble the birds—indeed they form a link between the classes Mammals and Birds.

2. They are nearly all found in Australia, and the various tribes much resemble the various orders of true mammals.

3. The principal animals of this order are the OPOSSUMS (in America), the BANDICOOTS, the KANGAROOS, the PHALANGERS, and the WOMBATS.

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